MAY 1 8 '59

The Saturday Evening
POST

May 23, 1959 - 15¢

The Untold Story of Little Rock

By VIRGIL T. BLOSSOM
Superintendent of Little Rock Schools, 1953–1958

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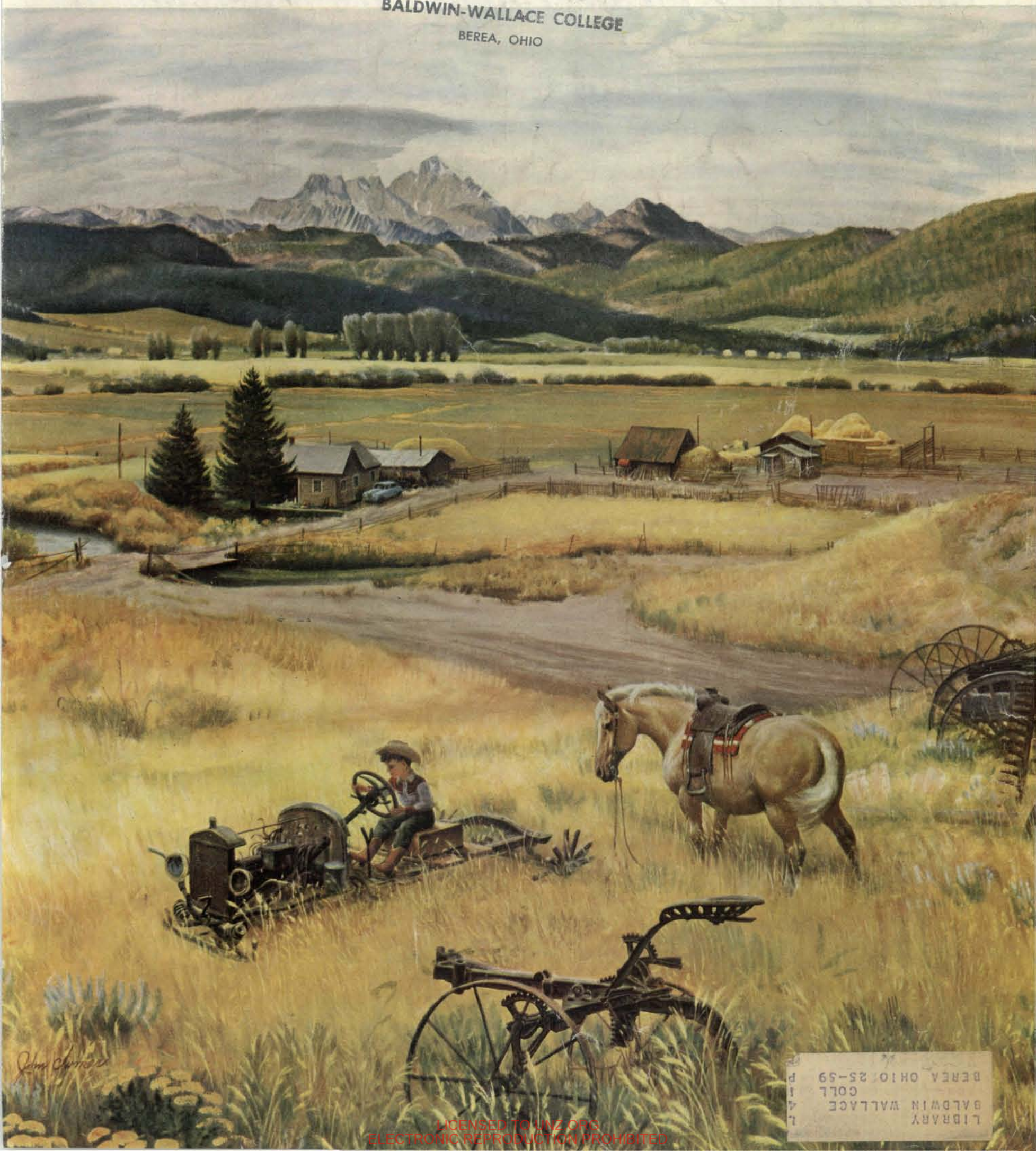

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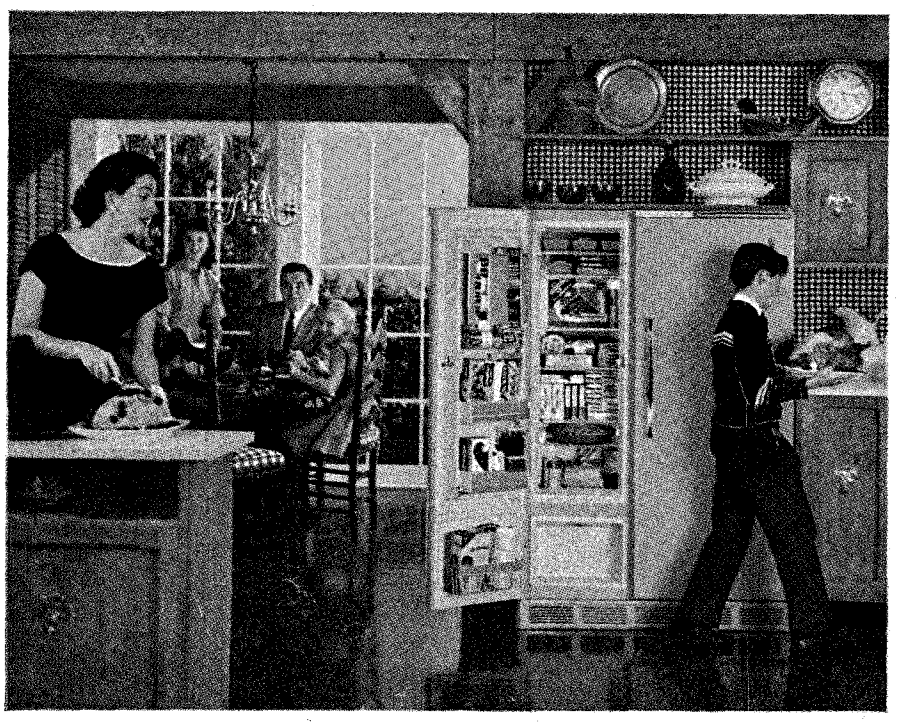
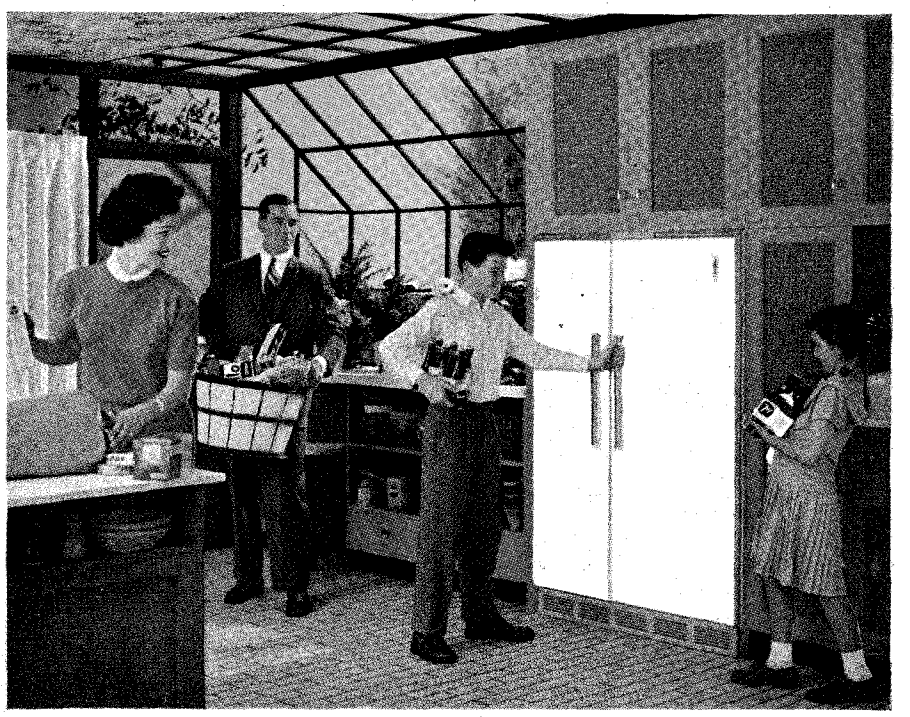
FABULOUS FOODARAMA

a 12 cu. ft. deluxe refrigerator and a 6 cu. ft. upright freezer in one cabinet only 41" wide, 63" high and 25" deep!

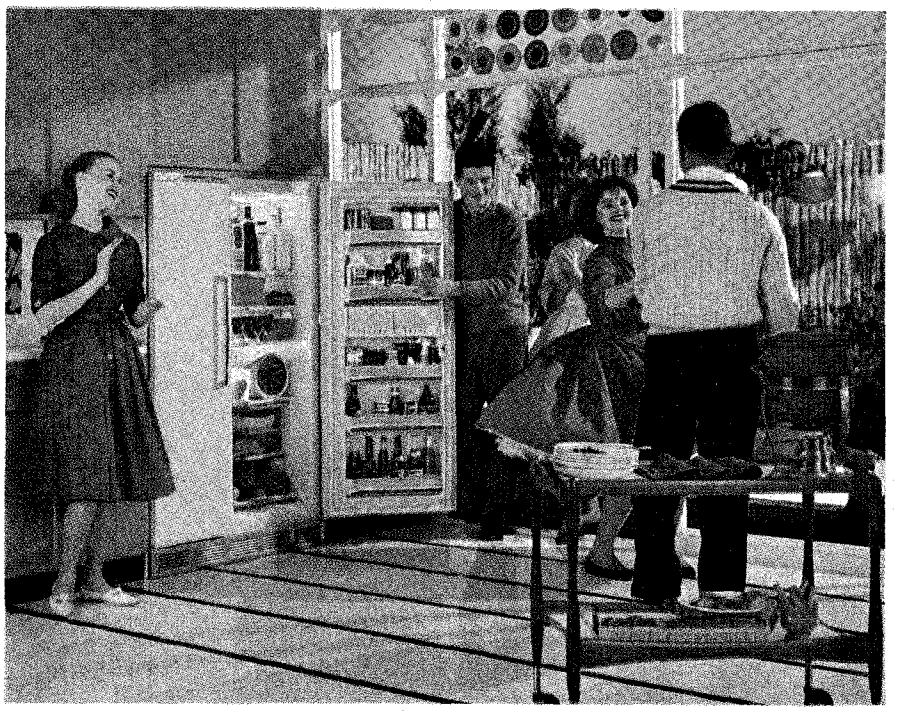
Better Living for Everyone ... from Kelvinator



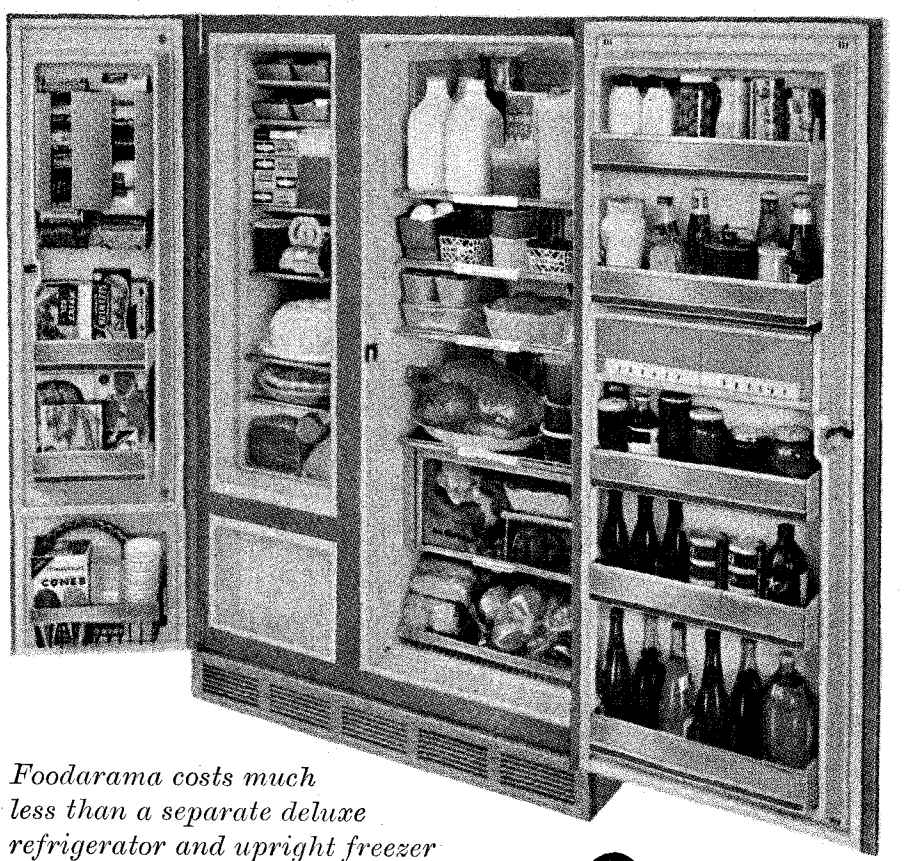
The Raleighs: "WE EAT BETTER!" More exciting, healthier meals are easier to plan and prepare with Foodarama's tantalizing variety of foods within easy reach. The refrigerator side is *100% usable* for fresh foods . . . the *upright* freezer is 207 pounds big. Arrangement is *so* convenient, with most-needed foods where they're most accessible. There's no stooping to use the waist-level Cold-Mist Freshener. New Package Pantry stores ready-wrapped fruits and vegetables right in their plastic "crisper" bags.



The Andersons: "WE SAVE TIME AND MONEY, TOO!" You shop less frequently, "run out" of things less often! And Foodarama's huge 18 cu. ft. capacity—6-cu.-ft. upright freezer and 12-cu.-ft. refrigerator—lets you fix so many things in advance . . . a whole, cooked roast if you like. You save big money, too! Foodarama lets you buy in quantity when prices are lowest. It costs much less to buy than a separate freezer and refrigerator . . . operates from a single, economical unit.



The Thompsons: "WE HAVE MORE FUN!" Teen-age or adult party, entertaining is always more gracious and easy-going. You're free for fun and hospitality like never before. You won't run out of frosty cold beverages . . . Foodarama holds enough for a week. Even when sudden guests drop in . . . Foodarama's abundance turns emergencies into relaxed repasts. Incidentally, see how Foodarama's glamorous cabinet fits into 41-inch space to make a beautiful built-in, if you desire.



Foodarama costs much less than a separate deluxe refrigerator and upright freezer

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What to do to have more fun . . . decorations, games, food for parties of all kinds. 128 pages, beautifully illustrated in color. Now on sale at bookstores at $3.25, but here's your chance to save $2.00 . . .

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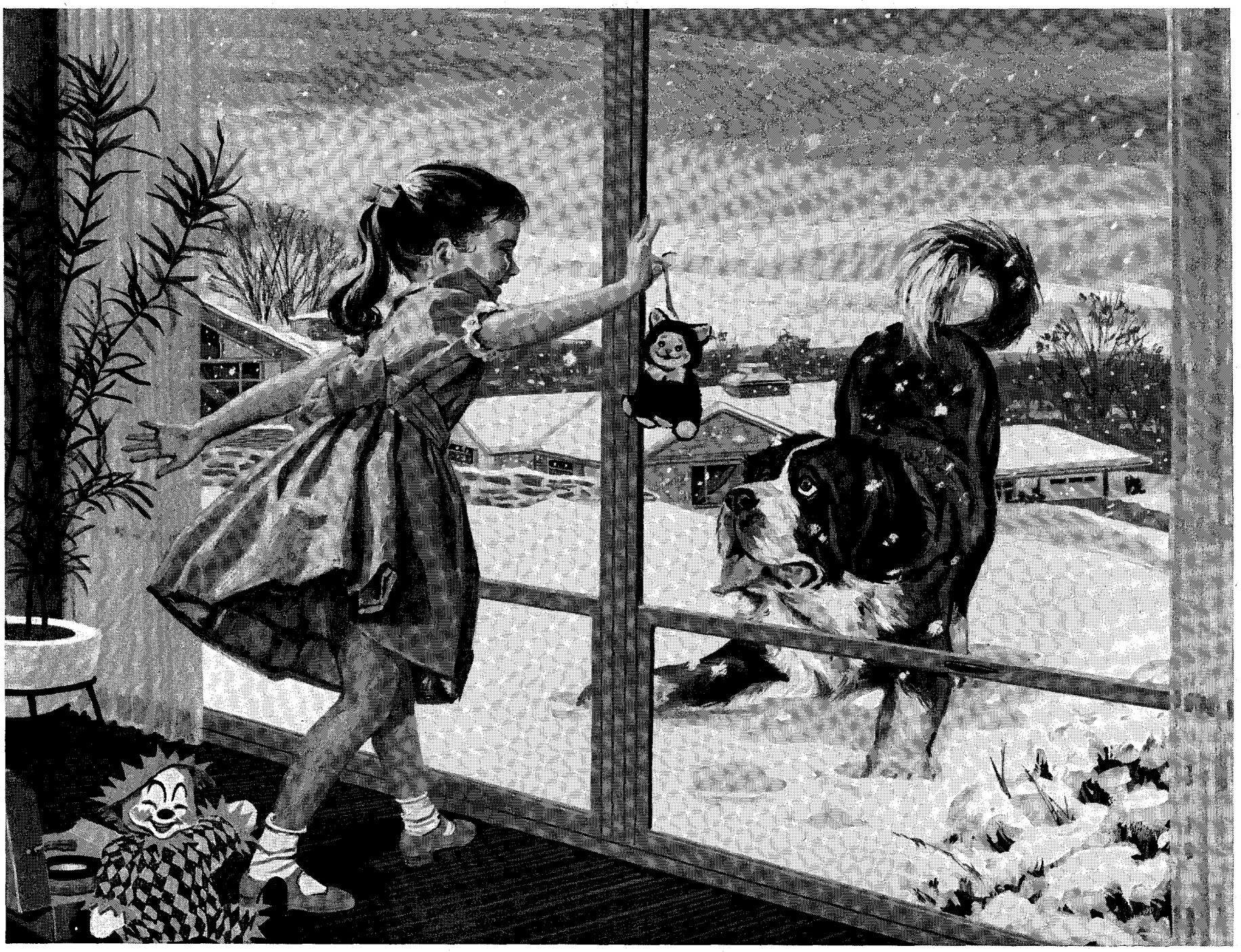

She's snug and warm behind this blanket of air!

This little girl and her family stay warmer in winter, cooler in summer, more comfortable all year 'round. Why? Because *all* the windows in her home are *Thermopane*® insulating glass.

You need to insulate your windows for the same reason you insulate your walls. If you don't, there'll be big "holes" in your walls' insulation.

Thermopane has a blanket of dry, clean air sealed between two panes of glass. Saves heat in winter! Cuts air-conditioning costs in summer! Saves work—because you never have to fuss with storm windows!

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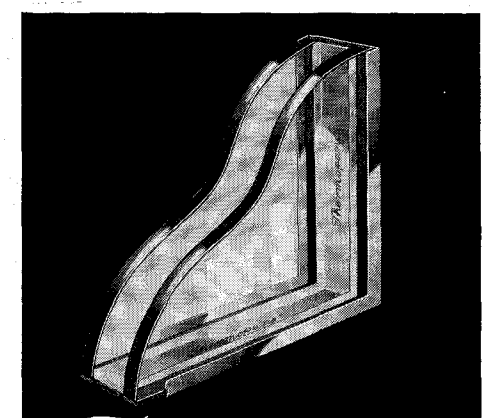
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insulating glass is made in the United States by Libbey•Owens•Ford only. It consists of an insulating blanket of dry, clean air sealed between two panes of glass.

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Thermopane INSULATING GLASS

LIBBEY•OWENS•FORD *a Great Name in Glass* TOLEDO 3, OHIO

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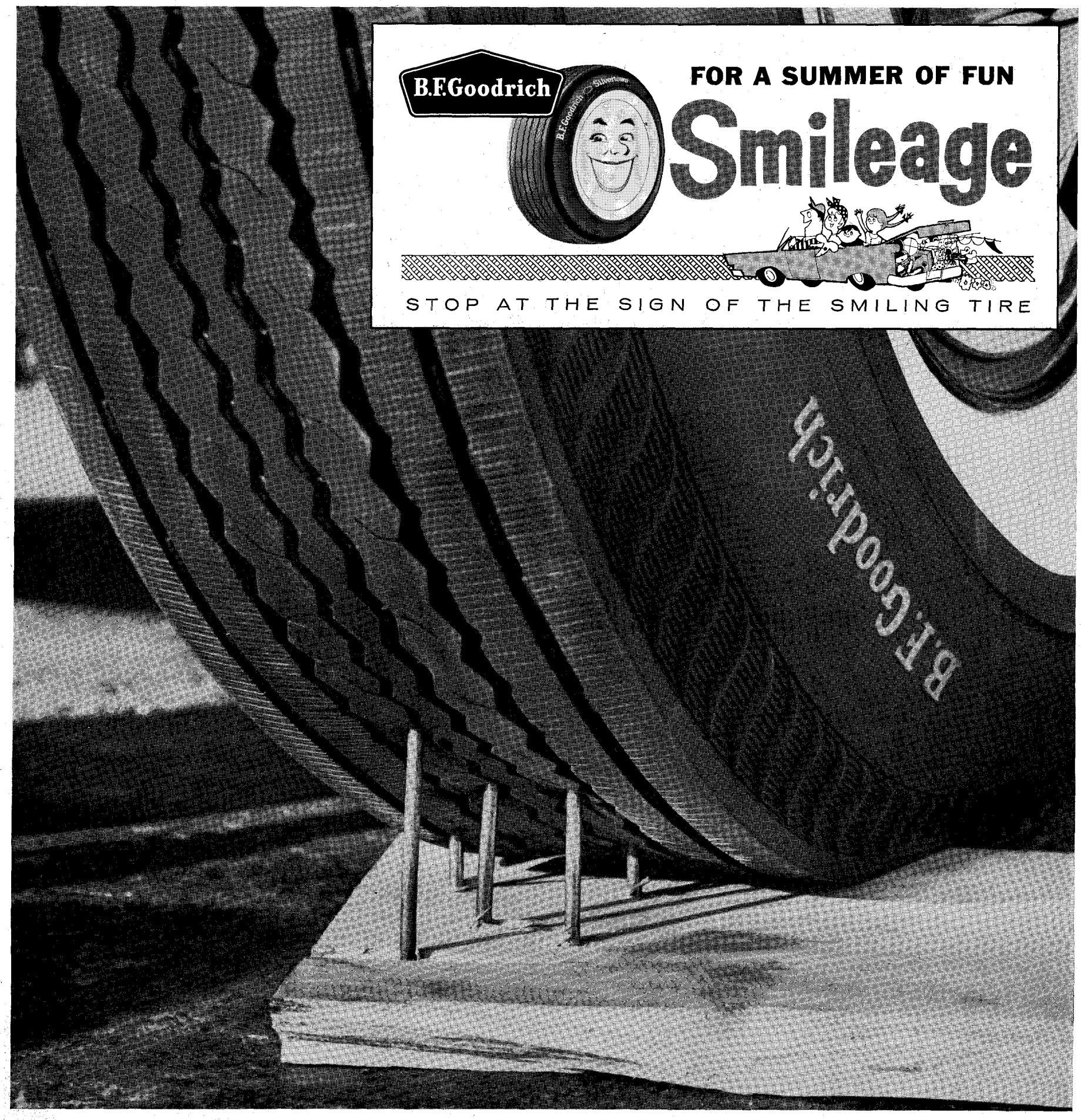

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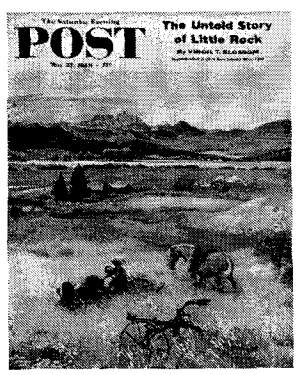

THE COVER

Here in western Wyoming, where meadows and mountains mingle, we find a lad with a mingled devotion to two kinds of transportation. He is in that tucked-away corner where weary old machines go to snooze in restful peace, a sort of Old Machines' Home. A younger generation of machines does the work now—though given sharp eyes you *can* see one chap in artist John Clymer's ranchscape pitching hay with his own two paddies. If Dobbin, there, were articulate he might advise his master, "Oh, get a horse!" Once the boy yearned to do just that, but now his yearning is for more horsepower than a horse. Yet Dobbin needn't worry: he'll always be needed to go where no car can gallop, and always be loved more than anybody can love an internal-combustion engine.

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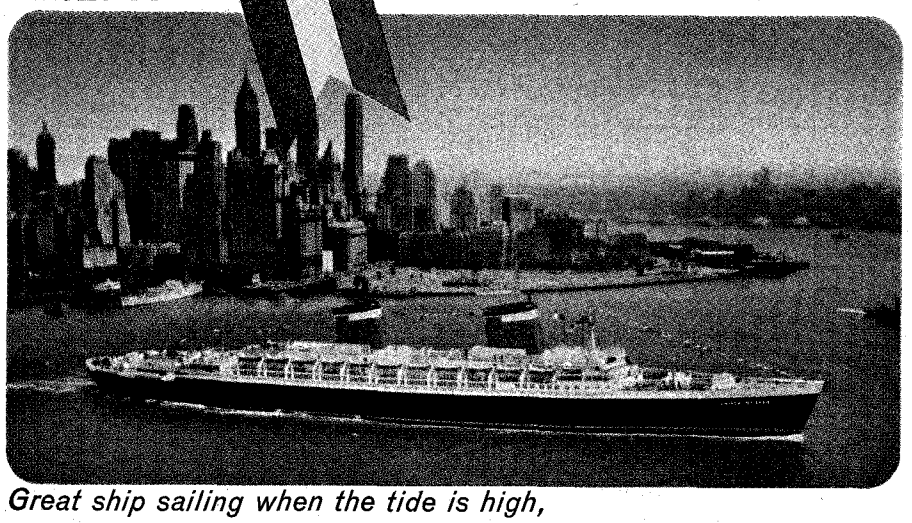
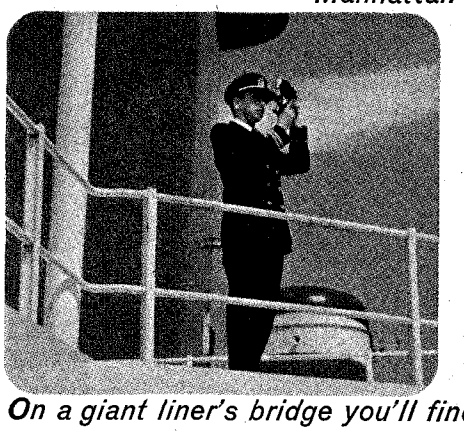
MEN OF AMERICA: SHIP'S OFFICER

Live-action shots—aboard S.S. United States



Great ship sailing when the tide is high,
Manhattan towers against the morning sky.



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Tops in friendly satisfaction!

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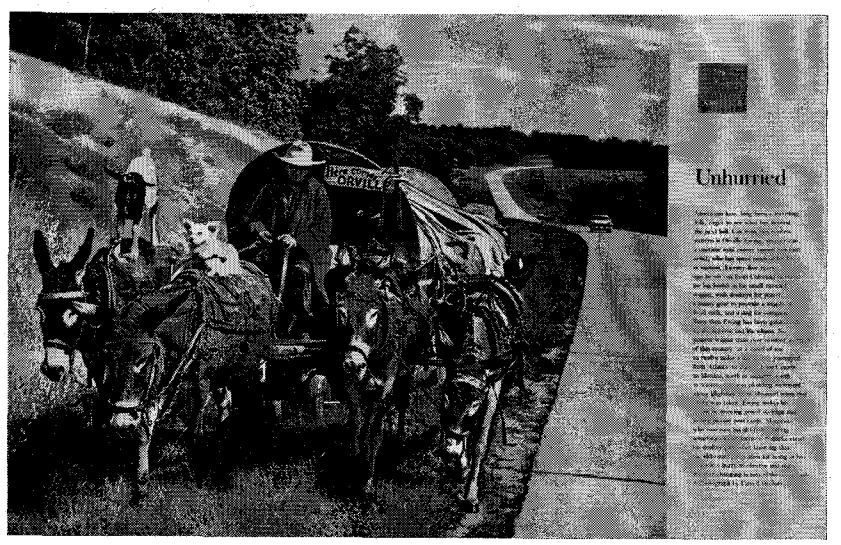
Letters

He Gets Around



Dear Sirs:

We were so thrilled with your Face of America picture of Orville Ewing and his burro outfit [UNHURRIED, photograph by Farrell Grehan, Apr. 18].

Just about a month ago while vacationing in Phoenix we met him and had a nice chat. . . .

We first saw Orville on our Pacific Coast Highway in the San Diego area in the late 1930's and I have never forgotten him.

MRS. ROY E. MOTHERAL
Cardiff-by-the-Sea, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

I was pleased to see that Orville . . . is still traveling. . . .

He passed through Gold Beach three summers. All of his creatures were friendly and a delight to the small fry.

MRS. WILLIAM HOWELL
Gold Beach, Ore.

Dear Sirs:

He came through Indiana nine years ago when we were living there.

MRS. DEAN W. MUMAW
Huachuca City, Ariz.

Dear Sirs:

We saw him coming into Raton, New Mexico, twelve years ago. . . . He used to have an ox leading the outfit, and he had a short-haired dog at that time.

Enclosed is a picture of the ox complete with shoes to protect its feet from hard pavement.

MRS. JOHN BERG
Pekin, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

As a displaced Floridian, one of the things I miss most is watching for Orville's annual visit. Each winter, he and his entourage are sure to be seen plodding along one of Florida's busy highways. . . .

Incidentally, since I haven't seen him here in California, I'll have to add him to my list of "Why Florida's Best."

PAT DAYE
San Diego, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

Might nice picture. . . .

All is well.

ORVILLE EWING
San Bernardino, Calif.

Priest at Princeton

Dear Sirs:

It does appear that contributing editor Harold H. Martin was misinformed or half informed at the time he wrote his article, BRIGHT YOUNG BOSS OF PRINCETON, Apr. 18 issue. I refer directly to Mr. Martin's brief but most misleading mention of the withdrawal of the Rev. Dr. Hugh Halton as Princeton's Roman Catholic chaplain. . . . Mr. Martin states, "The good Father, a brilliant young man with a zeal for reform that would match that of Savonarola, for several years had been denouncing the university for being 'irreligious, atheistic and amoral,' though offering no proof that this was so". . . .

Dr. George W. Elderkin, Professor Emeritus of Archaeology, joined the Princeton faculty in 1910 and taught for thirty-eight years. According to Father Halton, his teaching was "a continuing attack on the Catholic Church, her doctrine, her discipline and her membership." The following are samples taken from Dr. Elderkin's book, The Roman Catholic Problem:

"There are three major threats to democracy. The first is Russia, the second is West Germany, 'conceived in Rome and born in Washington,' and . . . the third . . . is the Vatican which is traditionally hostile to popular rule. . . .

"Pius XII, an ecclesiastical dictator, who collaborated with the arch-enemies of democracy and yearned to see American democracy destroyed. . . ."

One wonders what "proof" Dr. Elderkin gave Princeton of the authenticity of his remarks.

MRS. F. HAL KEENEY
Port Huron, Mich.

● *The book was published six years after Doctor Elderkin's retirement.*
—ED.

Dear Sirs:

When one of [America's] leading universities permits "irreligious, atheistic

(Continued on Page 6)

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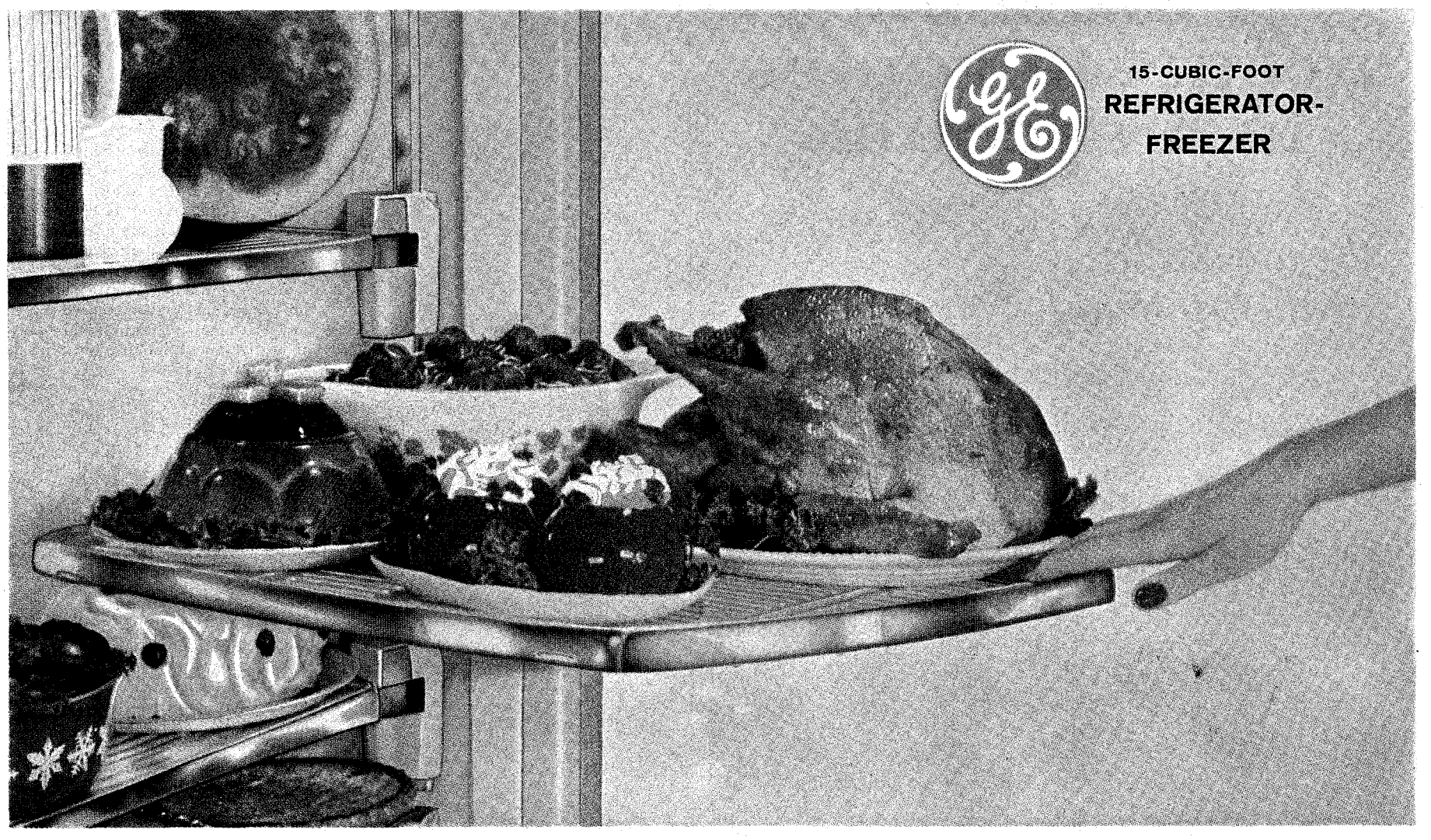
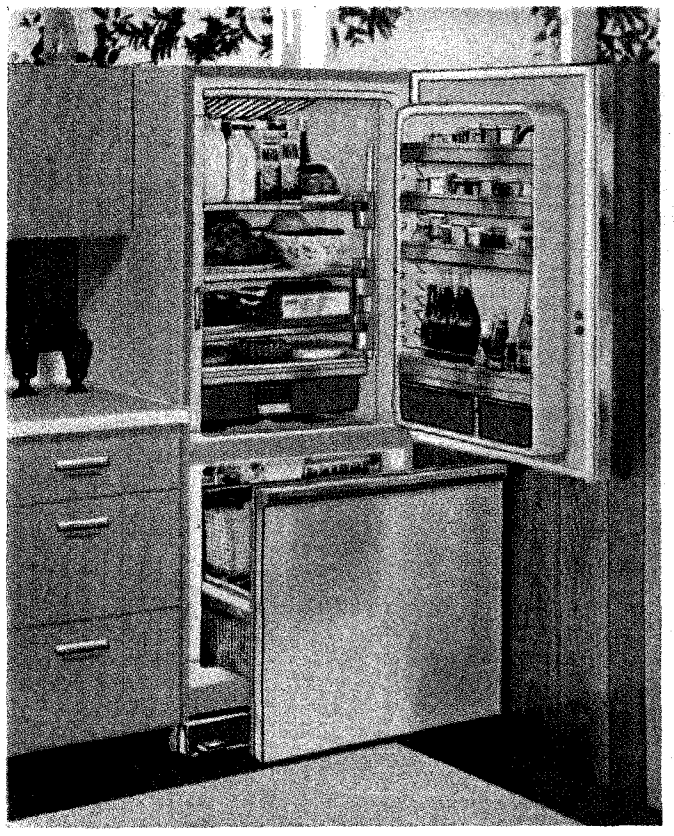
NEW SHELVES SWING OUT OF THIS AUTOMATIC DEFROST REFRIGERATOR!



New Swing-Out Shelves...



Newest Straight-Line G-E Refrigerator also has Automatic Defrosting *in the refrigerator, big* Roll-Out Freezer, *no* coils on back, Swing-Out Vegetable Bins, Mix-or-Match colors. In 15- and 13-cu.-ft. sizes, and in 12-cu.-ft. model with freezer at top.

bring all your food in full view—within easy reach—in the new General Electric Refrigerator-Freezer!

THESE new General Electric Shelves swing all the way out of the new Automatic Defrost Refrigerator—smoothly and easily.

Every item of food is in front of you, within reach of your hand. No fumbling to get at things. And you never have to worry about "forgotten" foods at the back of any shelf.

For extra space between shelves, you can adjust the shelves—up or down. You can even take the shelves out completely to clean the inside of the refrigerator or the shelves.

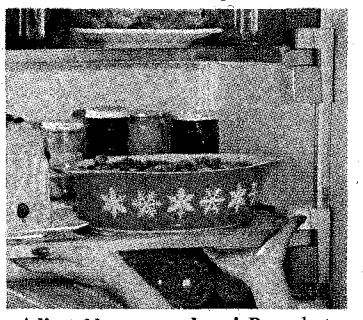
Why not try G-E Swing-Out Shelves yourself and see how really convenient they are.

You'll find them in the new Straight-Line General Electric Refrigerator-Freezers at your General Electric dealer's.

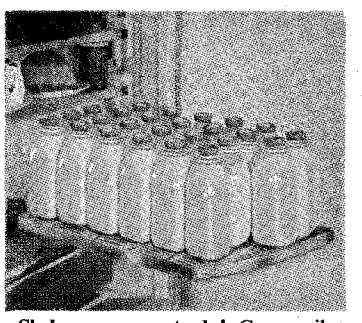
Household Refrigerator Department, General Electric Company, Appliance Park, Louisville 1, Kentucky.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

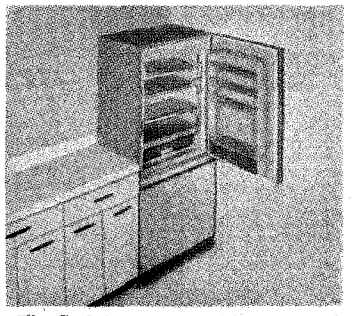
GENERAL ELECTRIC



Adjustable—up or down! Press button, slide shelf up or down. You can arrange loading so that bottles, for example, are on bottom shelf where you can reach them easily.



Shelves are so sturdy! Can easily hold this shelf-load of bottles. They're tested to support over 150 pounds—more than you'll ever need to put on a shelf.



Fits flush into corner with no wasted space at sides for door clearance. No coils on back . . . and no dirt-collecting waste space. Front lines up evenly with cabinets.

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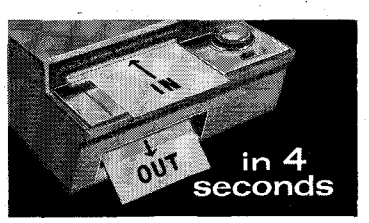

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Letters (Continued from Page 4)

and amoral" teachings, it is the serious obligation of any chaplain worth his salt to point out the deceptive errors to impressionable undergraduates who are committed to his care.

The dedicated and gifted Rev. Dr. Hugh Halton had the courage to do so in chapter and verse at Princeton, which proved once more that modern "academic freedom" means that you are perfectly free to agree with the academy.

PATRICIA MCDONOUGH
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

Martin accuses the chaplain of "offering no proof" of irreligious teachings. Martin looked in the wrong places. . . .

It is lamentable that your contributor did not see the informative article by Finis Farr, a Presbyterian Princeton alumnus, in the Oct. 19, 1957, issue of National Review.

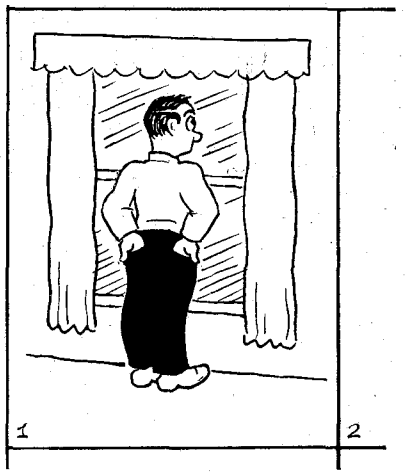
M. MULLANEY
New York, N.Y.

● *Author Martin read scores of reports on this controversy, including one by an editor of the Catholic magazine, The Commonweal, who wrote in his publication that Father Halton had at times "relied upon the effect of unsubstantiated charges" and that "neither the defense of Catholicism nor the support of a particular political position could justify the irresponsible attacks which forced the university to withdraw courtesies from Father Halton."* —ED.

Greenwood Thumbs

Dear Sirs:

Would you say that Mr. Greenwood's thumbs [in Apr. 18 panel, below] are on



the wrong side of his hands? What is Dahl doing—changing human structure?

ANNE HARDING
Summit, N.J.

● *"You've heard of green thumbs?" asks Cartoonist Dahl. "Those are Greenwood thumbs and are prized by agriculturalists, as they are fine for milking cows. The Greenwood thumb is also held to be slightly more convenient than the ordinary thumb by hitchhikers in England, where traffic moves to the left."* —ED.

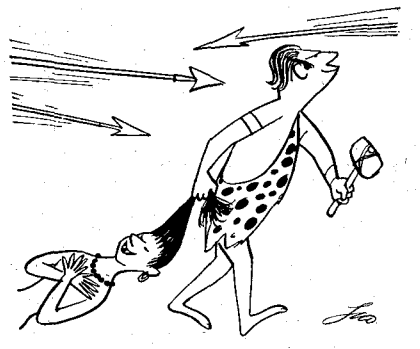
Why War?

Dear Sirs:

Your Apr. 18 Adventure of the Mind, How WAR BEGAN [by Lewis Mumford] . . . seems to me pseudo scientific and shallow. I have the feeling the writer is way out of his field.

According to the author, "War, then, was a specific product of civilization—the outcome of an organized effort to obtain captives for a magical blood sacrifice". . . .

Is it not far more reasonable and probable that a young man courted a pretty girl by force and two families found themselves in a miniature war; and that



later . . . the size of the conflicts increased as leaders used their power to seize from neighboring communities women, slaves, hunting grounds, herds and, yes, persons for sacrifice? . . .

But something that simple would not be an Adventure of the Mind, whereas your article made me think!

GILBERT KING
Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

War is spelled "Me First."

EDWARD ADAMS RICHARDSON
Bethlehem, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

What more ridiculous statement could a bright man make than to say of Christianity that "[instead of sacrificing human beings to appease the divine wrath], it sacrificed its God, renouncing His power in behalf of love, in order to save mankind by cleansing the sinner of anxiety and guilt." The right way to say it is that Christ offered up himself a sacrifice to satisfy divine justice, and reconcile us to God.

REV. EDWARDS E. ELLIOTT
The Orthodox Presbyterian Church
Garden Grove, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

"For in a mature society, man himself, not his machines or his organizations, is the chief work of art."

If all men, be they President or ditchdigger, understood this and believed this, there would be no more strife.

DORIS MCCRAW
Greensboro, N.C.

Dear Sirs:

A refreshing change from the newsmagazine and Sunday-supplement journalism which bids to smother us all.

ROBERT M. CASHMAN
Hingham, Mass.

Post Picture Credits

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The most important $200 in the automobile world!

If you're going to buy a car and you want all the satisfaction and fun and quality your money can possibly buy . . . just think about this . . .

For only about $200 more than the best models of the "leading low-priced three" . . . *you can own this Buick LeSabre.* And this is not the kind of comparison where one car has no extra equipment and the other has lots of it. Look at the manufacturers' suggested retail prices posted right on the cars in the showrooms, and you can check this for yourself.

And think how much *more car* you own. An important car, with an important name. A car of Buick's solidness, plus Buick nimbleness that's wholly new this year and wholly wonderful to feel.

Buick '59 is the most exciting Buick ever built. The smoothest and quietest running car in America today. The only car with Buick's exclusive brakes and new Wildcat engines which not only give important increases in actual gas mileage . . . but, car weight and performance considered, are proved to be the *most efficient* users of gasoline in any car today.

Many thousands of families have already made the magnificent change to Buick '59. They're the most enthusiastic Buick owners we have ever heard from. And with good reason!

LESABRE *The thriftiest Buick* INVICTA *The most spirited Buick* ELECTRA *The most luxurious Buick*

BUICK MOTOR DIVISION, GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

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58 new truck models

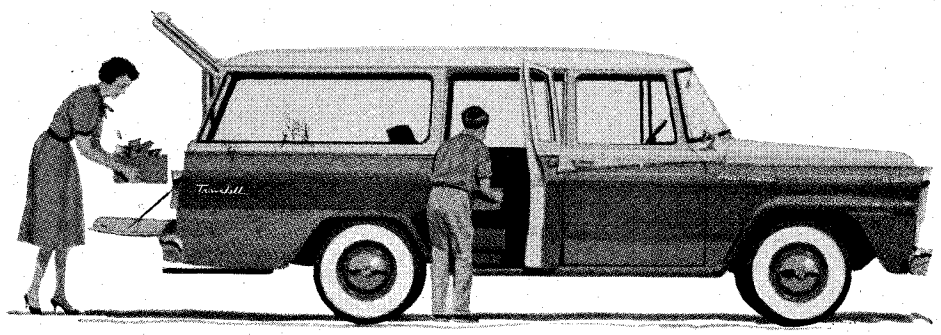
from roomy pickups to rugged six-wheelers!

5 economy-proved "sixes"

plus 3 new optional V-8 engines . . . all designed for truck loads,
truck speeds, truck work. Available in models up to 33,000 lbs. GVW.

42 new features

including new looks, new loadspace, new custom interiors, new all-weather
driving comfort. Not forgetting traditional International values
like safer vision, easier entry and exit, and common-sense service accessibility!



Smart New Travelall® takes loads that would swamp a "wagon". . . . or gives 8 passengers a roomier ride. Extra curbside door for convenience and safety.

New INTERNATIONAL pickups are distinctively styled with dual headlights and one-piece anodized aluminum grille. Cab seat is over 5 ft. across. Big windshield has less corner distortion, no awkward doorway projections.

THIS YEAR, ONLY INTERNATIONAL® ARE THIS NEW!

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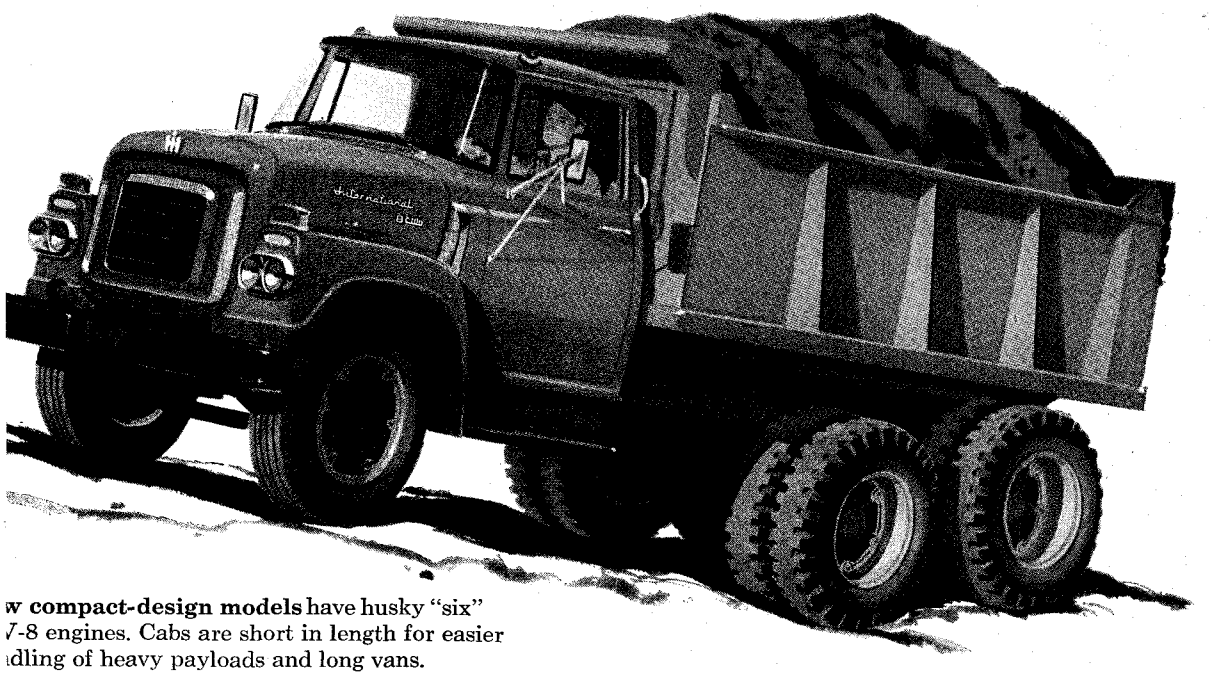
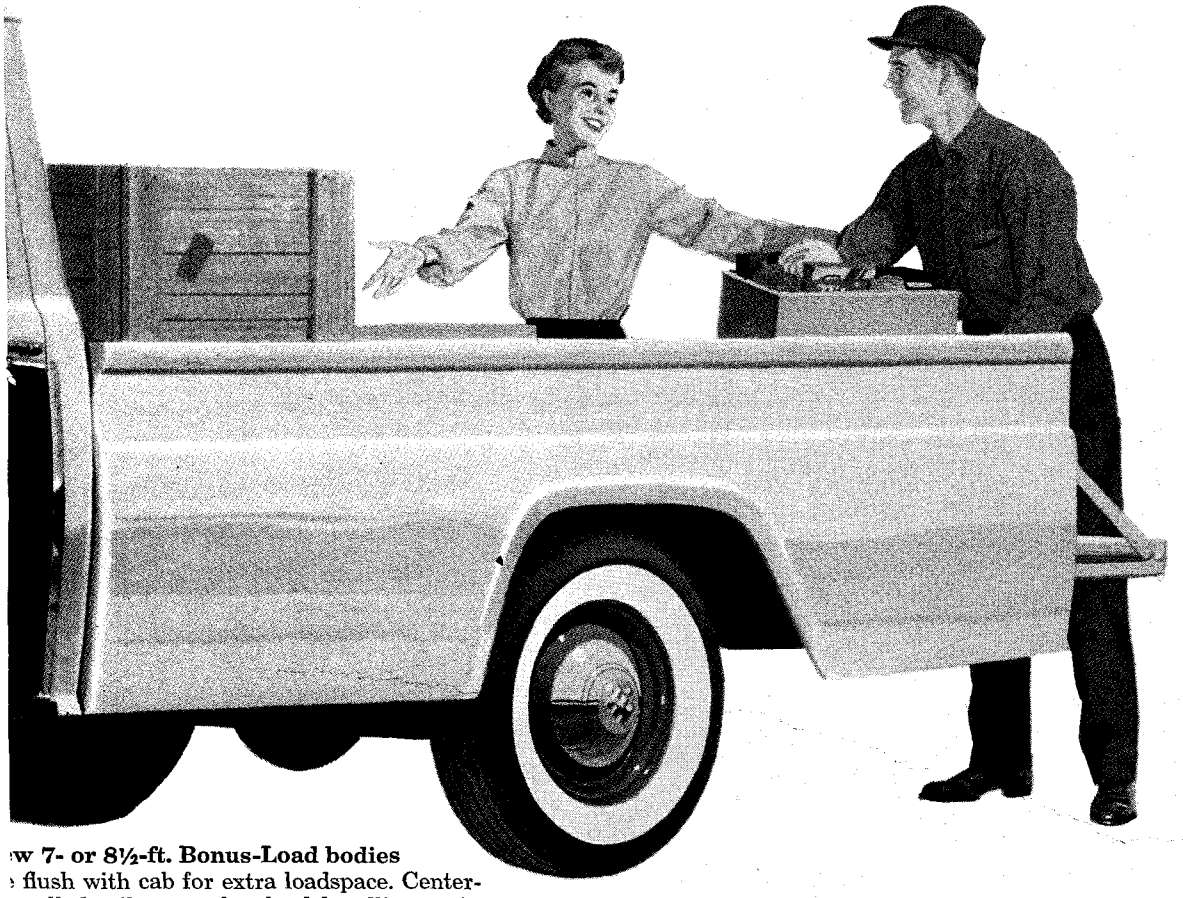


w compact-design models have husky "six" V-8 engines. Cabs are short in length for easier handling of heavy payloads and long vans.

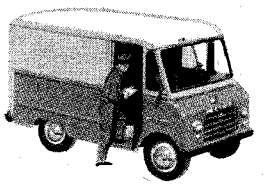


w 7- or 8½-ft. Bonus-Load bodies flush with cab for extra loadspace. Center-trolled tailgate makes load handling easier. ndard pickup bodies also available. Truck-igned "six" or V-8 engines match your d and road requirements.

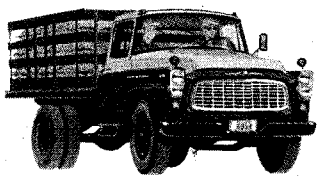
TRUCKS

Here you see a sample of all the new things and new thinking about truck operation that you'll find only in the world's most complete line. Today, more than ever, it's INTERNATIONAL! With specialized models for multi-stop delivery. With extra-heavy-duty models for off-highway work. With the right model for *any* truck job, from 3,800 lbs. to 100,000 lbs. GVW! There's an INTERNATIONAL Truck built for *your* job . . . powered for it . . . and styled to look good doing it . . . whether you drive a pickup or boss a fleet. See your local INTERNATIONAL Dealer.

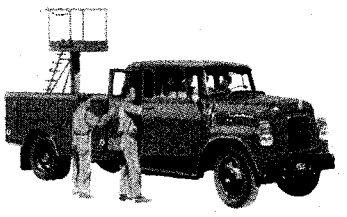
WORLD'S MOST COMPLETE LINE for any truck job!



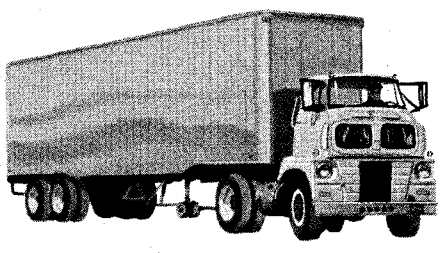
New Metro-Mite is America's biggest little delivery truck. 13 ft. overall. 200 cu. ft. load-space. Thrifty 4-cylinder engine. *Low*-priced!



New Stake or platform models are built for rugged use in the city or on the farm. Choice of "six" or V-8 engines, 4x2 or 4x4 drive.



Travel-Crew Cab models are ideal for transporting a six-man crew and equipment to and from field jobs in all-weather comfort.



Sightliner® models offer space-saving 48-in. cab and time-saving V-8 power . . . specialized for today's high-cube trailers.

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Motor Trucks • Crawler Tractors
Construction Equipment • McCormick®
Farm Equipment and Farmall® Tractors

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Editorials

Khrushchev Wants No Agreement; Only a Western Surrender

The important thing for advocates of "flexibility," "willingness to negotiate," "disengagement" and a "bold, imaginative policy" to bear in mind about Summit Conferences was well stated by former Secretary of State Dean Acheson in an article in The New York Sunday Times: "The conference which they (the Soviet leaders) seek is designed not to be a cover for their yielding but for the yielding of the West."

Actually there is no reason to go to the Summit Conference prepared to retreat. In Asia, for example, Mr. Dulles' policy of sticking to his guns and letting the Communists do the bold, imaginative sweating is beginning to pay off. The Red massacre in Tibet is turning Asiatic "neutralists" into fanatical anti-Communists. As John C. Caldwell, a correspondent with long experience in the Far East, pointed out in a recent syndicated news story, the fall of Red China's prestige takes the practical form of a drastic drop in amounts of the money sent home by Chinese in Malaya, the Philippines, Thailand and Indochina.

However, Tibet, like Hungary, has also taught the "uncommitted peoples" to fear the naked force which the Communists never hesitate to use when it is needed. Hence the vital importance of a firm stand by the West. The Communists will encounter difficulties in the West unless the West scares itself into a needless panic. The flight of thousands of professional people from East Germany to West Germany is not only a humiliation to the Kremlin but a loss in essential manpower. Hence the desperate determination to slam the door to that escape corridor. Hence the Soviet eagerness for a Summit Conference—with western leaders relied on, as Joseph Alsop recently suggested in a delightfully ironical column, to be willing to give Alaska back to the Russians if that would "ease tensions."

What always puzzles us is the smug assumption among certain liberals that the West must take at face value the Soviet view of Soviet invincibility. They accept the need for deadly bombs and rockets and for astronomical military budgets as a permanent affliction. But the suggestion that this appalling race toward extinction might be unnecessary if the Communists were succeeded by legitimate governments is greeted by contemptuous jeers.

Former Secretary of State Dulles always refused to accept a defeatist estimate of Soviet internal strength. American policy, he once said, should be "to activate the strains and stresses within the Communist empire so as to disintegrate it." He has seen clearly that, unless the Soviet empire disintegrates, it can disintegrate us.

Sharing this view and doing something about it is an extraordinary organization of Russian *émigrés* known as the N.T.S., which is short for the National Alliance of Russian Solidarists. This group, whose exploits are described in The House of Secrets (Duell, Sloan and Pearce) by Gordon Young, a veteran British newspaper correspondent, concedes no permanence to the Red regime. The task to which N.T.S. is dedicated, and for which some of its members have been murdered or kidnaped, is the liberation of Russia, not by the nuclear weapons of the West, but by the Russian people themselves.

Dr. Vladimir Poremsky, who heads N.T.S. (headquarters in Frankfurt, Germany) and directs its operations within the Soviet Union, points out that the Russian people have already forced many concessions by the regime, and the pressure is getting hotter all the time. Doctor Poremsky agrees that no revolt is to be expected immediately, certainly not until the West indicates a desire to see an end to the Red tyranny.

At any Summit Conference protocol will be the rule. Nevertheless, the western representatives can refrain from making concessions which will strengthen the grip of the Red dictators and dim the hopes of their subjects. To hold the line requires patience, skill in negotiation, and that thing popularly known as guts. Also required is faith in the eventual triumph of freedom over tyranny. Mr. Dulles put it this way back in 1952: "The free should not be numbed by the sight of this vast graveyard of human liberties. It is the despots who should feel haunted. They, not we, should fear the future."

A Good Proposal: Public Defenders for Federal Courts

The Attorney General of the United States has asked for legislation to create a system of public defenders in the Federal courts. The public defenders would represent the poor defendants in Federal cases. These defending lawyers would be appointed not by the Attorney General but by the Federal district judges. Thus the public defenders will be free to work wholeheartedly. Poor defendants will receive fair play.

As Attorney General William P. Rogers explains, the present system no longer works well. If a defendant is unable to hire a lawyer, the judge assigns one to represent him. The lawyer receives a small fee, which is set by the judge. Since most lawyers do not practice criminal law, they cannot fitly represent a defendant. On the other hand, if the whole burden of such legal work is imposed by the judges on the relatively few lawyers who specialize in criminal law, they have to make an unduly large sacrifice.

The Attorney General's plan is flexible. It allows for differences of conditions in judicial districts. In most districts the judges would appoint public defenders, who "may be full-time or part-time officers, as the volume of work in the judgment of the court requires."

None of these officers shall be paid more than $10,000 a year. This is such a low salary ceiling that most of the public defenders probably would be young lawyers. But they can be able and effective; many young men are Assistant United States Attorneys and assistant local district or state's attorneys.

This looks like a reform that will give every destitute defendant a fair deal, that is fair to the bar, and to which the United States can point with honest pride when telling the world what kind of government we have.

We Have Finally Reached the Ultimate in Chain Letters

Make no mistake, we're all slightly mad when it comes to money. Take leprechauns. We know they don't exist, but who can resist looking for them in a bosky glen when there's the thought that they can lead us to hidden treasure? Logic tells us to keep our wallets in our pockets, but many of us listen with eager ears to the details of get-rich-quick fantasies, inside tips, schemes to get something for nothing.

Consider the persistence of that ancient bit of financial flummery, the chain letter. Anybody over the age of six knows that only a tiny number of participants collect anything at all, and that most get a return of absolute zero. There's the additional drawback that the United States Post Office has declared chain letters illegal. Does that really discourage anybody?

For a while we thought there was no easy solution to this problem, but then we received from some anonymous genius a chain letter which must have been calculated to end all chain letters. We pass it along verbatim for those who might want a handy counteroffensive the next time they are cornered by a chain-letter addict:

"This chain letter was started by a man like yourself, in the hope that it might bring relief and happiness to tired businessmen. Unlike most chain letters, this doesn't cost anything. Just send a copy of this chain letter to five of your friends who are equally tired! Then, bundle up your wife and send her to the man whose name is at the top of the list, and add your name to the bottom!

"When your name reaches the top of the list you will receive 16,478 women, and some of them will be dandies.

"Have faith—do not break the chain! One man did and the poor guy got his old lady back."

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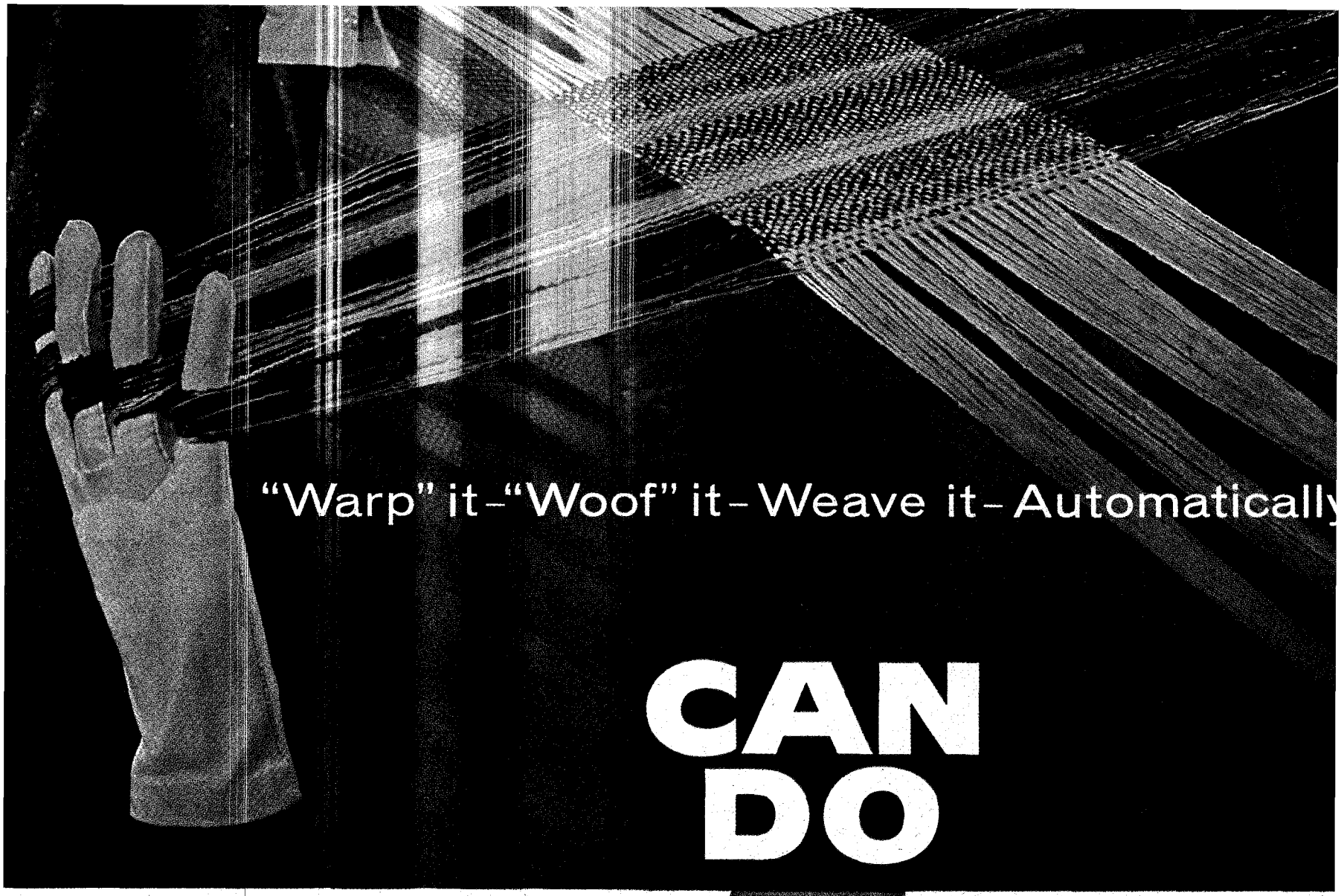

There actually is a magic loom that weaves different patterns without a single thread being touched by human hands! And it's at work today, thanks in part to Automatic Electric.

The secret: the same basic components used in automatic telephone exchanges. These "thinking" units make it possible to weave patterns for pretties one minute, an intricate drapery the next! A predetermined design is set up on a "programming plug." When the plug is changed, so is the pattern that is woven.

Making machines like this act automatically is part and parcel of AE's business. Because automatic control is a *telephone art—and AE was one of its earliest practitioners.*

In fact, almost every device or system that is operated automatically uses the type of switching and relay units originated or manufactured by Automatic Electric.

In both communications *and* control, AE has solutions *searching* for problems. Could be that what we have is just what *you* want—whether it involves basic components or a control "package." Why not find out by writing the Director, Industrial Products Engineering, Automatic Electric, Northlake, Illinois.

MAKING
IDEAS
WORK
AUTOMATICALLY

AUTOMATIC ELECTRIC

Subsidiary of
GENERAL TELEPHONE & ELECTRONICS

GENERAL SYSTEM

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BRITAIN'S VAUXHALL

The superbly crafted English small car so practical for America

Buy a Vauxhall in full confidence that its austere British fuel economy—up to 35 miles per gallon on regular gas—will save you money every mile.

But buy it, too, knowing that those economical miles will be enjoyable miles.

Typically British in its carefully crafted coachwork and flawless interiors, Vauxhall brings you American-inspired luxuries and conveniences that set it apart from other imports. How many of the compact imports offer wrap-around visibility front and rear? Or wrap-around bumpers so necessary in America's choked-up parking lots? How many offer room for a family of five and all their vacation luggage—plus four big doors?

And the extreme manoeuvrability that skims Vauxhall blithely down England's narrow, winding lanes makes it a breeze to handle in American traffic. Head for the turnpike and you have ample, quiet, smooth 4-cylinder power to cruise you all day long at top legal speeds.

Built in England by General Motors, Vauxhall is your best import buy.

MADE IN ENGLAND
VAUXHALL

SOLD AND SERVICED BY PONTIAC DEALERS THROUGHOUT AMERICA

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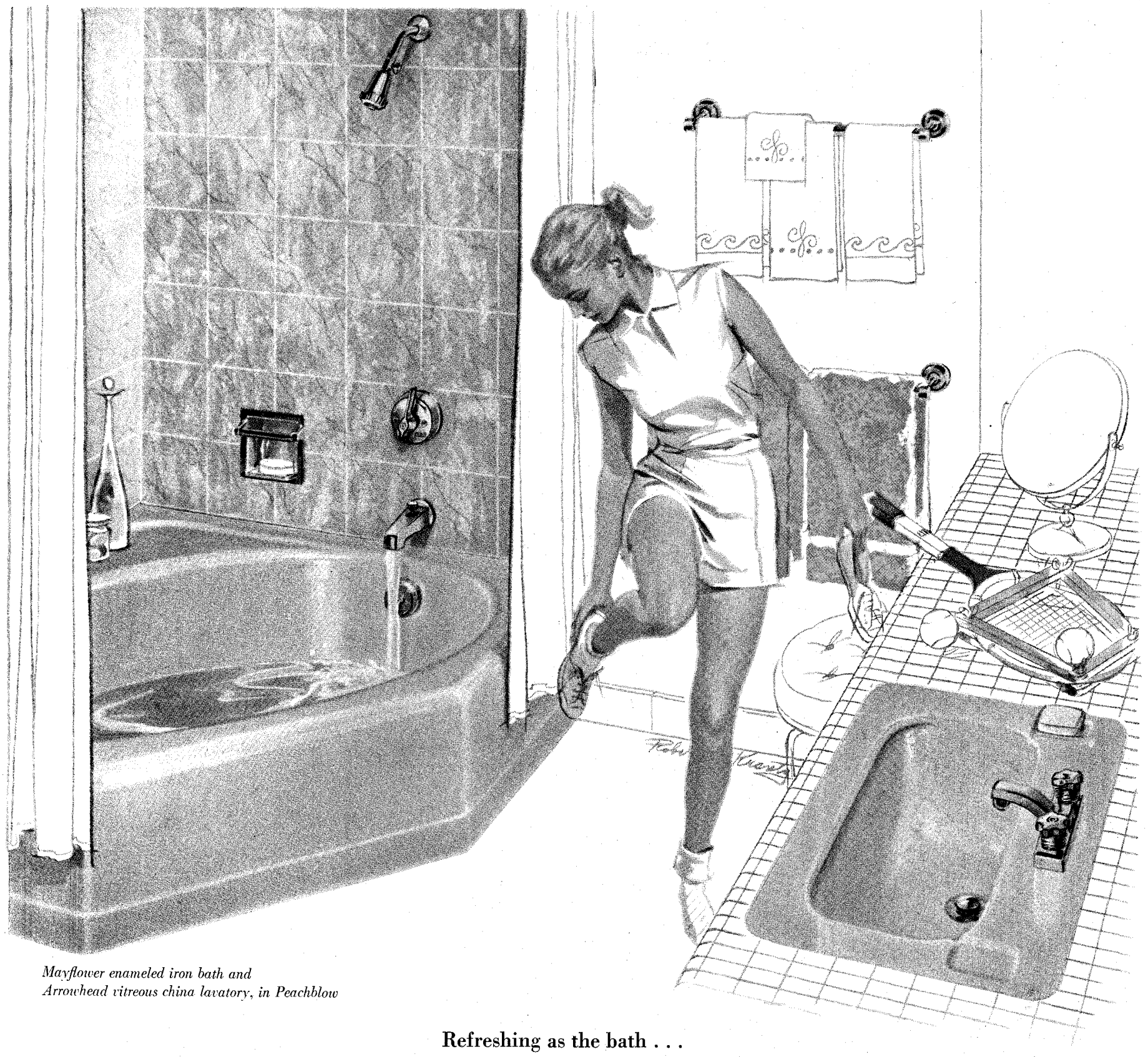
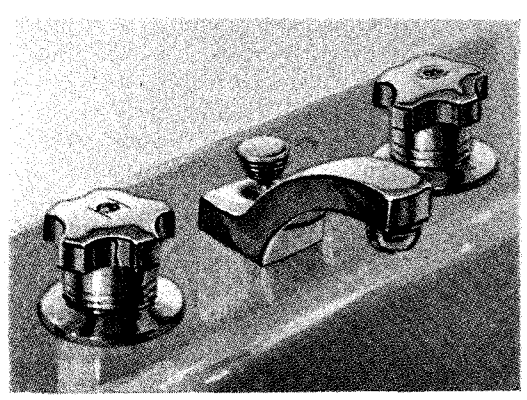


Mayflower enameled iron bath and
Arrowhead vitreous china lavatory, in Peachblow



Kohler all-brass fittings – Constellation Series

Refreshing as the bath . . .
Exhilarating as the shower . . .
Are these fixtures by Kohler . . .
In eye-pleasing color or sparkling white.
Finished in chrome . . .
The faucets and fittings, newly styled . . .
Engineered for finger-tip control . . .
Complement and compliment the fixtures.

Consult your Kohler dealer. Write for booklet 9-C.

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ENAMELED IRON AND VITREOUS CHINA PLUMBING FIXTURES • BRASS FITTINGS • ELECTRIC PLANTS • AIR-COOLED ENGINES • PRECISION CONTROLS

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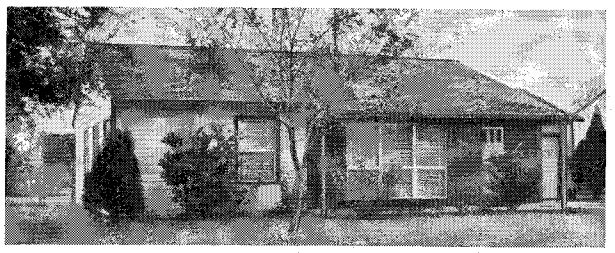
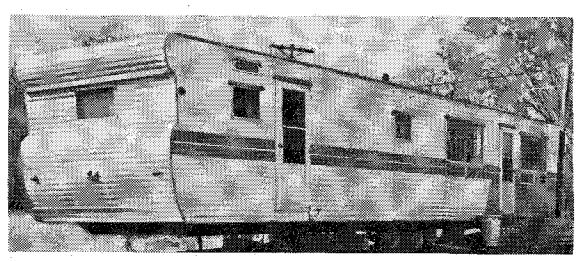
Houston family pays $18 a Thinlines to cool their 5-room

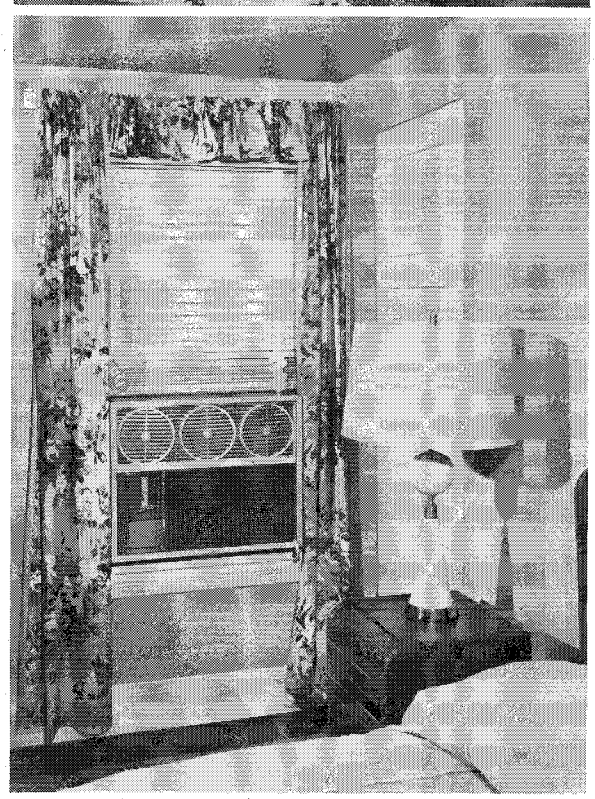




HOUSTON, TEXAS

THE JOB: Getting low-cost cooling in kitchen *through cooking hours and Turkish-bath summers faced Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Fisk.*

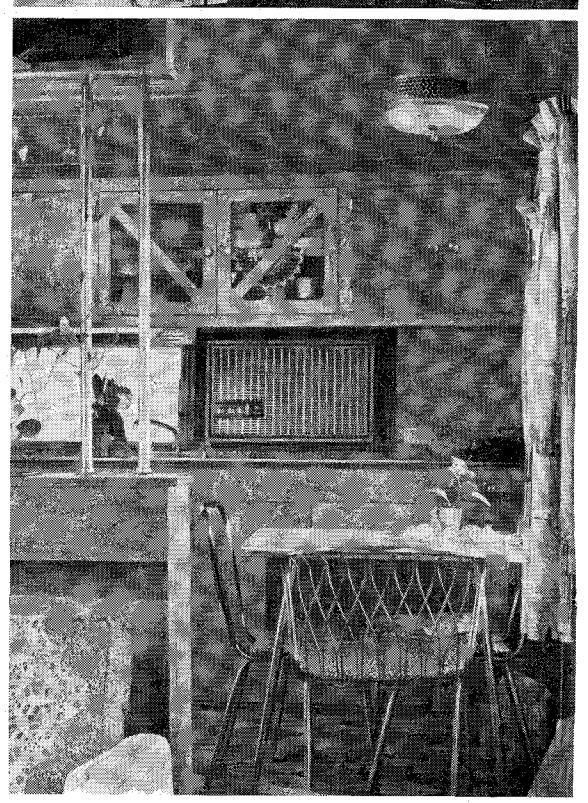
THE ANSWER: The Fisks pay $18 a month for two *Thinlines* that cool the whole house. A ¾ hp, 6,700-BTU* General Electric *Thinline* cools the 20′ x 14′ kitchen-dining area, and supplements the 1½ hp, 14,000 BTU* *Thinline* that handles the rest of the house. "I put the ¾ hp unit in the window," adds Mr. Fisk. "We had an adequate 115-volt circuit, so we needed no wiring." The Fisks financed both units through General Electric Credit Corporation.



PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

THE JOB: "I have to sleep through midday heat *because I drive a truck all night," says Mr. Donald Perry. "My bedroom lies right under the roof of a three-story, 125-year-old house."*

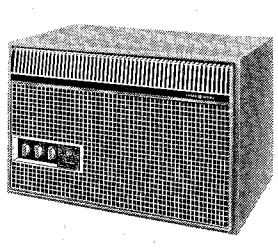
THE ANSWER: For $10 a month, the Perrys bought a 5,600 BTU*, ½ hp, General Electric *Thinline*. It cools their 15′ x 18′ bedroom during the day, and their daughters' 12′ x 15′ bedroom at night as well. "Now I don't care *how* hot it gets in the daytime—I can sleep. And the whole family's cool on sticky nights. Our *Thinline* even helped my wife's asthma," states Mr. Perry. Total price: well under $200.



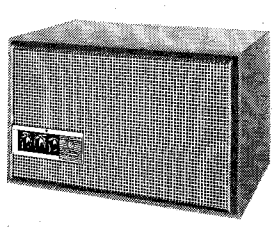
EAST ST. LOUIS, ILLINOIS

THE JOB: Keeping a trailer from feeling like a Dutch oven *or, as Mrs. Carl J. McDaniel puts it, "Without air conditioning we felt like a Thanksgiving turkey must feel, basted by humidity."*

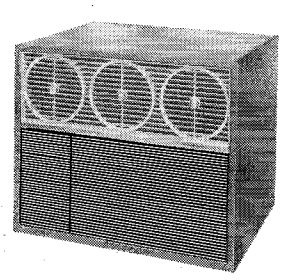
THE ANSWER: Mr. McDaniel brought a 1 hp, 9,000 BTU* *Thinline* home in his car. He installed it himself in place of one of the kitchenette windows—the low (15⅝ inches), trim dimensions fit perfectly. "We were cool the next day—and boy! How we hate to go outside." The McDaniels' General Electric *Thinline* easily cools the 470-square-foot trailer, even though there's absolutely no shade.



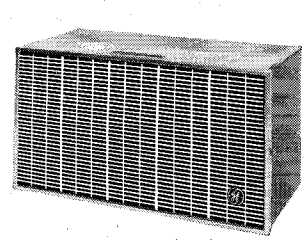
Deluxe Thinline, 9,000 BTU's*, 230 volts. A 115-volt model has 6,500 BTU's* on 7.5 amps.



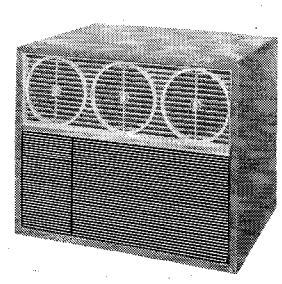
Custom Thinline, 8,500 BTU's*, 115 volts, 12 amps. 26″ wide, 15⅝″ high, 16⅞″ deep.



Super Thinline, 16,000 BTU's*, 2 hp. A 1½ hp model packs 13,000 BTU's*. Both 230 volts.



Thinette, 6,000 BTU's*. 7.5 amps, 115 volts. 13″ x 13″ x 25.″ You-do-it-installation.



All-Weather Thinline, 10,000 BTU's* of cooling; 10,000 BTU's* of heating.

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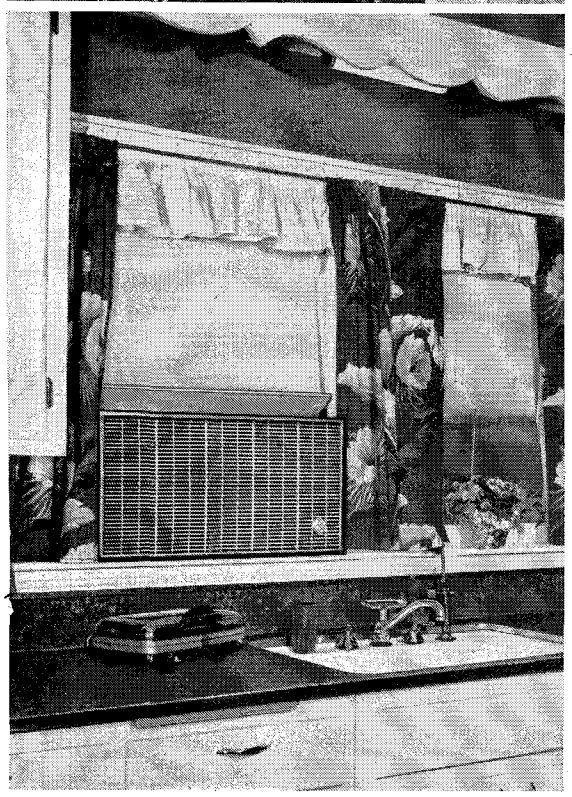
month for 2 General Electric house

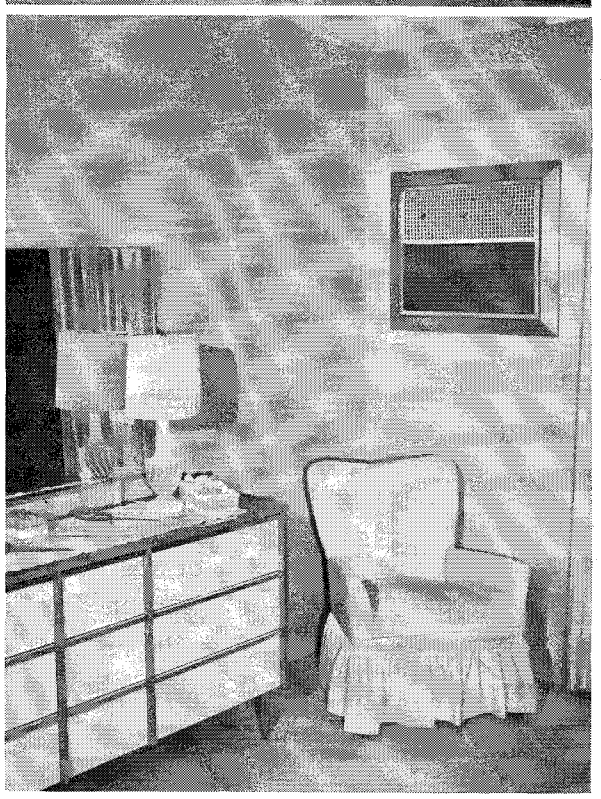
Left, below: Mr. Fisk installed one Thinline Air Conditioner himself. Teamed with another, it cools and dehumidifies the 1,008-square-foot house. As these case histories prove, no air conditioning job is too tough for General Electric Thinlines.



WESTFIELD, NEW JERSEY

THE JOB: Cooling a kitchen at low cost . . . "*I was confined to bed and my sister came to help out. It wasn't fair for me to be cool with air conditioning in the rest of the house, while she slaved in a hot kitchen,*" *says Mrs. Sherman W. Reese.*

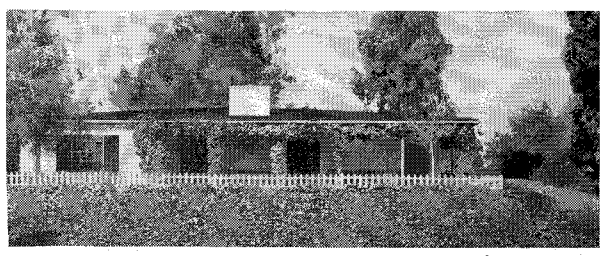
THE ANSWER: For $225, Mrs. Reese bought the General Electric *Thinette*. Its 6,000 BTU's* cool the 4′ x 18′ kitchen so well that she no longer feels guilty about the hot kitchen. No rewiring was needed. And the *Thinette's* tidy dimensions (13″ deep, 13″ high, 25″ wide—covers about as much window as this magazine) take up very little space in the kitchen.

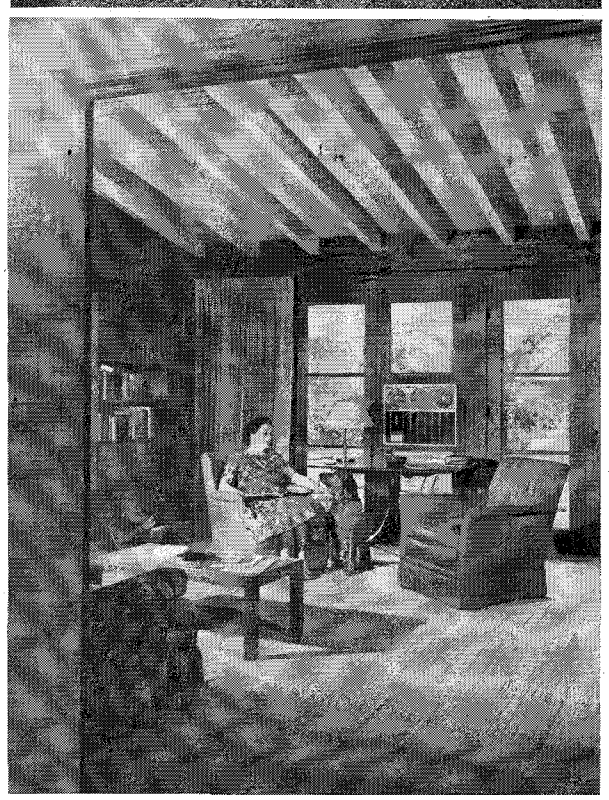


FORT LAUDERDALE, FLORIDA

THE JOB: "So hot you can't breathe—*and cool winters with no central heating,*" *said Mrs. Albert K. Sylvia.* "*In December the bedrooms are like snowbanks and a month later it's hot,* hot, *HOT!*"

THE ANSWER: Three General Electric All-Weather *Thinlines*—one in each bedroom—pour out 10,000 BTU's* of cool comfort apiece . . . and in the wintertime they shift into reverse and dish up toasty warmth by the roomful. "Actually, we only need two to cool the whole house,"—1354 square feet says Mrs. Sylvia. It cost the Sylvias around $800 for all three All-Weather *Thinlines*, all installed through the wall.

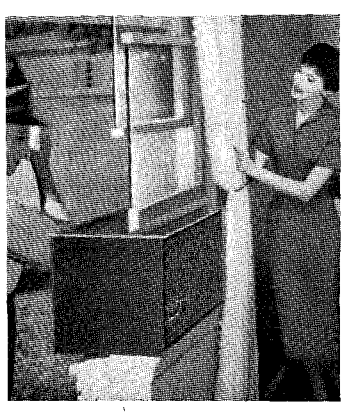




PASADENA, CALIFORNIA

THE JOB: Cooling an uninsulated den at a decent price . . . "*The room was a hot box, what with no insulation and the huge glass area. I wasn't feeling well anyway, and my doctor recommended air conditioning,*" *says Mrs. Frank Shlaudeman.*

THE ANSWER: For $230.48 including installation, Mrs. Shlaudeman bought the 1 hp, 9,400 BTU* General Electric *Thinline*. It not only cools the 18′ x 21′ den, but makes the dining and living rooms livable —"like another world," as a friend put it. This 115-volt General Electric *Thinline* works on its own circuit, so no rewiring was needed.



Easy to afford, General Electric *Thinlines* are your biggest bargain in comfort. Comfortable terms available through General Electric Credit Corporation or through other reputable financing institutions. Ask a General Electric dealer which *Thinline* is right for you. General Electric Co., Room Air Conditioner Department, Louisville 1, Kentucky.

LIVE BETTER ELECTRICALLY

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

**Capacities tested and rated in compliance with National Electrical Manufacturers' Assn. Standards CN1-1958.*

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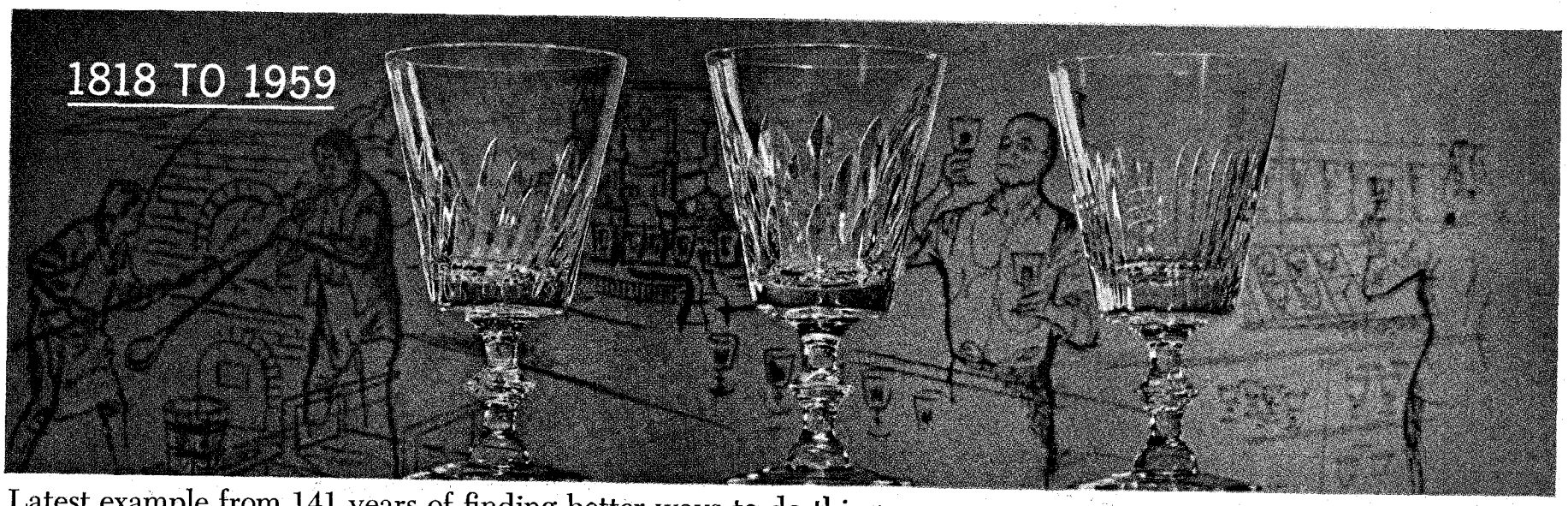

Latest example from 141 years of finding better ways to do things

Owens-Illinois toasts Libbey "1818" Crystal
Proof that Fine Glassware need not be "expensive"

Would we be considered unmannerly if we drank a toast to ourselves? We'll admit it; we're proud of things we've been doing at Owens-Illinois. This new line of "1818" crystal glassware is an example.

A group of people in our Libbey Glass Division made up their minds that table glassware need not be made entirely by hand, one piece at a time, and sold at high prices in order to be "fine glassware." To prove the point, they brought to the problem all of the knowledge handed down through the hundred and forty-one years since the predecessor company to Libbey Glass was founded back in 1818.

The result is the new line of cut stemware called "1818." There are four cuttings. (Three are shown here.) In each cutting you can buy five matching items: cordial, cocktail, champagne, wine and goblet. All are what we call "Toledo Collection" items. You'll find them at exclusive stores for only about $2.00 apiece. They invite comparison with table glassware selling for several times that much.

Behind *every* Owens-Illinois product are people who asked the question: "Is the old way good enough?" and then proceeded to find a better one. This inquiring attitude has taken us into a quite diversified list of product fields.

CONTAINER	Duraglas bottles & jars • closures plastic containers • plastic fitments corrugated & fiber paper shipping boxes multiwall bags • kraft paper for boxes
INDUSTRIAL	Kimble all-glass television bulbs glass insulators • glass tubing & rod
SCIENTIFIC	Kimble laboratory glass • vials • ampuls
TABLEWARE	Libbey Safedge tumblers & stemware
BUILDING	glass block • hardwood panels & doors

LIBBEY "1818" CRYSTAL
AN (O) PRODUCT

OWENS-ILLINOIS
GENERAL OFFICES • TOLEDO 1, OHIO

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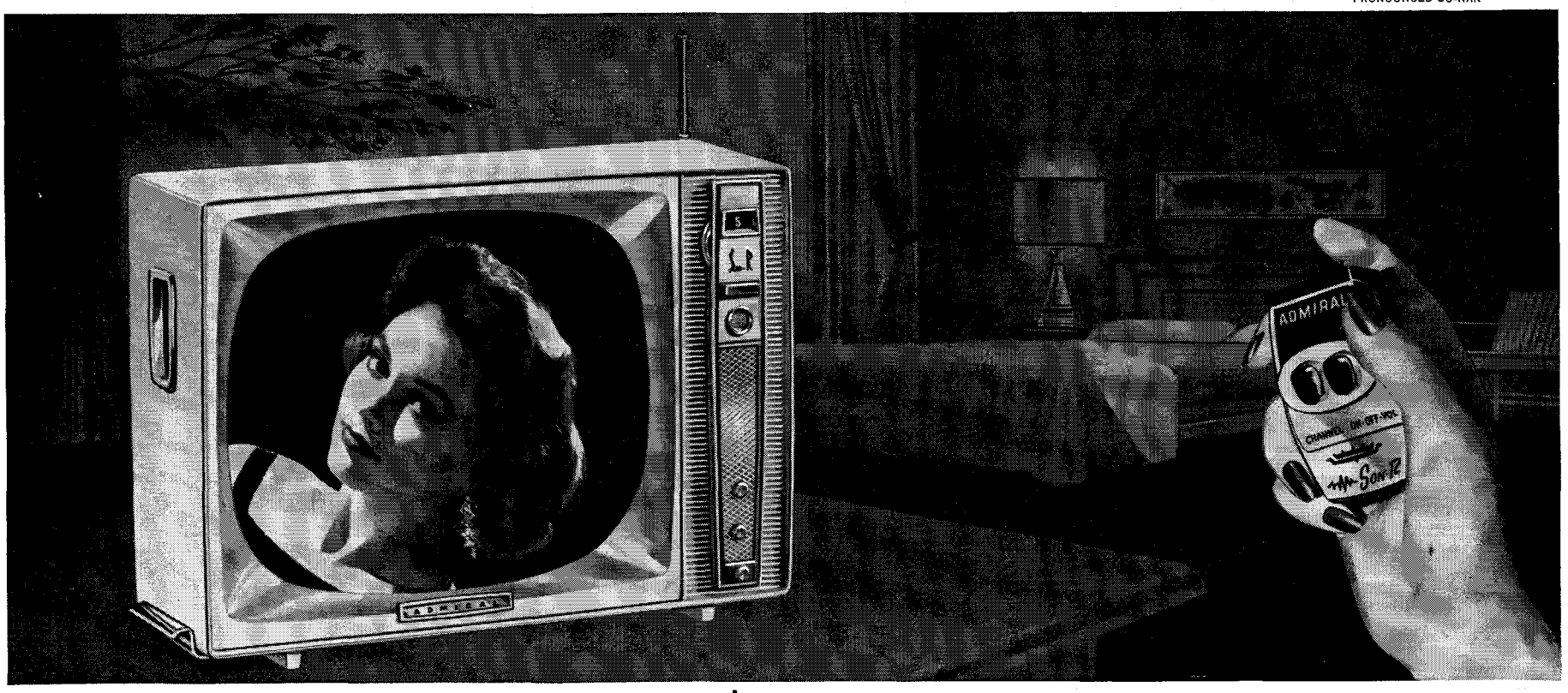
World's First Portable with Wireless Remote Control

Admiral Son-R* remote control has no wires, no batteries, no transistors . . . super-sonic sound tunes this new Space Age† portable TV . . . the most versatile TV ever created! Take it to any room. Tune from anywhere in the room . . . from the comfort of your bed or easy chair.

Wireless Son-R turns your new Admiral portable TV on-off, changes channels, adjusts volume to 4 levels! Slips into a magnetic pocket on the side of the set when not in use. Son-R TV complete from $199.95.

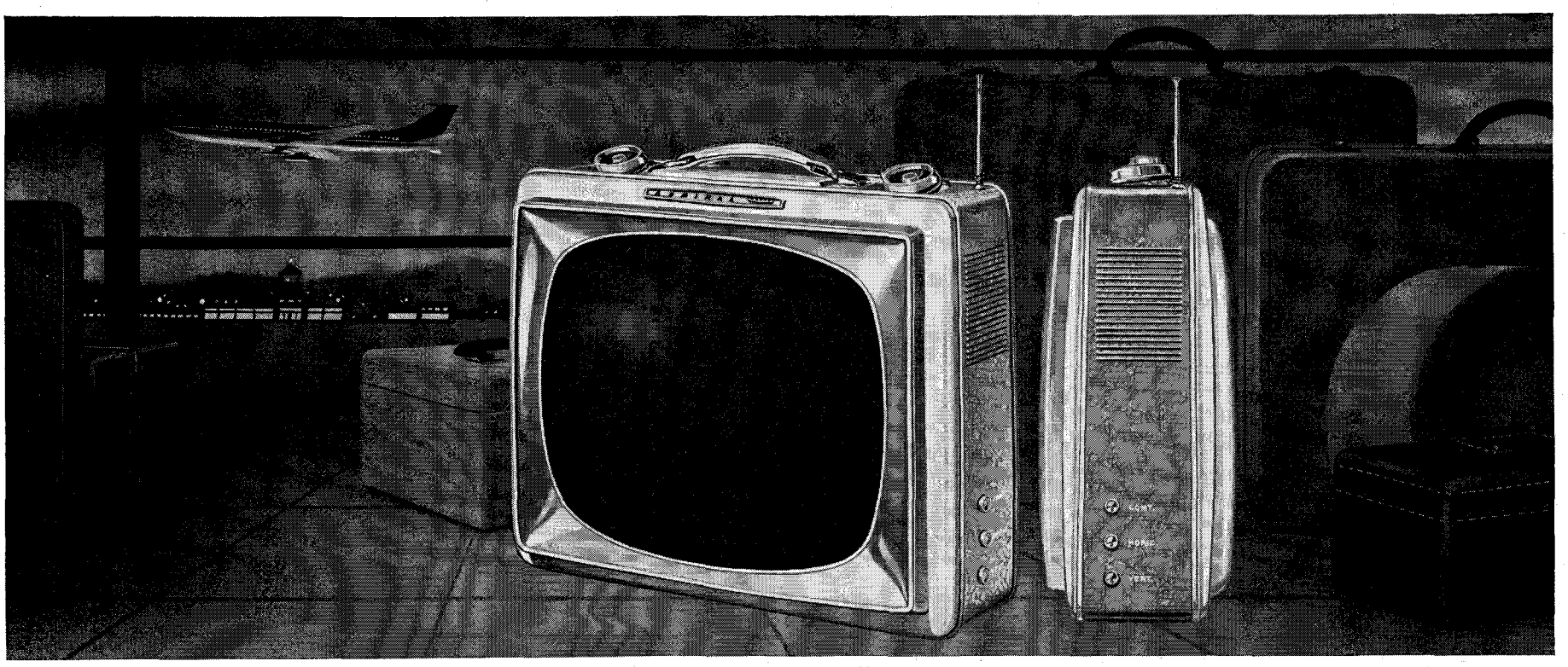
*PRONOUNCED SO-NAR



MARK OF QUALITY THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

Admiral MARK OF QUALITY THROUGHOUT THE WORLD — SILVER 25 ANNIVERSARY 1934-1959

ADMIRAL



New Admiral Thin Man† Portable ...TV that Travels in Style

First really rugged and ready to go portable! Ultra-slim and styled like the finest luggage. Only 12¼ inches thin. Has the famous Admiral etched satellite circuits that end service worries. Forward sound up-front. Best picture ever in portable TV. Handy top tuning. Choice of two-tone and leather-look finishes in all-white, tan morocco and white and black morocco. Thin Man Portables from $159.95.

†TRADEMARK OF ADMIRAL CORPORATION. PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER SOUTH AND WEST. PRICES SUBJECT TO CHANGE WITHOUT NOTICE.

Admiral® Sold in 90 countries . . . manufactured in the U.S.A., Argentina, Australia, Brazil, Canada, Italy, Mexico, Philippines, and Uruguay. Admiral Corp., Chicago 47, Ill., and Port Credit, Canada.

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THERMOS® VACUUM BOTTLES

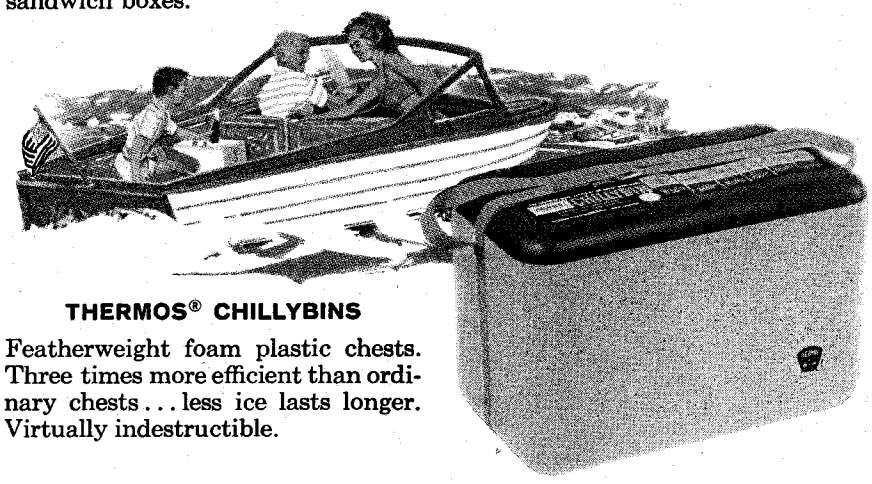
Available in a variety of designs, standard neck for liquids or wide mouth for foods as well, in quart, pint and 10-ounce sizes.

THERMOS® OUTING KITS

Picnic-time convenience with two quart size vacuum bottles plus two handy sandwich boxes.

THERMOS® INSULATED OVAL COOLERS

Designed for carrying ease! Slip-in food tray optional. Full 4-gal. capacity.



THERMOS® CHILLYBINS

Featherweight foam plastic chests. Three times more efficient than ordinary chests . . . less ice lasts longer. Virtually indestructible.

THERMOS® PRODUCTS

BRAND

For Your Vacation-Time Fun

Only Vacuum Bottles by THERMOS® Give You All These Exclusive Features

CONVENIENT CUP HANDLE

A natural when drinking . . . an added convenience for carrying ease.

TRIPLE GUARANTEE

Only vacuum bottles by THERMOS are guaranteed to keep hot or cold, guaranteed against filler tip breakage and against *any* manufacturing defect.

TIP PROTECTOR and SHOCK ABSORBER

Revolutionary construction feature virtually eliminates tip breakage, formerly the major cause of vacuum bottle failure.

Other Brands of Vacuum Bottles by THERMOS® include: KEAPSIT®, ICY-HOT®, HOLTEMP® and HOLIDAY®

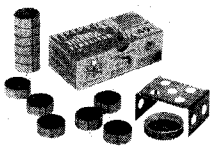
NEWS FLASH! Revolutionary new feature to be released soon on vacuum bottles by THERMOS®. . . Watch for announcement!

TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER ON THE FINEST BARBECUE FIRE LIGHTER EVER DEVELOPED

NEW THERMOS T.M. FIRELITER

FOR BARBECUE GRILLS

49¢ VALUE...
SPECIAL OFFER
25¢



Safe and sure every time . . . the odorless, greaseless, smokeless way to start fires of all types. **12 DISKS START 12 FIRES**

To get your THERMOS Fireliter introductory offer, simply fill in the coupon below, enclose 25¢ in coin (no stamps, please) and mail it to:

THE AMERICAN THERMOS PRODUCTS COMPANY
P.O. Box 521, Norwich, Connecticut

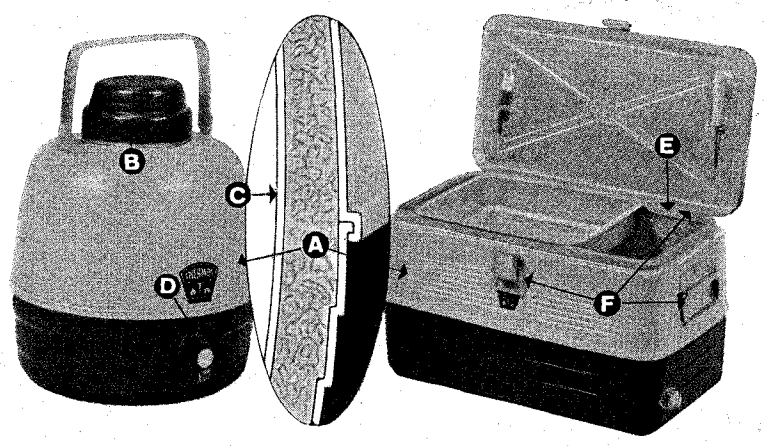
Name_____
PLEASE PRINT

Street_____

City & State_____

Offer restricted to continental U. S.
Expires December 31, 1959 SEP

Only THERMOS® BRAND Picnic Jugs and Ice Chests Have Rugged, Leak-Proof Steel Construction



- **A** 2-PIECE DEEP-DRAWN STEEL WITH EXTRA-THICK INSULATION
- **B** POLLY RED TOP INSULATED, PRESSURE-SEAL STOPPER
- **C** DOUBLE-COATED, ACID RESISTANT WHITE PORCELAIN LINER
- **D** EXCLUSIVE WHEEL-TYPE FAUCET
- **E** HOT-DIPPED GALVANIZED INTERIOR. LEAK-PROOF OFF-CORNER SEAL
- **F** STURDY, PLATED HARDWARE, STOP HINGE AND IMPROVED SAFETY LATCH

Picnic jugs, spout or faucet models are available in sizes to meet every need. Also, new stainless steel and gleaming chrome marine models.

Ice Chests available in four sizes holding up to 85 lbs. of ice. Enameled steel or reinforced, lightweight aluminum models.

Other Brands of Jugs and Chests by THERMOS® include:
LITTLE BROWN JUG®, LITTLE BROWN CHEST®, KEAPSIT®, ICY-HOT®, HOLIDAY® and VAGABOND®

THE AMERICAN THERMOS PRODUCTS COMPANY, NORWICH, CONNECTICUT

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*IT CAN'T BE **THERMOS** QUALITY WITHOUT THE **THERMOS** TRADEMARK*

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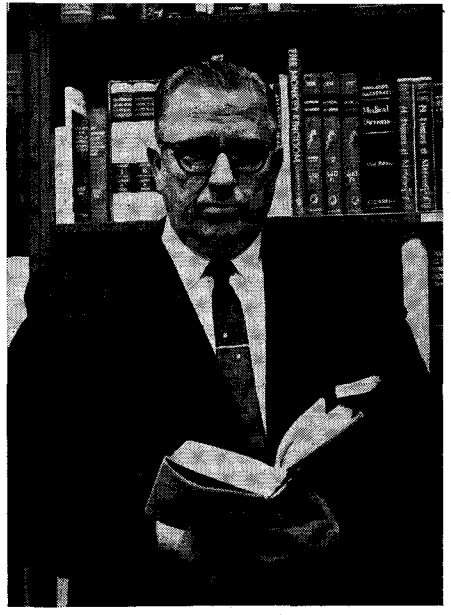
The Untold Story of Little Rock



The Saturday Evening POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY
Benj. Franklin

The author: "Little Rock was a classic example of what a community should not let extremists do to it. I did not believe it could happen."

By VIRGIL T. BLOSSOM, Superintendent of Schools at Little Rock, 1953–1958

I WAS THE MAN IN THE MIDDLE PART ONE

The author stood in the midst of the bitter racial turmoil during the Arkansas school crisis. He was reviled, persecuted and even shot at. Now, for the first time, he tells his own story.

For three decades I have been a teacher and a professional school administrator in Arkansas, and for the last three years I have been a central figure in one of the bitterest controversies in our nation's history—the integration of Negro children into southern schools as directed by the Supreme Court of the United States.

When I say I was a central figure, I mean it both literally and figuratively. I was superintendent of schools at Little Rock when that capital city of Arkansas became the battleground on which die-hard segregationists of the South chose to oppose the Federal Government. As a professional educator, I was the "man in the middle" of an emotional and fundamental civil-rights struggle that all the world witnessed—and still watches anxiously.

What it means to be an educator caught in the vortex of such a struggle is now becoming increasingly evident as the conflict over school integration affects more and more communities in southern and so-called border states. But, regardless of the course of events in years to come, it is probable that what happened at

© 1959 by Virgil T. Blossom

September 4, 1957: Wearing dark glasses is fifteen-year-old Elizabeth Eckford as she attempted to enter Central High School. She was barred by National Guardsmen.

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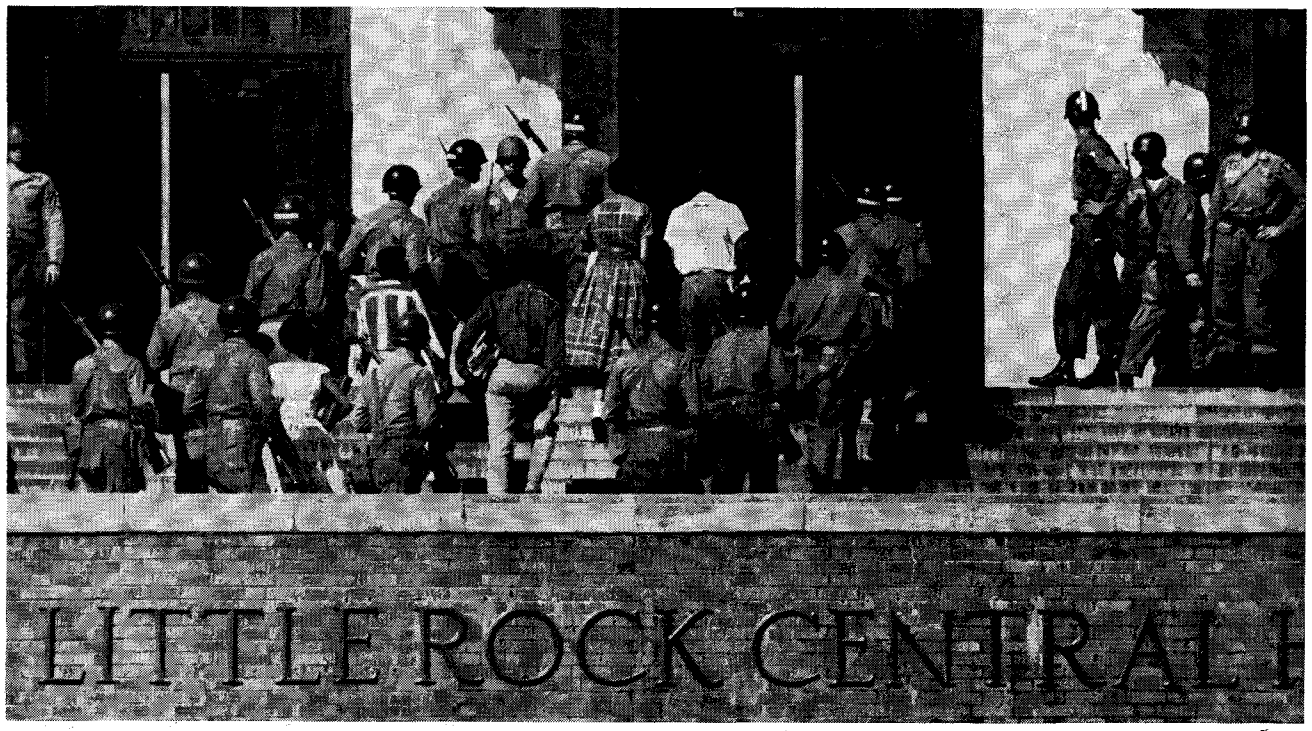
These two Central High girls staged a tearful walkout after learning that eight Negro students had entered the school by a side door.

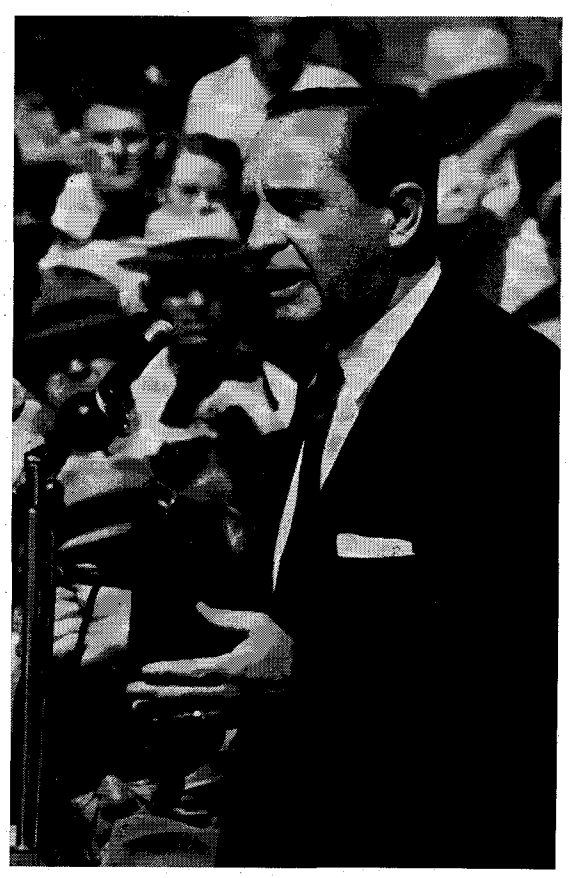
Little Rock will remain a unique case history to be studied by experts in the future just as army officers from all over the world once studied the Battle of Gettysburg.

All of the elements—decency and demagoguery, intensity and indifference—involved in the school integration problem were present at Little Rock. It is unlikely that ever again in this struggle will there be a more clear-cut issue of respect for and obedience to the law, or that organized bigotry, economic pressures and selfish political scheming will again be so artfully combined to turn an optimum situation into a national disaster.



Soldiers of the 101st Airborne Division finally escorted Negro pupils into Central High. President Eisenhower ordered the paratroops to the scene in September, when violent demonstrations persisted.

The overwrought woman above had to be removed from the Central High area by police on the day the Negroes entered.



Gov. Orval Faubus at the county fair in Danville, Arkansas, where he denounced intervention by Federal troops at Little Rock.

These are, perhaps, strong words for a professional school administrator, particularly one who was separated from his job at the end of last November. I am, however, confident that such words will be fully justified as these articles disclose all of the facts, including many incidents that were not released to the public as long as there was hope the Little Rock disaster could be avoided.

The time has come to tell the entire story, as frankly and as honestly as possible. The future of our educational system in various states and the future of many thousands of wonderful young people are at stake, or soon will be unless our path is charted with wisdom and sanity. What happened to me at Little Rock is of no importance in this national crisis. But I believe the true story of what happened to our educational system may be of significant help to the many men and women—and youngsters too—who are searching for an honorable solution that will preserve our system of free public education.

Before going further, I want to make clear my own attitude toward the Supreme Court decision of 1954 requiring school desegregation. I was of the opinion that the decision should have been delayed until a later date. But once the ruling was handed down I firmly believed in respect for and honest compliance with the law of the land.

My attitude was much the same as that of a large majority of the citizens of Little Rock. The community generally did not favor the principle of the court's decision. They preferred no integration if that were legally possible and, if not, they hoped to have a legal minimum of integration. But, in any event, the great majority were prepared to obey the law. There was, of course, in the city a minority of hard-core segregationists, and I want to make it clear that when I refer to segregationists in these articles I mean the militant and organized segregationists rather than the mass of law-abiding citizens in disagreement with the principle of integration. The extremist minority favored defiance of the Supreme Court decision regardless of the consequences, but in 1954 the community as a whole was moderate and progressive. In fact, public opinion was right for Little Rock to become known as the community that provided a reasonable solution to the tremendously difficult problem of school desegregation. Our plan for gradual and systematic integration over a seven-year period—details of which I will explain later—was prepared with great care and in line with the attitude of the majority of both whites and Negroes.

I do not intend to suggest that the community desired integration, but there was—and still is—every reason to believe that Little Rock citizens respected the law and, until 1957, were ready to comply with it.

Why then did our hopes for success turn into disaster? The answer is—politics and prejudice, among other things.

In the first place, there was a lack of positive leadership at the state and Federal levels. The Department of Justice at Washington, for example, failed to indict or prosecute a single individual involved in mob action to thwart integration, although more than fifty were arrested by local police. A Federal judge failed to provide United States marshals to help enforce integration at a critical time. The gov-

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ernor of Arkansas failed to use his powers to uphold the law. In fact, Gov. Orval E. Faubus used his office in a demagogic and opportunistic manner that brought about a breakdown of law and order.

Faubus has frequently been misrepresented to the public as a kind of hillbilly character with the traditional Deep South attitude toward segregation. He was born in the mountain section of northwest Arkansas and he can speak with a thick southern drawl if he chooses, for the benefit of a political campaign audience. But, in fact, he is a highly personable man with a strong face, deep-set eyes and dark hair drawn back from a broad brow. He has a pleasing personality and he can make friends as rapidly as any man I ever knew. He usually inspires confidence in his ability to handle a difficult situation; he is a skilled politician and he can speak like a senator when it suits his purpose. He likes to play the public role of the underdog—the defender of states' rights, for example, against the mighty power of the Federal Government—and he is very ambitious. He was viewed with considerable suspicion by segregationists when he first became governor, but, as we shall see, he changed.

(Continued on Page 52)

School Superintendent Blossom (left, above) with Thurgood Marshall, general counsel of the N.A.A.C.P. Marshall condemned Blossom's integration plan as too moderate.

Above, three members of the mob being dispersed from the trouble area at bayonet point. Many of the agitators, says Blossom, came from out of town and out of state.

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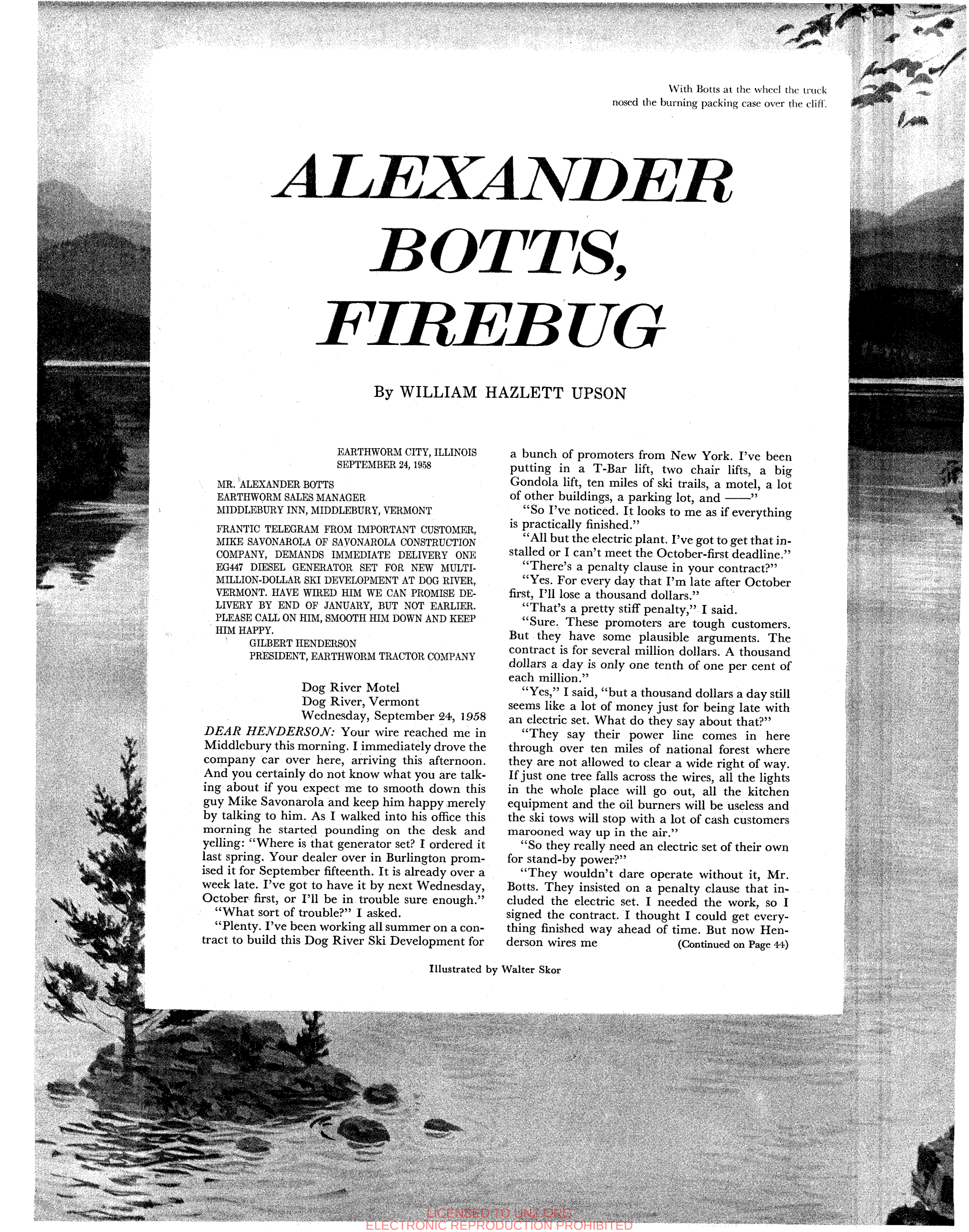

With Botts at the wheel the truck nosed the burning packing case over the cliff.

ALEXANDER BOTTS, FIREBUG

By WILLIAM HAZLETT UPSON

EARTHWORM CITY, ILLINOIS
SEPTEMBER 24, 1958

MR. ALEXANDER BOTTS
EARTHWORM SALES MANAGER
MIDDLEBURY INN, MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT

FRANTIC TELEGRAM FROM IMPORTANT CUSTOMER, MIKE SAVONAROLA OF SAVONAROLA CONSTRUCTION COMPANY, DEMANDS IMMEDIATE DELIVERY ONE EG447 DIESEL GENERATOR SET FOR NEW MULTI-MILLION-DOLLAR SKI DEVELOPMENT AT DOG RIVER, VERMONT. HAVE WIRED HIM WE CAN PROMISE DELIVERY BY END OF JANUARY, BUT NOT EARLIER. PLEASE CALL ON HIM, SMOOTH HIM DOWN AND KEEP HIM HAPPY.

GILBERT HENDERSON
PRESIDENT, EARTHWORM TRACTOR COMPANY

Dog River Motel
Dog River, Vermont
Wednesday, September 24, 1958

DEAR HENDERSON: Your wire reached me in Middlebury this morning. I immediately drove the company car over here, arriving this afternoon. And you certainly do not know what you are talking about if you expect me to smooth down this guy Mike Savonarola and keep him happy merely by talking to him. As I walked into his office this morning he started pounding on the desk and yelling: "Where is that generator set? I ordered it last spring. Your dealer over in Burlington promised it for September fifteenth. It is already over a week late. I've got to have it by next Wednesday, October first, or I'll be in trouble sure enough."

"What sort of trouble?" I asked.

"Plenty. I've been working all summer on a contract to build this Dog River Ski Development for a bunch of promoters from New York. I've been putting in a T-Bar lift, two chair lifts, a big Gondola lift, ten miles of ski trails, a motel, a lot of other buildings, a parking lot, and ——"

"So I've noticed. It looks to me as if everything is practically finished."

"All but the electric plant. I've got to get that installed or I can't meet the October-first deadline."

"There's a penalty clause in your contract?"

"Yes. For every day that I'm late after October first, I'll lose a thousand dollars."

"That's a pretty stiff penalty," I said.

"Sure. These promoters are tough customers. But they have some plausible arguments. The contract is for several million dollars. A thousand dollars a day is only one tenth of one per cent of each million."

"Yes," I said, "but a thousand dollars a day still seems like a lot of money just for being late with an electric set. What do they say about that?"

"They say their power line comes in here through over ten miles of national forest where they are not allowed to clear a wide right of way. If just one tree falls across the wires, all the lights in the whole place will go out, all the kitchen equipment and the oil burners will be useless and the ski tows will stop with a lot of cash customers marooned way up in the air."

"So they really need an electric set of their own for stand-by power?"

"They wouldn't dare operate without it, Mr. Botts. They insisted on a penalty clause that included the electric set. I needed the work, so I signed the contract. I thought I could get everything finished way ahead of time. But now Henderson wires me

(Continued on Page 44)

Illustrated by Walter Skor

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MOPPETS ON HORSEBACK

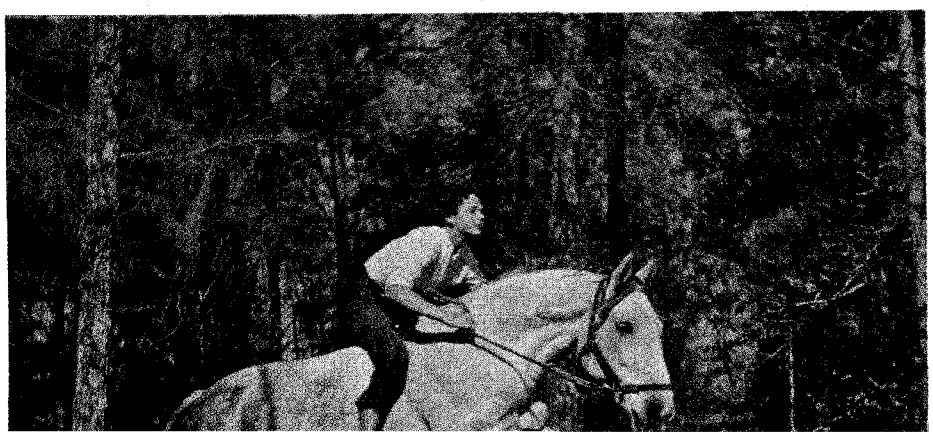
By ERIC HATCH

All over the country, youngsters by the hundreds are joining Pony Clubs, where they learn to ride like pros without paying for fancy clothes or high-priced lessons.

For years and years and years the term "horsy set" has been synonymous with the word "money." This is fairly logical when you think that it is perfectly possible to spend $2000 just for the initiation fee to a hunt club—hunt, that is, in the sense of pursuing hounds which, in turn, the master of foxhounds always fervently hopes, are pursuing a fox. Joining almost any club in which horses figure prominently comes to a wad of dough.

But now there is a club where doing things with horses is almost the sole activity of the membership. It has more riders who do more riding than any other club in the country, yet any kid who has a pair of pants and a few bucks can join it. Its name: The Pony Club or, in full, The United States Pony Clubs, Inc., of which there are now seventy-two branches scattered from coast to coast in such out-of-the-way places as Penobscot, Maine; Talladega, Alabama; Lookout Mountain, Tennessee, and Littleton, Colorado. The national dues are one dollar for initiation fee (Continued on Page 96)

These boys on their Shetlands are Unionville, Pennsylvania, Pony Club members, Jamie and Peter Jenny. Their father, veterinarian Jacques Jenny, was called in to help treat Derby winner Swaps' broken leg in 1956.



Pony Club outing in Alabama. Founded in 1954, the rapidly growing U.S. Pony Clubs, Incorporated, now has 72 chapters from coast to coast.

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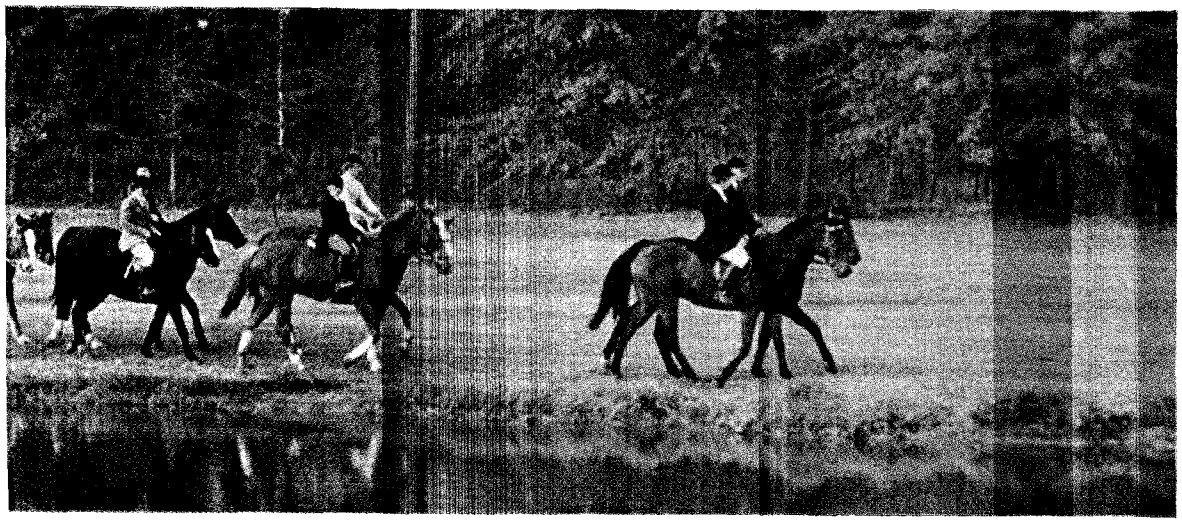
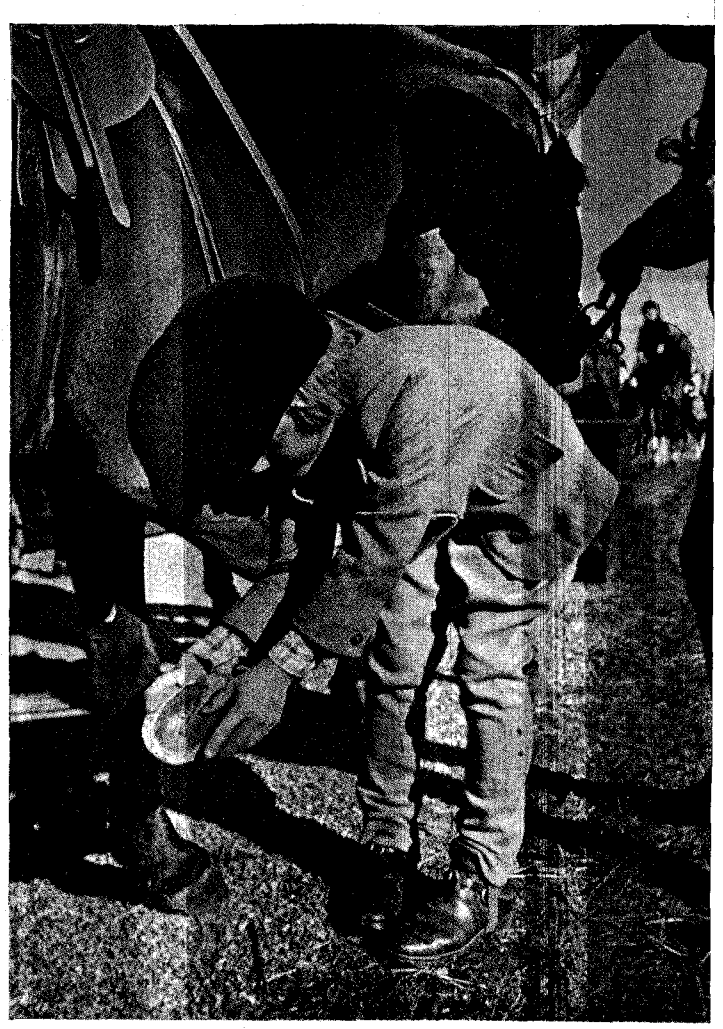
In the stable at the Jennys' Green Valley Farm, Jamie, aged 5, rigorously grooms his pony, Cubby. At right is his sister, Babette.





After a fox hunt, Babette Jenny, aged 9, inspects her pony's hoofs for possible stones and minor injuries.

At Unionville, Pony Clubbers and parents get ready for a morning behind Mr. Stewart's Cheshire Fox Hounds.

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Illustrated by Bernard D'Andrea

He had to choose between the life he loved and the woman he married. . . .

Timberbeast

A story in two parts by VERNE ATHANAS

They sat at the corner table in Nick's and they hadn't finished their *pasta*, which was surprising, for Nick's was justly famous for *pasta* and inspired sauces.

Barbara moved her wineglass a bit with her finger tips. She looked at Jerry and he looked back at her. Neither said anything, because it was that way with them just now; they didn't need anything except to sit and look across the table at each other.

He didn't look like a timberbeast, Barbara thought. He looked, possibly, like a good college fullback, which he had been, at State University; his dark hair was cut short, but not bristly short, he wore good clothes, and wore them well. He was, she thought, as big and ruggedly handsome and masculine a man as she had ever known. When he smiled, his teeth were startlingly white against his deep weathered tan.

"Now what are you thinkin', Kitten?" he asked softly.

Almost irrelevantly she said, "Do you enjoy being a timberbeast, Jerry?"

"Of course, Kitten. It's my line of work. You know, you're beautiful. Let's get out of here. I want to kiss you."

"Don't be silly. But isn't it dangerous?"

He grinned. "I'm a dangerous man."

She flushed a trifle. "I mean your work, silly. Isn't being a high-climber awfully dangerous?"

"Nothin' to it," he said. "You shinny up a tree, lop the top out of it, and you hang yourself a bull block and some guy wires, and there you are. It's just kind of a high stump, really—seventy-five or eighty feet."

"But," she objected, "you did get hurt. I know, remember?"

"Didn't even lose a day's work," he said. "And let's not change the subject. Let's ——"

Nick himself drifted ponderously by. He said severely, "W'atsa matta you don' eat you *pasta?* Sometheena wrong?"

"No, Nick, fine. Everything's fine."

"Mebbe you like dessert?"

Jerry said in amused exasperation, "Nick, old buddy. Go away. Go way away. Can't you see I want to talk to my girl?"

Nick looked startled, then smiled brilliantly. "Shu," he said. He turned the smile on Barbara. "Nize. Poorty too. You 'scusa me; I bring more wine, eh?"

Barbara flushed, then laughed. Nothing she had ever known had prepared her much for Jerry, and it seemed that most of the people he knew could be just as disconcerting at times.

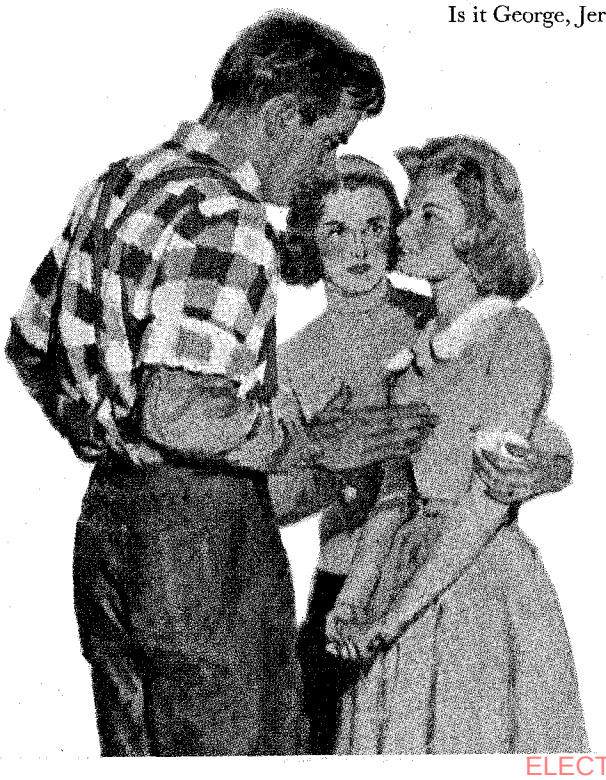
Jerry's eyes were on her intently, and he said in a sudden odd soberness, "Barby." His hands covered hers, completely, on the table.

"Yes?" She felt the warmth that always came on her when he touched her.

"Barby, I'm not making a pitch. I mean this. I've knocked around a little, and got my Army time in. Maybe I'm kind of a meathead, but I'm a top man in my line of work, and I make top money. Maybe I've waited a little longer than most, but I never got serious about anyone before. I think you're the one, Barby. And that leaves only one more thing to know. What do you think?"

She looked at him. She thought of the very first time she'd seen him, rather frighteningly huge and burly and dirty and brash, lying on the table in Doctor Cresset's examination room while Doctor Cresset sewed up a dreadful, gaping ax cut in his leg. She was Doctor Cresset's office nurse, and she'd helped as much as she could, while Jerry lay as stoic as an Indian, only a faint shine of perspiration showing that he was being hurt. She was a tall girl, well made and trim in her white uniform. She wore (Continued on Page 56)

In a hard, controlled voice, Nora said, "Is it George? Is it George, Jerry?"



"Suppose I quit my job—supposing I did that; it'd make everything all right?"

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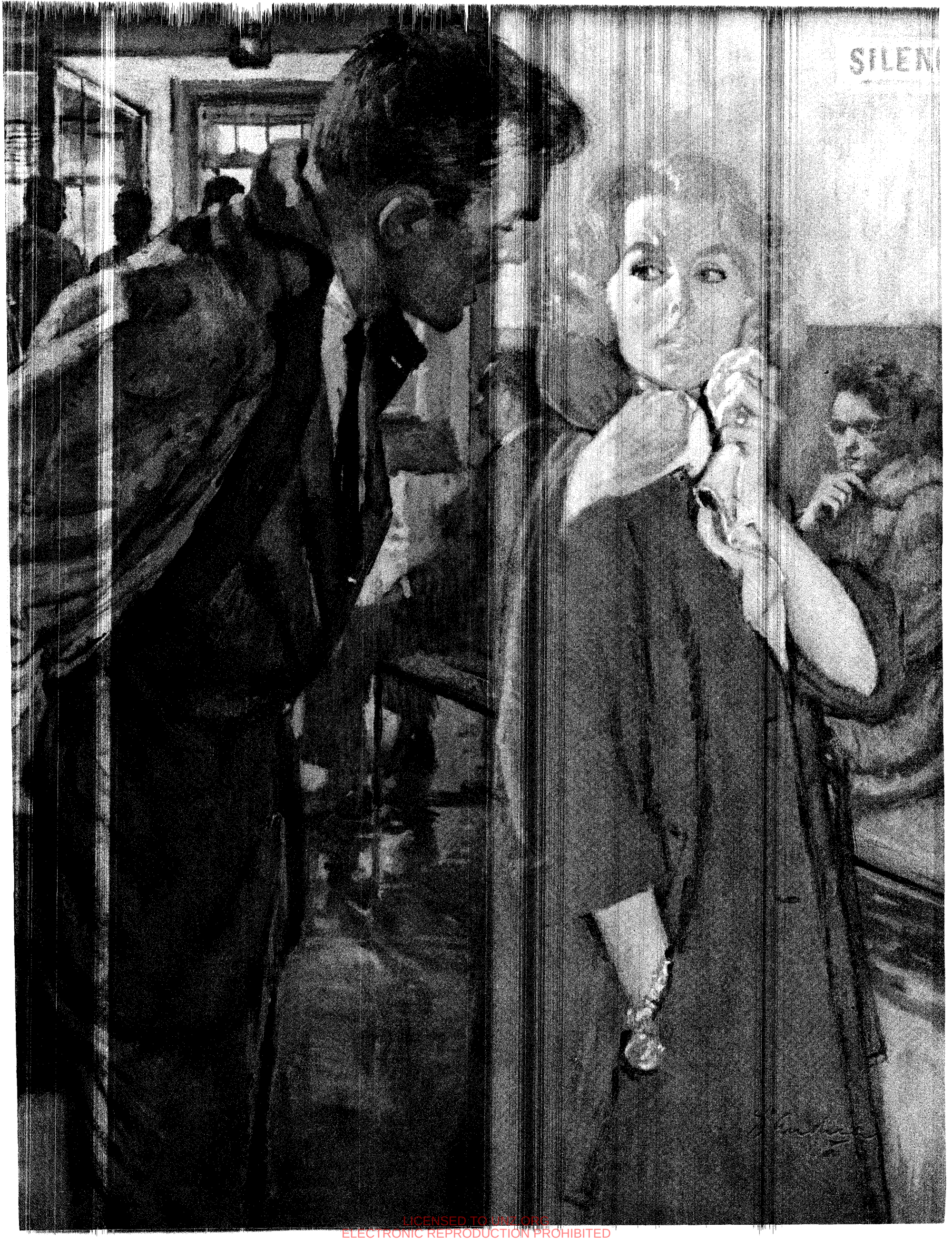

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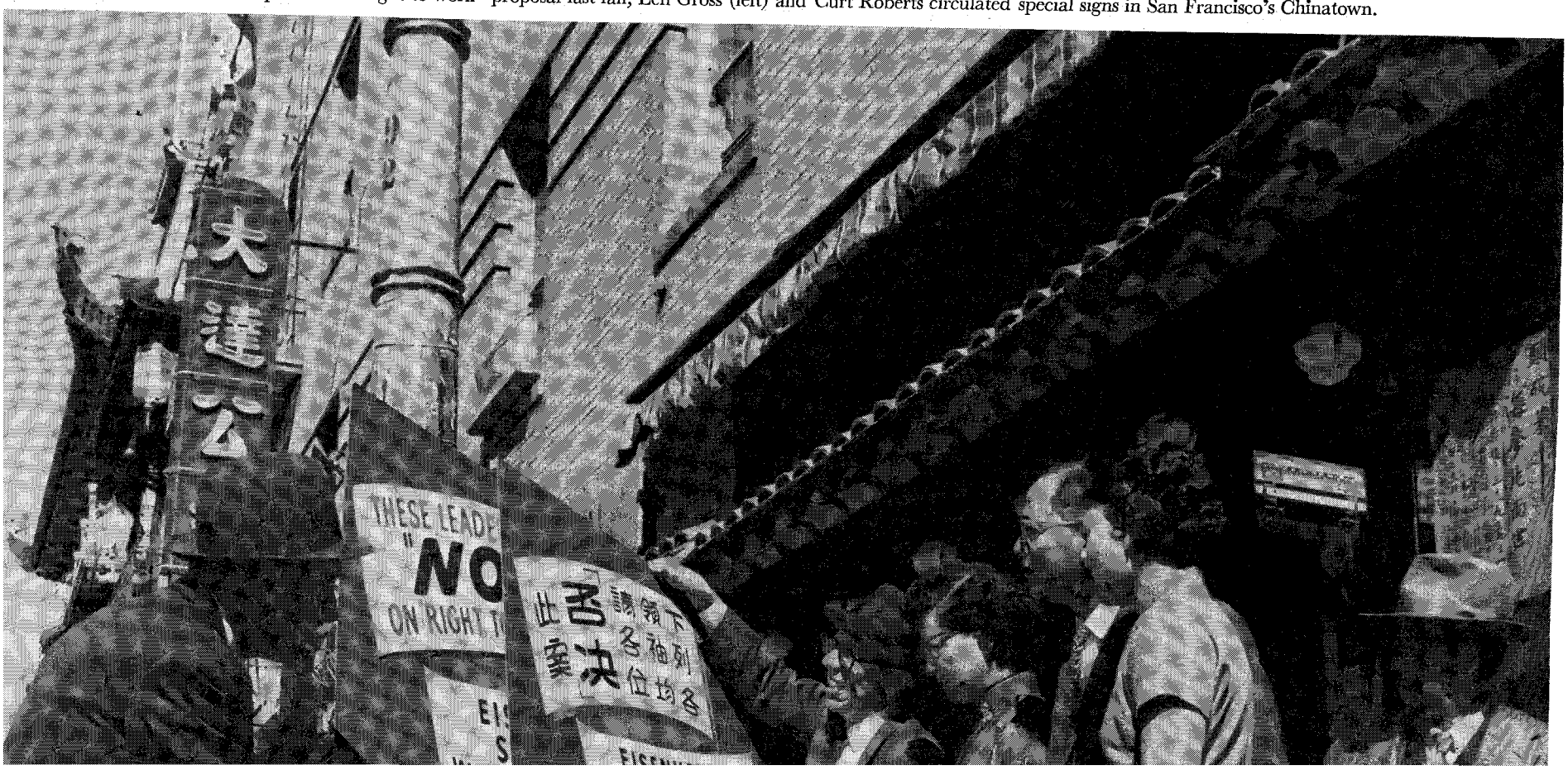
Photographs by Gene Lester

Tales of the Kingmakers

In California candidates pay fabulous fees to professional campaign managers. Few of these vote-getting experts are zealous idealists. Most of them will work either side of the political street.

By WILLIAM L. WORDEN

To help defeat a "right to work" proposal last fall, Len Gross (left) and Curt Roberts circulated special signs in San Francisco's Chinatown.



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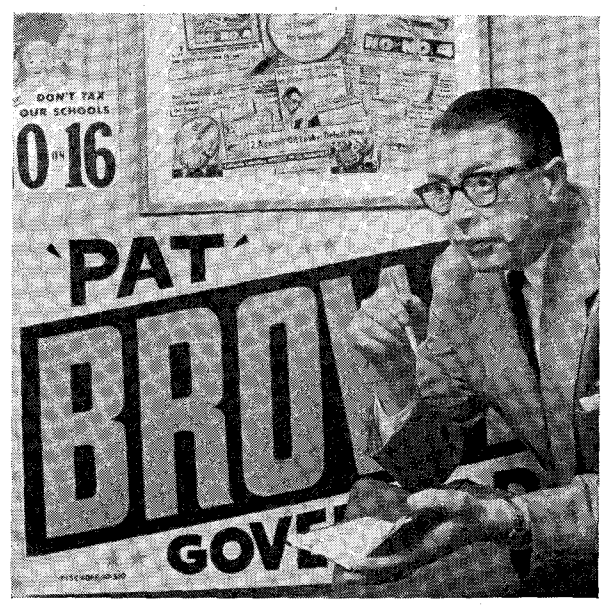
"I've never failed," boasts San Francisco's Joseph Robinson, an expert in getting enough signatures to put a proposition on the ballot.



"I just do this stuff for money now," says promoter Harry Lerner, here in his San Francisco office with posters from some of his recent successes.

To get Los Angeles voters to give the Dodgers land for a new ball park in last June's primary, Bill Ross and Herb Baus, at rear with Sheriff Peter Pitchess, put on a telethon with Joe E. Brown as emcee.

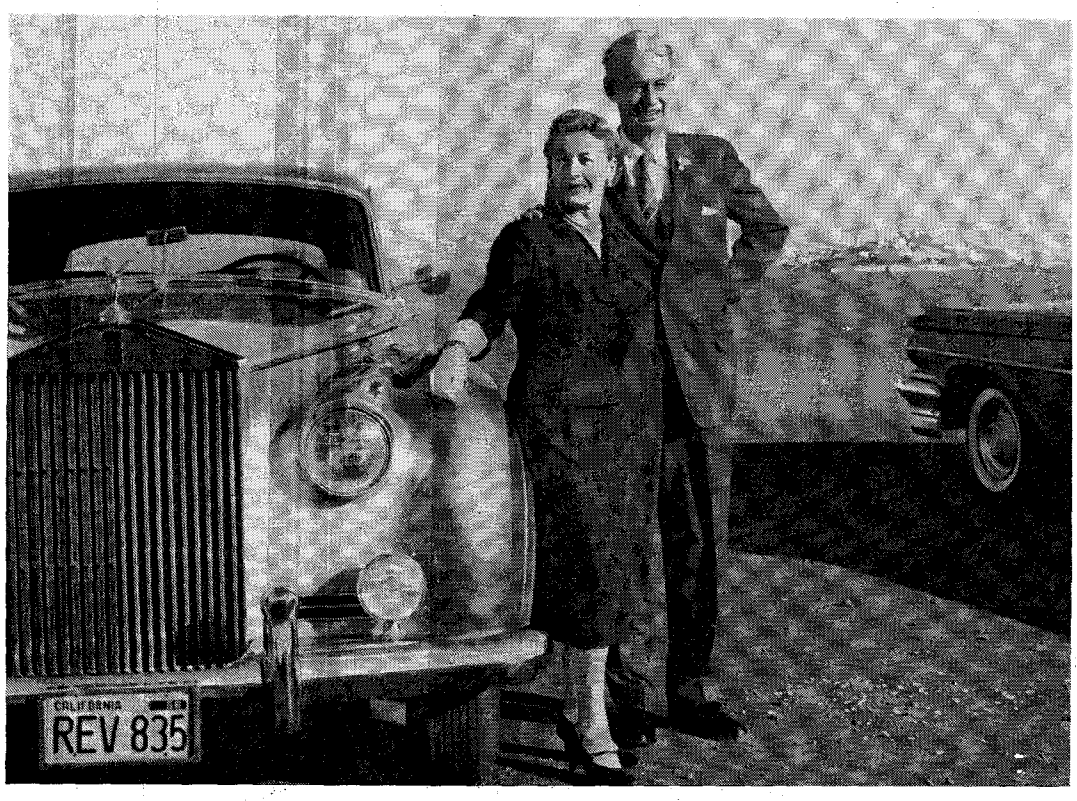
To about one dozen urbane gentlemen and supercharged ladies, there was only one salient feature of the 1958 California elections: More than $7,000,000 was spent in just five major political battles. Perhaps twice that amount went, in all, for the painted rocks on hillsides, auto-bumper strips, banner-towing airplanes, TV and radio shows, newspaper advertisements and attention grabbers favored by lesser candidates and cause pleaders as well as the political heavy artillery. This was no record—opposing sides had laid out more than $4,000,000 on one ballot issue alone in 1956—but it was not bad for an off year and indicated that 1960 prospects can be discussed only in terms of financial astronomy.

This is just fine with the solvent dozen, through whose hands much of this money passes and to whom a considerable percentage adheres. By contrast, the questions, "Who won?" and "Who will control the state?" couldn't concern them less. So long as the money flows, this dozen always win.

These people are the professional campaign managers, a growing phenomenon spawned and presently well supported in California, but likely to spread wherever campaigning grows expensive enough to be interesting. Theirs is a lovely business, just specialized enough to be almost noncompetitive and profitable enough to support luxurious homes, swimming pools and trips to Europe between elections. Having convinced most California politicians that elections are hard or impossible to win without them, the managers can afford between-election luxuries without sweating about political trends, for there always will be another campaign to manage and money to be made from it.

Specifically, there is an expectable management fee of $25,000 to $150,000, plus about 15 per cent in agency commissions on all the money spent for ordinary forms of advertising, plus an additional percentage if the manager aids in collecting campaign funds. For an average state-wide campaign, the manager's budget will be between $500,000 and $1,000,000, and his gross take-home pay, between $75,000 and $200,000. So even if he doesn't work every year, he's not likely to starve.

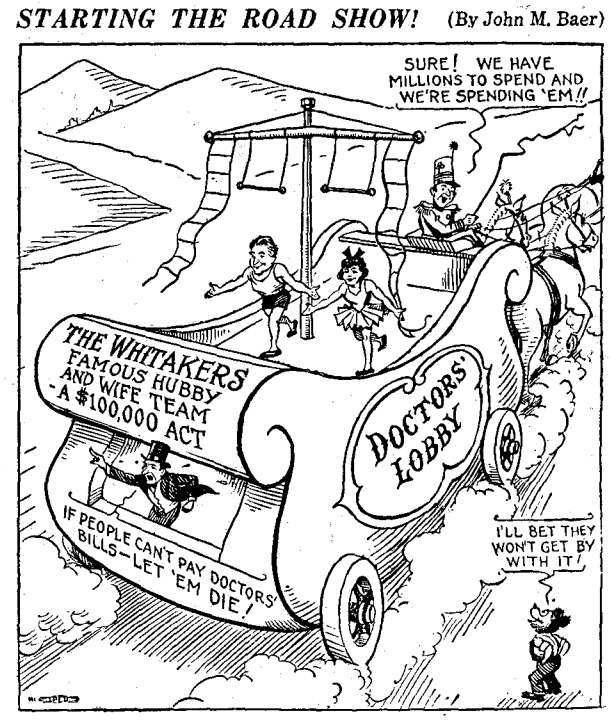
There is no exact identification for these people. Some operate from tastefully decorated advertising agencies, although they're not interested in peddling peas or promoting plywood. Some are attorneys. The largest number answer to "public-relations counselor," although their organizations vary from large permanent staffs to offices existing mostly under the (Continued on Page 65)



Leone Baxter and husband Clem Whitaker claim seventy-four victories in eighty campaigns over the last twenty-six years. One victory was their fight for the A.M.A. against national health insurance.

EDITORIAL PAGE

STARTING THE ROAD SHOW! (By John M. Baer)


SURE! WE HAVE MILLIONS TO SPEND AND WE'RE SPENDING 'EM!!
THE WHITAKERS FAMOUS HUBBY AND WIFE TEAM - A $100,000 ACT
DOCTORS' LOBBY
IF PEOPLE CAN'T PAY DOCTORS' BILLS - LET 'EM DIE!
I'LL BET THEY WON'T GET BY WITH IT!

This cartoon chided the A.M.A. for paying the Whitakers $100,000 a year to run the campaign.

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"John." She swung around. "John, come here—look."

JOURNEY FOR LOVE

By
EDWARD LINDALL

A last adventure together was his only chance to win back a wife who almost hated him.

John Dundas scraped earth over the fire they had built in the shade of the desert oak, while Linda and Stringer, the guide, packed the lunch things away and stowed them in the boot of the car. He smothered the fire carefully because it helped him to kill a little time. He was in no hurry to get back into the hot, dust-sifted car for the next twisting stage of their journey to Ayers Rock.

"Half a day gone, three to go," he muttered.

Stringer slammed the boot shut. "Let's get going," he rasped, in a voice of sun-dried harshness. "There's still a lot of miles."

Dundas sauntered to the car, a tall, urbane man in his middle thirties, wearing a look of impartial courtesy on his long, angular face. He scrambled into his place in the middle of the front seat between Linda and the guide. He settled down and shut his eyes as the car rolled forward to gluttonize itself on another one hundred and forty miles of red-earth track through spinifex and mulga scrub. They had already covered some one hundred and sixty miles since leaving Alice Springs.

"Bear up," Linda murmured. "You'll love the Rock."

"I've read the tourist brochures too," he said. "A monolith of weathered sandstone, six miles around, eleven hundred feet high, the home of native mythology, and it changes colors like a chameleon."

"Trust the successful lawyer to have read his briefs," Linda said.

Dundas heard the tinge of bitterness in her voice and knew he should not have answered her that way. But then, he thought, what other way? Everything they said, or did together, turned curdled nowadays. There was always a feeling (Continued on Page 74)

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The Dangers of Penicillin

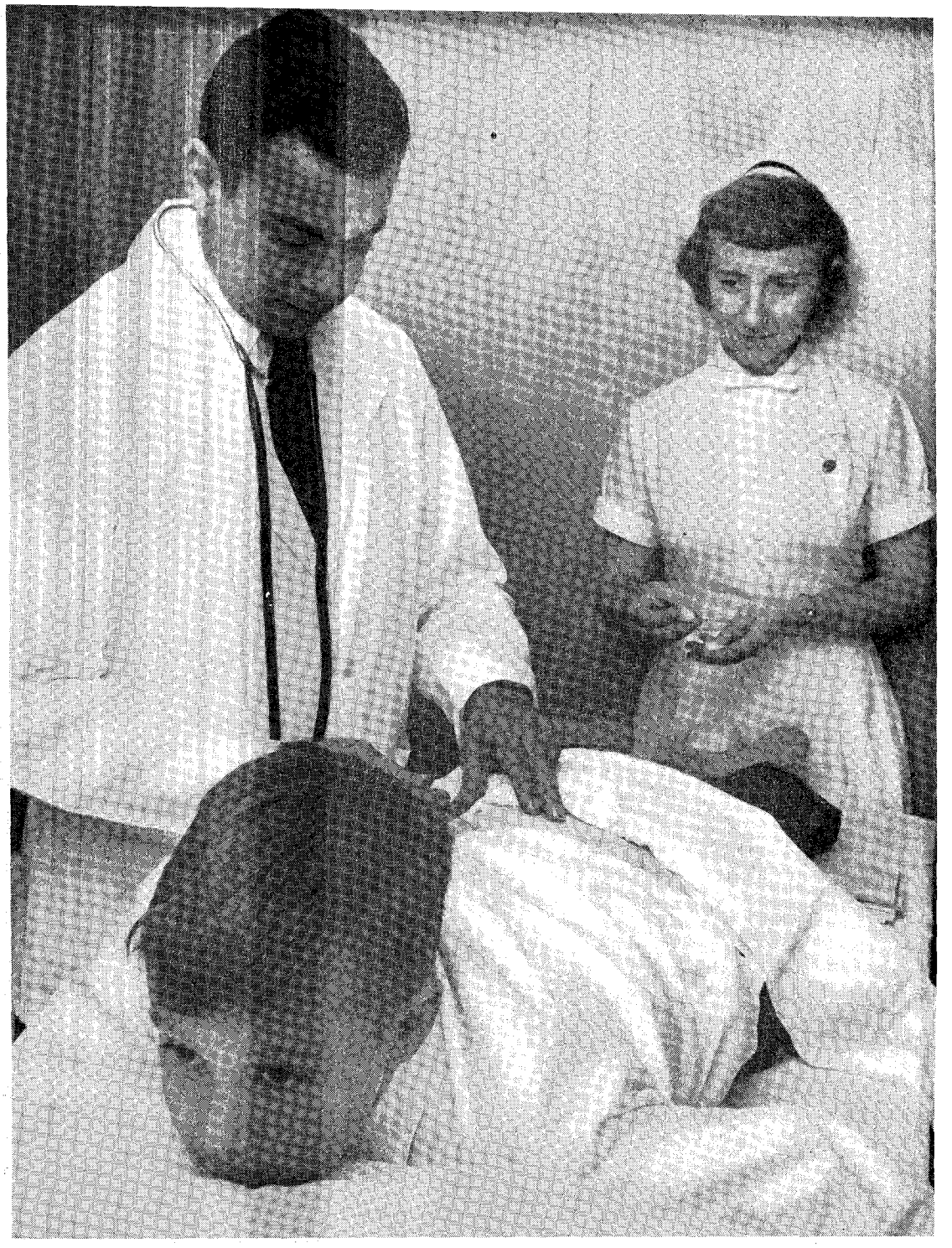
As one of modern medicine's most potent weapons against infection, penicillin has saved countless lives. But the wonder drug is double-edged—it can make you dangerously, or even fatally, ill.

By STEVEN M. SPENCER

No prescription medicine in modern times has been demanded more and given oftener than penicillin. Highly potent against dozens of our deadliest germs and relatively harmless to man, it has reduced sickness and saved lives all over the world—tens of thousands of lives.

But mark that word "relatively." It was omitted from the first appraisals of penicillin, and the medicine was dispensed far and wide without fear of bad consequences. By now we know that penicillin is by no means as innocuous as was originally believed. Today, although it is still the world's most effective antibiotic, it has the added distinction of topping all other drugs as a cause of troublesome allergic reactions—ranging from hives to sudden death.

Typical fatal reaction was that of a middle-aged man given a penicillin injection as a precautionary measure following a minor operation. Within two (Continued on Page 118)



Madison, Wisconsin: Dr. Robert Becker, a pioneer in the successful treatment of penicillin reactions, with his patient, Billy Crone. After receiving penicillin for a sore throat, Billy suffered a reaction so severe that he was unable to walk. But he recovered quickly after injections of penicillinase.

Penicillin reaction: The drug's bad side effects include hives, swelling, asthmatic attacks and aching joints.

The penicillin-sensitive woman at left is wearing a locket which, in the event of a medical emergency, will warn doctors of her allergy to the antibiotic.

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Killer at the Card Table

"I am unquestionably the best bridge player in the world," says champion John Crawford, master of ruthless psychological trickery. Here are the tactics that have earned him his awesome reputation.

By Stanley Frank

In the shark-infested reefs of tournament bridge, the twenty players who consistently win major events harbor a common conceit. Each expert assumes he can outsmart any competitor except John Crawford, a Social Registerite from Philadelphia who has been a compulsive gambler since childhood.

Crawford, now forty-three years old, is regarded in professional circles as the shrewdest all-round card player in the world, and possibly the best bridge player in America. He is also described as the most ruthless opponent and arrogant partner in tournament competition; but he can be a charm boy when playing for high stakes against amateurs.

"Johnny is a very honest fellow by his own standards," Oswald Jacoby declares. "He will do anything he can, though, to gain an edge by talking to an opponent or rattling him with a psychological trick. He doesn't have to use such measures to win. I've never seen his equal for drawing inferences from the bidding or the play of a hand. It's just his nature to want a little something extra going for him."

Harry Fishbein, dean of the American team that was defeated by Italy for the international bridge title in February, gives Crawford a mixed send-off. "Crawford has the keenest sense of observation at the card table of anyone I know," Fishbein says. "The bat of an eyelash, the way an opponent breathes, means something to him. What was the name of that Mississippi River-boat gambler in Showboat?"

Gaylord Ravenal.

the
itor.

"I know the odds on every game," claims Crawford, shown in striped shirt (center), during a blackjack game at Las Vegas' Flamingo Hotel. "But like all gamblers I'm an egoist. I try to beat the house—and get my brains knocked out."

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"That's the guy. Crawford is a throwback to him. I don't like the way he hustles dog meat"—the card players' term for easy marks—"but I've got to admit he does it with class."

Crawford himself says, "I am unquestionably the best bridge, gin and canasta player in the world. A lot of people can give me a hard time in poker, but nobody is close to me in other card games."

There is strong support for Crawford's claim in bridge, the one area in which records provide a valid comparative yardstick. His total of thirty-one national championships puts him in a tie for the all-time high with Charles Goren, who is fifteen years older. On the American Contract Bridge League's list of 1991 life masters, Crawford ranks third in total points behind Goren and Sidney Silodor, who is ten years older. During the 1956–57 season, Crawford scored an unprecedented grand slam by playing on teams that won the five top championships, and he has captured the Vanderbilt Cup, the most prized trophy in the game, eight times—the record.

Statistics do not begin to suggest, however, the respect Crawford commands in the upper echelons of bridge. When the experts talk shop they usually dwell on technical details, such as the smother play perfected by Howard Schenken, Tobias Stone's "blitz" doubles or Jacoby's penchant for squeeze plays. The mention of Crawford's name always brings up a subject that is a decisive factor in tournaments and big-money rubber bridge—applied psychology. This is the feature of Crawford's aggressive, "killer" style of play.

"Psychology is more important in bridge than any game except poker, and Crawford exploits it to the hilt," Sam Stayman says. Stayman is thoroughly familiar with Crawford's tactics, having played with him on the team that won three international championships in the early 1950's.

"What makes Crawford so tough," says Stayman, "is an aura of cunning that either intimidates opponents or makes them so anxious to beat him they're lured into silly mistakes. When I play against Crawford I make it a rule never to talk to him. He's my master. I know his sharp tongue will cut me to ribbons."

To give an example of Crawford's needling, Stayman recalled a tournament in Chicago four years ago. His team beat Crawford's in the first round, and still was leading going into the final session.

"The room was as quiet as a morgue when a waiter dropped a tray full of dishes. Everyone jumped three feet. Crawford yelled, 'Was that Stayman falling off his chair?' He implied I was freezing up with tension. Fortunately I was dummy at the time. Had I been playing the hand, I might've butchered it. I was so mad I couldn't see straight."

When matched against an inexperienced team, Crawford plays a complicated hand at breakneck speed. "I may make a mistake now and then," he says, "but I figure to stampede my opponents into more errors by confusing them with razzle-dazzle. If I've got a problem, I don't want to advertise it by stewing over the hand. That gives the other side time to think and find a way to beat me."

One story told about Crawford concerns the time his partner led the ace of spades. Crawford wanted a switch to another suit but, holding the 8, 9 and 10 of spades, could not give the customary signal by following with a low card. If he played the 8, his partner would construe it as a come-on to continue spades. He dropped the 8 on the floor and pretended to fumble for it. "What's that card?" his partner asked. "Low, spade, coming," Crawford chirped. His partner got the message and made the switch, setting the hand.

"I shaded the rules on that one," Crawford admits with a grin, "but it didn't make any difference because the hand would've been set anyway. I did it for a gag on the spur of the moment."

Crawford has been in frequent jams with the American Contract Bridge League, the governing body of the game, for making book on tournaments.

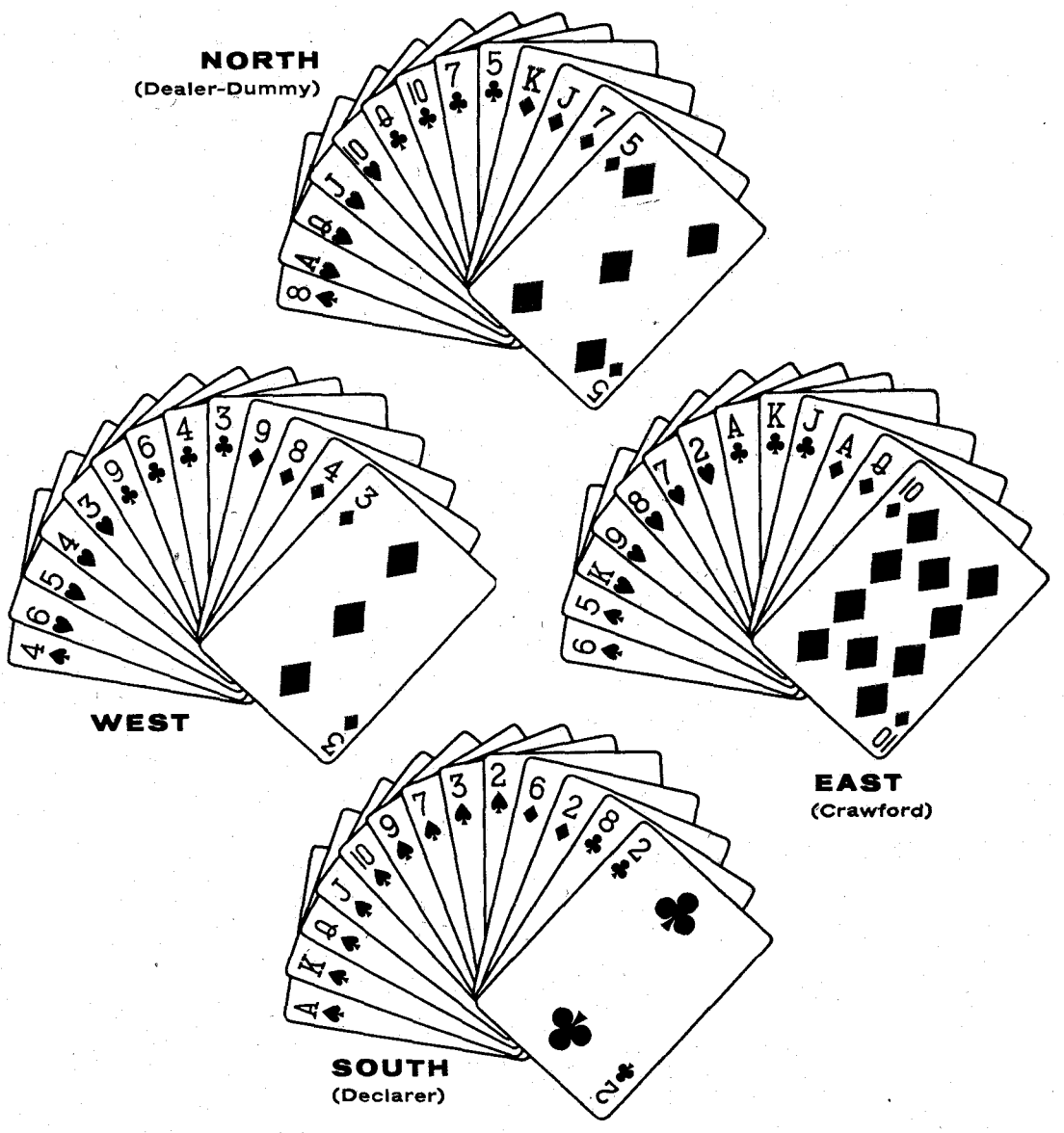
The A.C.B.L. is dedicated to the fiction that bridge is a social pastime played by ladies and gentlemen solely for relaxation. That may be true of the 33,000,000 Americans who play for a quarter of a cent a point, or less. It is no secret, however, that most of bridge's experts augment their incomes by playing with well-heeled pigeons for stakes ranging from two to five cents a

(Continued on Page 92)

The Worst Bid Crawford Ever Made

"I was playing against two lovely guys who were first-class chumps. I sat left of the dealer, who opened with one heart. My partner and I kept quiet as the bidding went two spades, two no trump, three spades, three no trump, six spades.

"Any idiot knew they couldn't possibly make six with that kind of bidding, so I doubled. Besides, I held the ace, king of clubs and the ace, queen of diamonds. In response to the double, my partner opened a heart, the first suit bid, and the roof fell on me. This was the layout":



"West led a small heart, the ten was played from the dummy, I covered with the king and the declarer trumped. He led to the eight of spades, his only entry to the dummy, threw off two clubs and a diamond on the good hearts and made the slam in a breeze. If I hadn't doubled, my partner would have opened with a minor suit, setting the hand two, perhaps three, tricks."

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The bachelor was unimpressed until

The Lady Changed Her Style

By STEVE McNEIL

He was wearing rubber golfing trousers over his slacks, an old Navy foul-weather jacket, and he was walking the beach in the rain.

His name was Mike McCann, and he was a lanky young man, six feet two inches tall, with sandy-colored hair and gray eyes. He was getting wet, and it was cold, but he did not mind, because he was taking a last walk on the beach which was as familiar to him as the back of his hand.

He was here to soak up memories so that when he was gone he could close his eyes and see the beach as it was today—bleak, gray, with the surf rolling in and the foam, cottonlike, scudding along the shore.

Presently he turned and walked up through the beach grass to his home, squatting on a sand dune. The house was built of cedar, board and batten outside, rough-sawed cedar inside, and there were plate-glass windows facing the ocean.

He undressed and took a hot shower. When he came out, wrapped in a terry-cloth robe, his friend Phil Simmons was sitting in the front room, a glass of beer in his hand.

With him was Molly Garrity, holding a cup of coffee. Molly was a sprite, a gamin, with slanting eyes and hair the color of a black lacquered bowl. She had a tip-tilted nose, a cleft in her chin, and was as beautifully constructed as a Ferrari Testa Rossa.

Right now, however, she looked like a bum. She was wearing faded blue jeans and an old jacket which she wore for clam digging.

Except for a four-year stretch at college, she had been around the house like a coat of paint ever since Mike could remember. He recalled her best as a long-legged brat of thirteen with braces on her teeth, roaming the beach and the village—digging clams, forever licking an ice-cream cone, pestering Mike to play golf with her. Eventually some changes were made. The braces came off, the long legs altered a bit, and the alteration was fascinating. About the time she went to college, the best that Mike could say for the changes was to tell her one day when he saw her on the beach, to go and put some clothes on. This pleased her mightily. She said, "Why, Mike, how nice of you to notice."

Now, Phil Simmons said, "I heard the shower going. It made me thirsty."

"Glad you were able to find the beer," Mike said.

"This coffee is terrible," Molly said. "What'd you make it out of—an old rubber boot?"

"What's the matter with it?"

"Outside of the fact that it could float a lead weight, nothing."

"Haven't changed your mind?" Phil said to Mike.

"Of course not. You still going with me?"

Phil nodded. "I figure you'll need someone to ride herd on you down there."

"Oh, you'll be a big help," Mike said. "Just don't expect me to bail you out of jail."

"You hurt me," Phil said, "but I forgive you because of our trials and tribulations together. I can't figure why you'd want to go down to smogland."

"I'm getting stale. I need a fresh approach."

"You've written one novel this year and nine short stories," Molly said. "What more do you want?"

"I don't really know."

"Well," Phil said, "Los Angeles isn't Surf Pines, buster, but if you want a fresh approach, I imagine you'll get it. You're an old pro, and the way television burns up material, I guess they can use you."

Molly finished her coffee, put the cup down. "Well, have fun, you two characters."

"What's your hurry?" Mike said.

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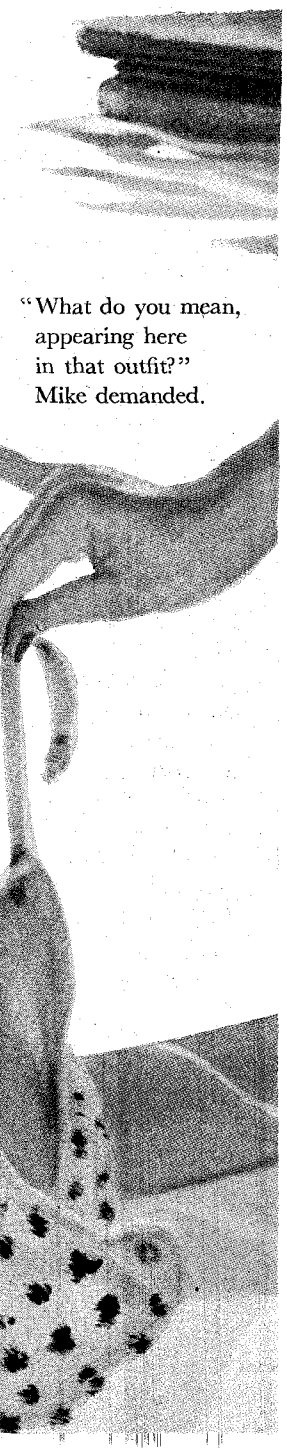

"What do you mean, appearing here in that outfit?" Mike demanded.

Illustrated by R. G. Harris

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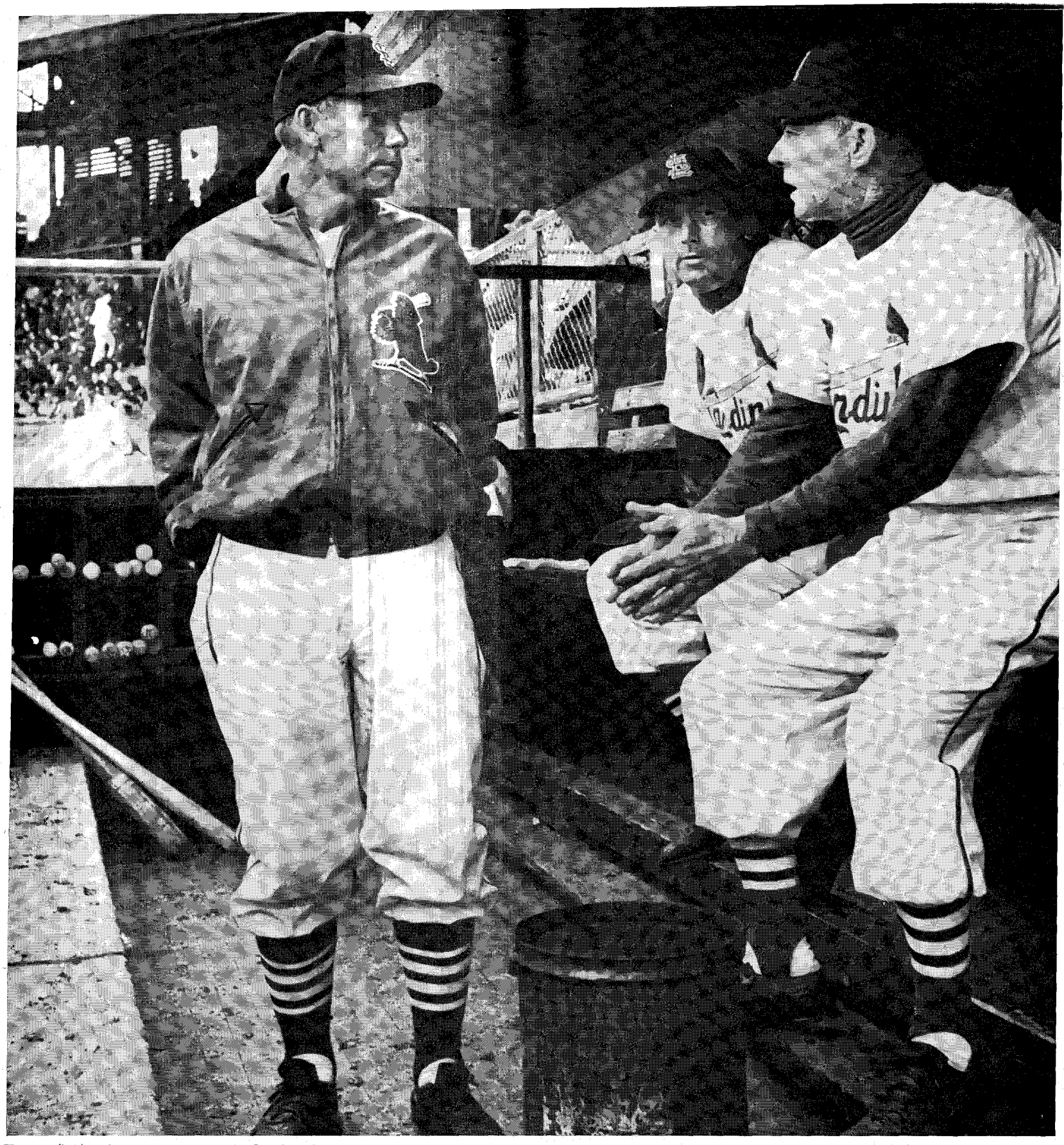

Hemus (left), who was known as the Mighty Mouse during his career as a player, with two members of his coaching staff, Harry Walker (center) and Johnny Keane.

Solly on the Spot

Manager mortality at St. Louis has been rising in recent years. Now it's peppery Solly Hemus' turn to get the Cardinals out of the doldrums—or else.

By Bob Broeg

As a ballplayer, Solly Hemus was one of those fellows who make a little go a long way. Through quickness of wit and everlasting hustle, he stretched limited ability into a big-league career of more than eight seasons. Now, as the latest manager of the St. Louis Cardinals, he faces the challenge of accomplishing much the same thing with an entire ball club. Can little Solly get results soon enough to satisfy an ownership that fired three previous managers in less than three and a half years?

Hemus was a surprising choice for the job in the first place—even to people in St. Louis, where the stubby infielder used to be a special pet of the fans. An alert and aggressive competitor with a knack for amusing his teammates, upsetting his opponents and annoying the umpires, he (Continued on Page 89)

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Condition: Critical

By RONALD SERCOMBE

She was dangerously near death, and her case defied diagnosis.

Dr. Dennis Sullivan finished scrubbing, carefully dried his hands and then accepted the receiver of a telephone which a nurse had been patiently holding for at least five minutes.

"Yes," the doctor said, a little sharply, because the unpleasantly familiar postoperative letdown was on him. His stomach was a dull knot. His legs ached and his eyes hurt.

Myrt, the gray-haired, nighttime switchboard operator, grumbled, "Sometimes you make me think of the moon."

"The what?" Doctor Sullivan said.

"Everybody's trying to reach you," Myrt said. "There's a man waiting for you in Reception. He's been waiting for an hour. While he's paced, I've been taking the count-down. He's about ready to leave the pad and blow his stack."

"What does he want?" Doctor Sullivan asked, this time wearily, resignedly.

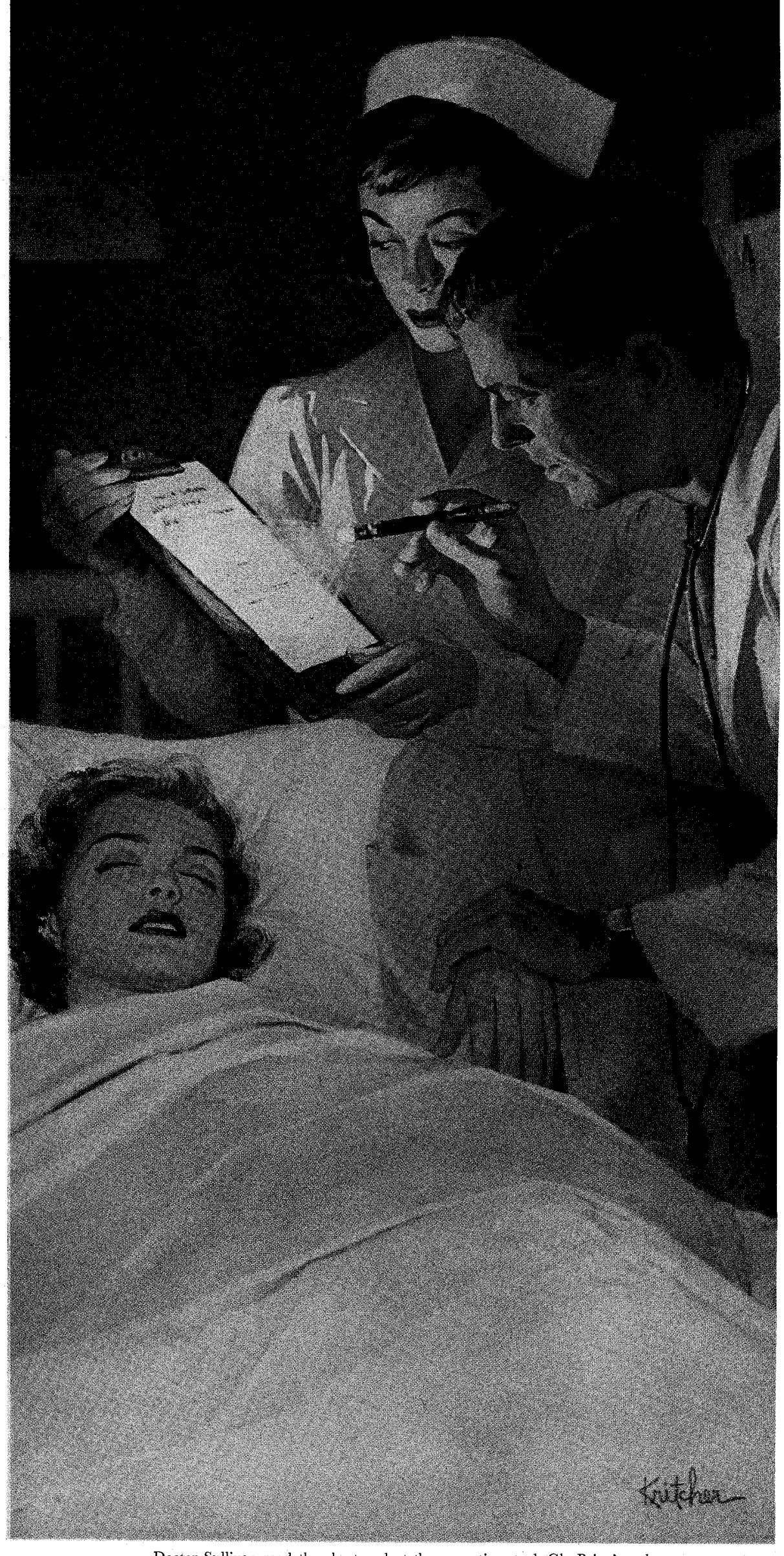
Myrt was still grumbling. "I wouldn't know. I'm just a yes girl at a yak box. He demands to speak to the man in charge. It's"—Myrt hesitated—"quarter till one. You're the only one left here with any brass, doctor."

"I'll be right down," the doctor said, hanging up. It had been a rough night; seven severe respiratory cases, a gall bladder, a ruptured appendix and a shipyard worker who had stopped a white-hot rivet with his face.

The automatic elevator moaned like a suffering patient and, as it descended, Doctor Sullivan thought, *Three years ago, when they named me chief resident in surgery at Jacksonville Medical Hospital, I told them I was honestly honored and happily proud. Right now I am just terribly tired and horribly hollow.*

The restive young man in the reception room was still pacing. He looked frightened, desperate, cornered, intense. The room seemed vibrant with inarticulate menace. The young man was tall, sun-bronzed, wind-burned and informally dressed in freshly pressed khaki trousers, a blue shirt and blue sport jacket. He jumped a little when Doctor Sullivan entered the room, and for a moment it appeared as though he was going to salute. Instead he scowled.

"What kind of an institution is this?" he asked bitterly. "For more than (Continued on Page 80)



Doctor Sullivan read the chart and at the same time took Glo Brian's pulse.

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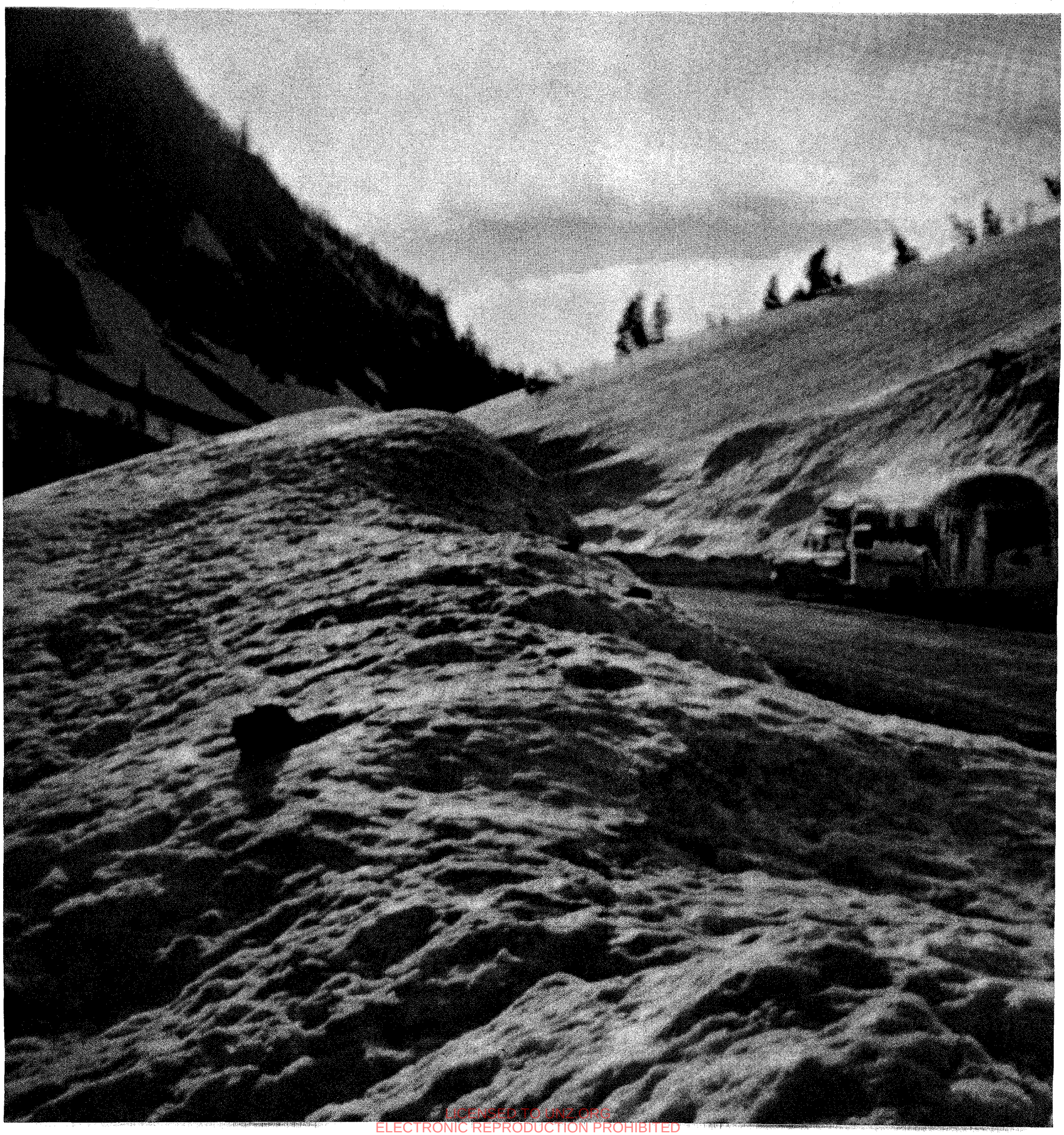
The Face of AMERICA

Absaroka Springtime



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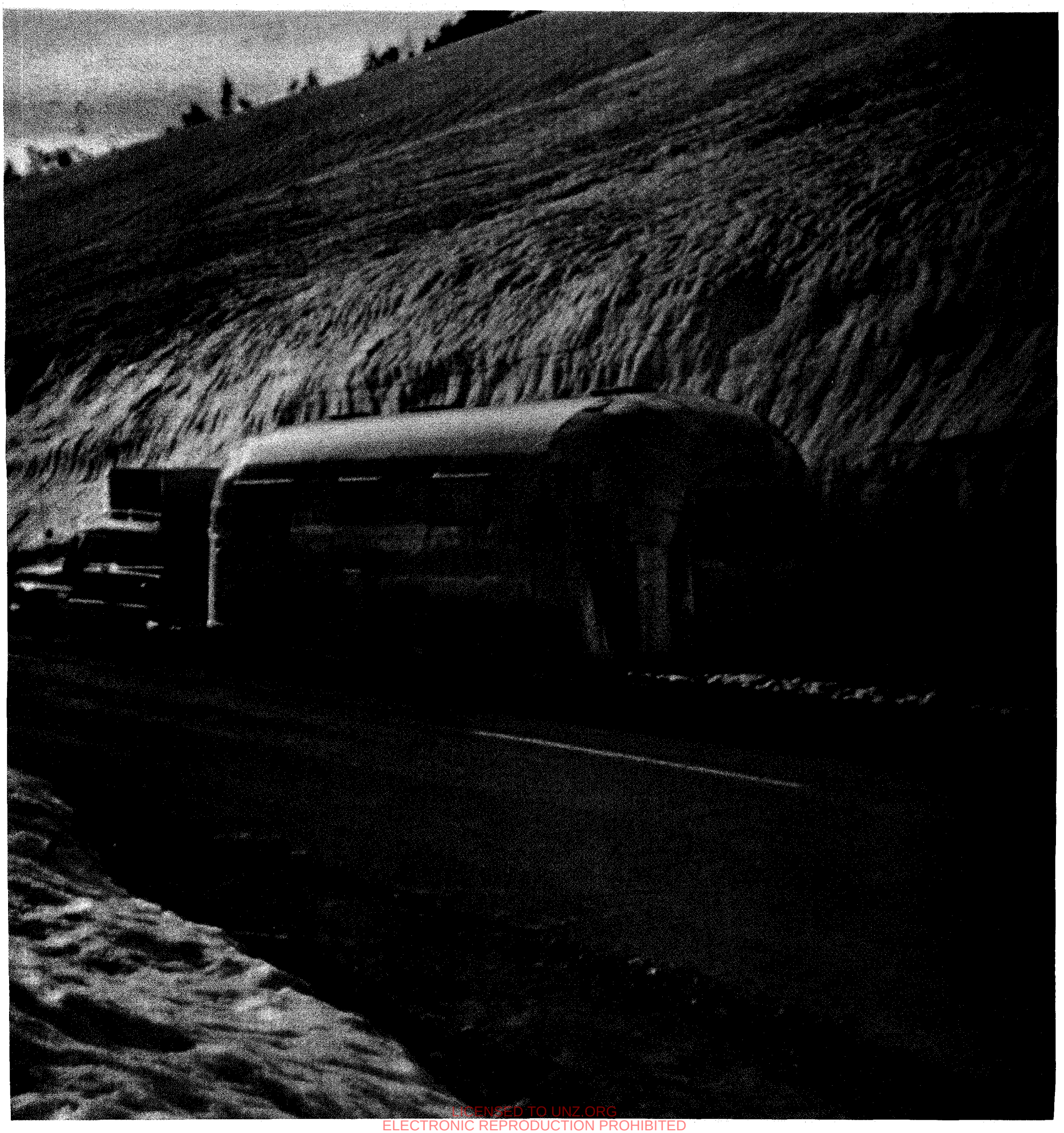
A few miles inside the eastern boundary of Yellowstone National Park, U.S. Highway 14 crosses the mighty Absaroka Range, whose two-mile-high peaks form a great barrier guarding the volcanic wonderland of the park. Here at Sylvan Pass just a year ago, two touring families from Florida—Ardean Miller and Jack Thompson, brothers-in-law, with wives and children—paused to admire the splendor. Spring was more than half gone, but the third week of May had brought a two-foot snowfall. The sun glared through the high, thin air, contrasting the dazzling snowfields with the shaded mountain slopes. Ardean Miller took this picture there.

Unlike early explorers in this region, Miller and Thompson enjoyed all the home comforts on their station-wagon-and-house-trailer safari. A hundred or so years ago trappers and missionaries braved the unknown savagery west of the Absaroka only occasionally. They brought out wild tales of waterspouts, hot springs and glass mountains. Naturally, few believed them until after 1870, when eyewitness accounts became incontrovertible. In 1872 the Federal Government set aside these 3472 square miles to be preserved forever for all citizens. Thus Yellowstone became the granddaddy of our national-park system.

● Photograph by Ardean Miller



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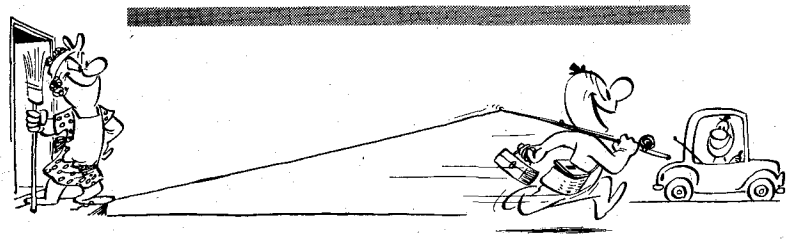
Post Scripts



Weather News on the Local Scene

Storm warnings went up on Maple Street this morning, from Chestnut Avenue to Elm Road, as a high-pressure area moved in from the Quick Brush Company to the south.

A storm center built up near the front door of 411 Maple, when warm winds accompanying the pressure area met cooler air from the back yard. "I was potting my best dahlia for the Garden Show," says Mrs. Myrna Abernathy. "You just can't let dahlia roots dry out for a minute. And he wouldn't stop with that Little Gem vegetable brush."

Thunderclouds appeared when the pressure area threatened to become stationary. Then a cold blast of gale force drove it farther north, toward 415 Maple, where it settled briefly in the living room. Scattered clouds developed, however, from the lemon pudding in the kitchen, heralding a new northward movement.

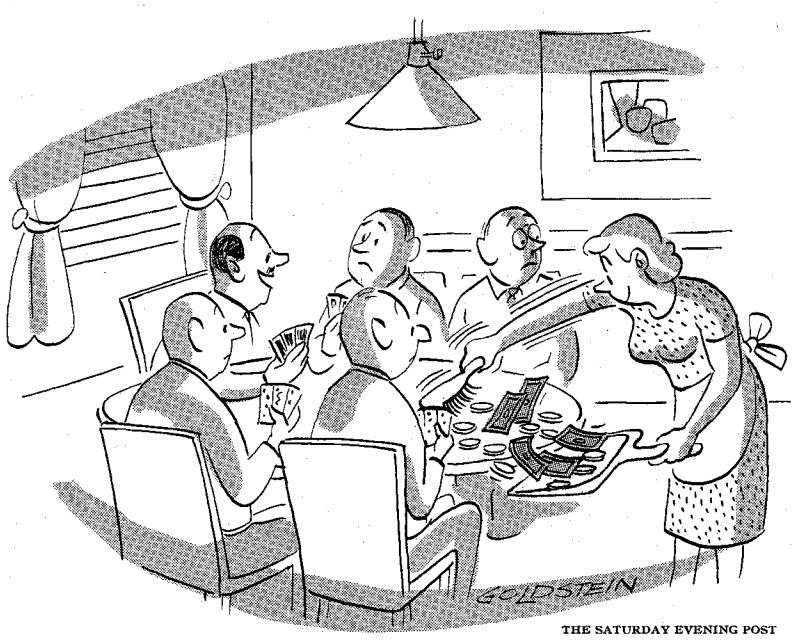
At 419 the atmosphere approached icing conditions. "I was just washing my car," says John Littlefield. "I'd been at it for an hour when this fellow walks up. He says, 'No need for all that labor. Let me demonstrate our miracle Quick Kar Kloth.' Then he smears soot on the hood."

At this point a sudden rise in temperature produced a shower of cloudburst proportions—though Mr. Littlefield insists it was just that his hand slipped on the hose.

Precipitation brought temporary respite to Maple Street. But it was reported that low humidity tonight would have the salesman's suit dry by morning. "It better be," he said. "I have a quota to meet."

FORECAST: It is predicted that increasing high pressure will result in more unsettled weather for Maple Street tomorrow, with no relief in sight.

RONALD M. DEUTSCH



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Ethel is a wonderful housekeeper."

Now, if I Can Only Find a Stamp

Dear Louise,

Well, I finally take pen in hand to write you. Seems like ages since we have heard from you folks — how are Mary with you?

(Please excuse typewriter; I couldn't get the pen to work.)

We've been terribly busy with the usual routine — Bill is very much occupied with the Country Club this year (Ways and Means chairman!) and Billy is an eager Cub Scout.

~~Melinda of course is busy~~ The kids have been fooling with the typewriter. She got to get Bill to fix it. The only pencil I could find needs sharpening and the pencil sharpener is broken. Please excuse. Well, as I was saying — Melinda is still taking ballet lessons twice a week and also Oh, good. I found some India ink. Also Melinda is starting piano lessons and she seems to be taking to it. I'm on the P.T.A. reading council this semester and also am an asst. den mother, as you can see I'm busy too.

I saw Marcia Jones last week and she asked about you. They have a new house out here — the Lake Lake and I hear it is nice

(Out of ink. Hope you don't mind crayon. Has a pretty good point on it.) The Jones' house is lovely — very modern.

Do let us hear from you soon. I love to get letters, don't you?

Fondly,
Kay Nelson

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

The Rival

Her face and figure aren't so hot;
Her wit's a little dim.
So what's she got that I haven't got?
Him!

GEORGIE STARBUCK GALBRAITH

More Cake?

There isn't any law that says I shouldn't,
And yet there's no good reason why I should;
Moreover, I've just told myself I wouldn't ——
Well, somehow all along I knew I would!

LAURENCE EISENLOHR

Saturday Lunch at Our House

Dad:	ham and Swiss cheese on pumpernickel, buttermilk.
Grammy:	tuna and lettuce on whole wheat, hot tea.
Sissy:	bacon-and-tomato sandwich on rye, chocolate milk.
Buddy:	peanut-butter-and-catchup sandwich on toasted raisin bread, Hawaiian punch.
Pam:	grilled cheese on white, root beer.
Bitsy:	strawberry jam on zwieback, milk.
Mother:	assorted crusts, black coffee.

HILARIE BROWN

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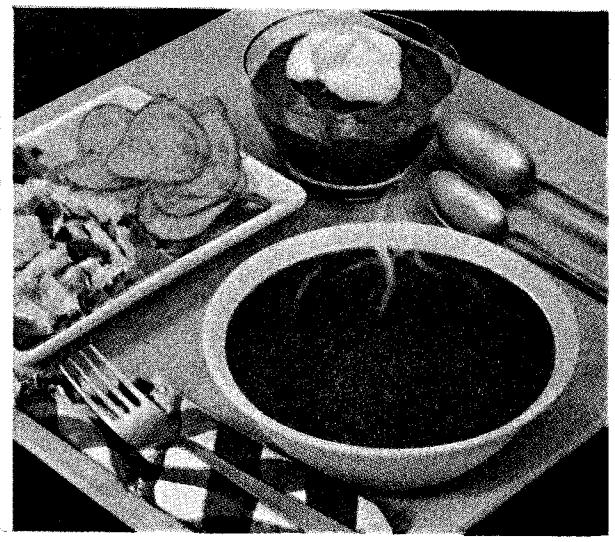
SOUP FOR LUNCH

GIVES YOU GET-UP-AND-GO!

Pick a favorite soup—add a salad, a sandwich, a dessert—whatever's quick and easy. You have a good, wholesome lunch ready in no time! Takes just 4 minutes to heat up a tempting bowl of soup, and it's thrifty, too—less than 7¢ a serving! Choose one of Campbell's 21 delicious flavors today—and plan a lunch with energy plus!

CAMPBELL'S VEGETABLE BEEF SOUP
Grilled Cheese Sandwich
Pickles Swanson Frozen Apple Pie Coffee

CAMPBELL'S CHICKEN VEGETABLE SOUP
Peach-Cottage Cheese Salad Crackers
Angel Cake Hot Tea



CAMPBELL'S TOMATO SOUP
Tuna Salad Potato Chips
Instant Chocolate Pudding

CAMPBELL'S CHICKEN NOODLE SOUP
Scrambled Eggs Buttered Toast with Jelly
Apple Milk

CAMPBELL'S CHICKEN with RICE SOUP
Peanut Butter and Bacon Sandwich
Carrot Sticks Oatmeal Cookies Banana

CAMPBELL'S VEGETABLE SOUP
Grilled Frank with Cheese
Green Salad Doughnuts

CAMPBELL'S MINESTRONE SOUP
Hamburger (with everything)
Chocolate Sundae

CAMPBELL'S TURKEY NOODLE SOUP
Browned Link Sausages Succotash
Applesauce Milk

Once a day... every day—SOUP!

Have you had your soup today?

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
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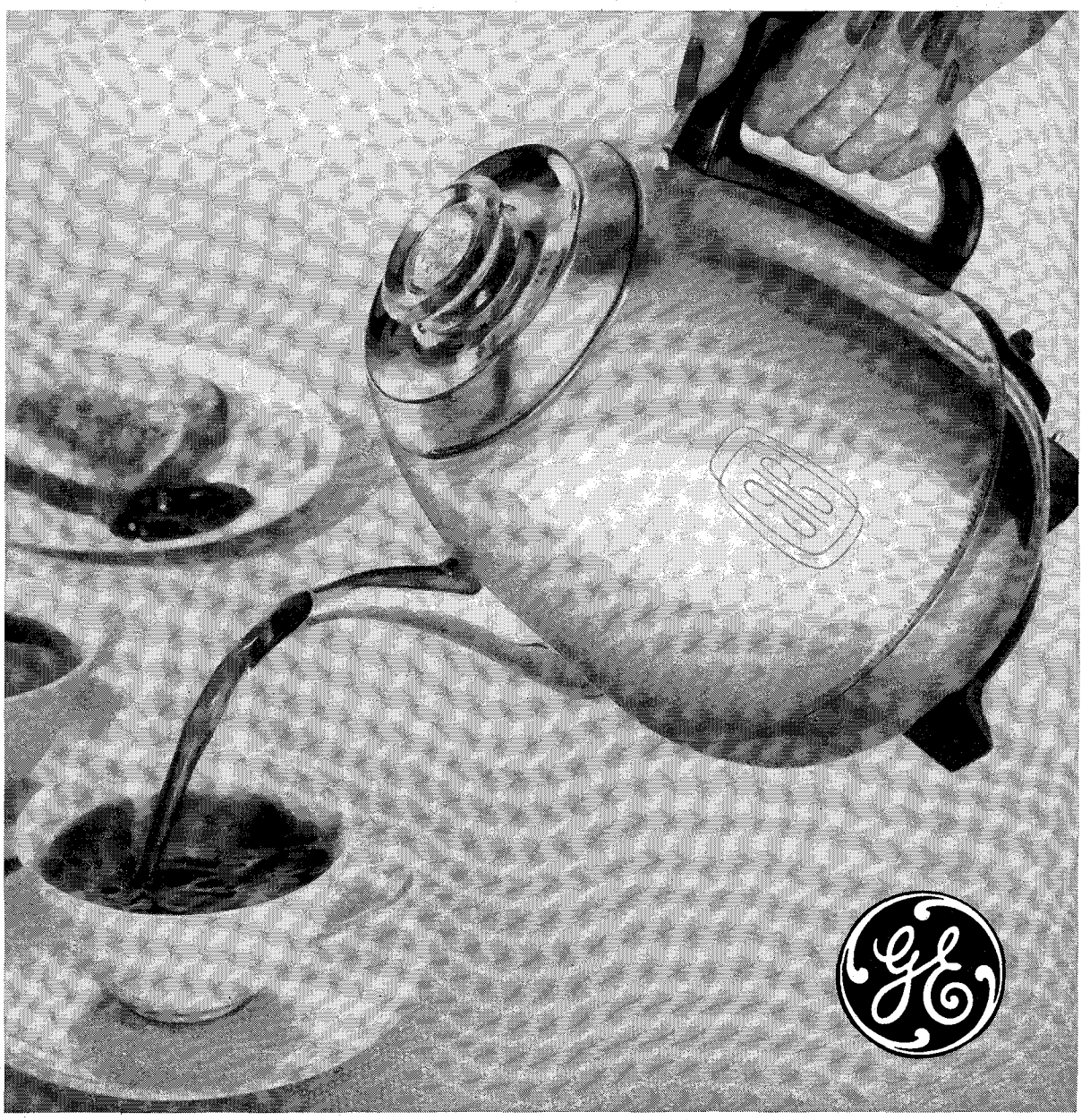
Really delicious coffee—every cup every time... AUTOMATICALLY!

New General Electric Automatic Coffee Maker gives you a PLUS... now in easy-to-clean lifetime stainless steel



Only a clean coffee maker, free from all rancid coffee oils, can give you really delicious coffee—every cup, *every time!*

General Electric's *new* Automatic Coffee Maker in lifetime stainless steel is so *easy* to keep clean! Stains quickly wash off the stainless steel inside. The delicate coffee flavor and aroma are retained for your enjoyment.

It's completely automatic—No watching, no timing. Set the brew selector for the strength you like. When the signal light glows . . . perking stops . . . your coffee stays hot until you're ready! Makes *2* cups as perfectly as *9*!

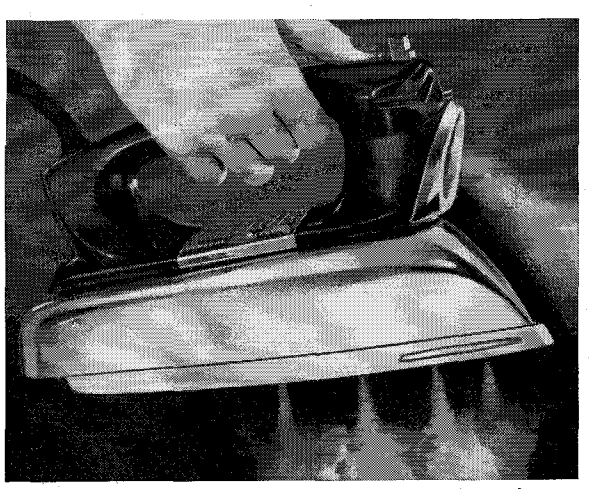
Have an extra cup for later! A special setting reheats cooled coffee—*without reperking!* Another PLUS General Electric gives you!

See this unique, graceful Coffee Maker at your dealer's! General Electric Company, Portable Appliance Dept., Bridgeport 2, Conn.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

There's always a PLUS in General Electric

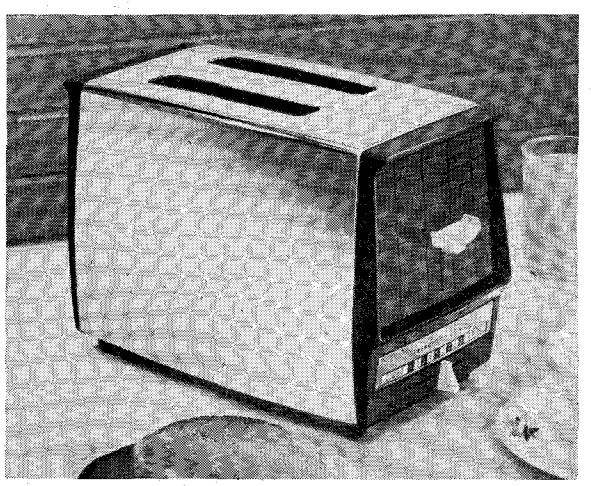


It's a steam and dry iron!
PLUS . . . a built-in sprinkler

General Electric Spray, Steam & Dry Iron lets you bring your clothes direct to your ironing board. Even heavy cottons, linens and starched things! This amazing iron sprinkles for you . . . *as you iron!*

Does any mixing job!
PLUS—new drink-mixing attachment

General Electric Mixer weighs less than 3 pounds, yet it's powerful enough for the heaviest cake batter. Has convenient heel rest, beater ejector, removable cord—plus special drink-mixing attachment.



Makes 9 shades of toast!
PLUS . . . new "Straight-Line" Design

New General Electric Automatic Toaster has a 9-position browning control. Now, you can have toast exactly the shade you like it—from pale golden to crisp-crisp brown. Extra-high pop-up!

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"I wouldn't touch that with a ten-foot pole," said Drake, refusing to take the scarf.

The Case of the Mythical Monkeys

By ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

Why was this oddly printed scarf so important to Mason? Why was he willing to risk his career for it?

"We've got the corpse tagged," private detective Paul Drake told Perry Mason. "His name was Josh Manly."

Mason's client, Gladys Doyle, was being held for Manly's murder. As private secretary to novelist Mauvis Meade, she had been sent to Summit Inn, where she supplied a publicist named Edgar Carlisle with information on Miss Meade's recent best seller. On her way back, following a "short cut" her boss insisted she take down Pine Glen Canyon, Gladys drove her car into a mudhole. Seeking help in a nearby cabin, she found Manly's body. Later, under the cabin, Mason discovered a box of bullets wrapped in a woman's scarf.

Who murdered Josh Manly? The expression on the face of Paul Drake, as he rushed back to Mason's restaurant table after a phone call to his office, suggested that he might have part of the answer.

IV

"Something new?" Mason asked.

Drake said rapidly, "I hate to tell you this, Perry. It may make a difference. I had a man phone in to the American States Producers Studios to get Edgar Carlisle's address, so I could talk with him."

Mason nodded.

"The point is," Drake said, "they don't have any Edgar Carlisle."

"What do you mean?"

"The studio has reported to the office in answer to a specific question that it doesn't have any such individual in its publicity department."

Mason said, "You'd better sit down and we'll get the order in ——"

Drake interrupted, still standing, "I've got my office waiting on the line. Here's the point. My man went up to Summit Inn to do a little checking around after the studio advised him that Edgar Carlisle wasn't with them. He found that Carlisle bought gas at a service station up there on a credit card, so we now have his address here in Los Angeles."

"Where is it?" Mason asked.

"An apartment at Sixteen-thirty-two Delrose," Drake said.

"Shucks," Mason said, pushing back his chair. "That's within half a mile."

"We could at least have the cocktails," Drake pointed out.

Mason shook his head. "Then we'd be interviewing a witness with liquor on our breaths. You can't tell where this man fits into the picture. If he isn't connected with the studios, if he was up there under false pretenses, well ——"

"You mean you're going to give him a rough time?"

"Rough time? No," Mason said. "I'll make him the murderer (Continued on Page 100)

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Alexander Botts, Firebug (Continued from Page 22)

that he can't deliver the electric set until the end of January. That's four months. At a thousand dollars a day it adds up to more than a hundred and twenty thousand dollars."

"This whole thing is ridiculous," I said. "There must be some way you can get out of paying any such tremendous penalty."

"Listen, Mr. Botts, I don't want to pay even one day's penalty. This may be a big contract, but I figured the profits so close that I can't afford to lose even a thousand dollars."

"We ought to be able to get a set somewhere," I said.

"A few days ago," said Mike, "a salesman for the Superba Tractor Company came around and offered one of his sets at less than the Earthworm. I tried to persuade the promoters to take it."

"Certainly you wouldn't want to cheat a customer by unloading any of that Superba junk on them?"

"For a hundred and twenty thousand I would unload anything on anybody. But they wouldn't let me substitute a Superba. They insisted on Earthworm."

"Good for them," I said.

"That's easy for you to say, Mr. Botts. You don't have to pay out a thousand dollars a day in penalties."

"Couldn't you maybe rent this Superba electric set and replace it with the Earthworm when the Earthworm comes?"

"I thought of that too. But the Superba man won't rent. He wants to make an outright sale."

"I thought you said the promoters won't accept a Superba."

"They won't from me, Mr. Botts. If I fail to provide an Earthworm set according to the contract they'll take their pound of flesh. They'll withhold a thousand dollars for every day I'm late. And then the big bums will turn around and save their own skins by buying a Superba set and using that for stand-by power."

"I guess you made a mistake when you signed this contract in the first place."

"My big mistake, Mr. Botts, was when I believed your dealer. He promised delivery of that electric set by September fifteenth—over two weeks ahead of the deadline. And now I find that your dealer is a liar."

"No," I said, "our dealer is perfectly honest. He was relying on our Production Department—which had promised delivery by September fifteenth."

"Then the Earthworm Production Department is a bunch of liars."

"No," I said, "I have been in touch with this situation all summer. Our Production Department is not to blame. They have been held up by unexpected failures on the part of our suppliers. If you read the fine print on the order blank you must realize that we are not legally responsible for delays due to difficulties outside our control."

"To think," said Mike sadly, "that I trusted the Earthworm Tractor Company. And now I find that all you people know is passing the buck."

"Mike," I said, "I do not blame you for feeling discouraged. But I have good news for you. Even though the Earthworm company is not legally liable in a case like this, it has always assumed a moral obligation for the welfare of its customers. So you don't have to worry any more. I am hereby taking charge of this entire situation. The Earthworm Tractor Company will make good any losses you may sustain because of our failure to deliver this electric set on the date that we promised."

"You mean the Earthworm company will pay a thousand dollars for every day that the set is late?"

"Absolutely," I said.

"Would you put that in writing?"

"Certainly." I wrote out and signed a brief note covering the oral promise that I had just made.

"That's very generous of you, Mr. Botts."

"Not at all," I said. "I am going to fix up everything so that it will not cost any of us a single cent."

"But how can you do that?"

"I haven't the faintest idea. I'll have to make my plans as I go along."

Wishing Mike a cordial good afternoon, I came over here to the motel and telephoned several of our northern New England dealers. They all reported no EG447 generator sets on hand. They did not know of any secondhand sets which might be available in their territories. However, I am not discouraged.

Tomorrow I will start calling personally on these dealers to see if I can stir something up. I have a very definite feeling that somewhere, somehow, I can locate an electric set which I can deliver to the ski development in time to beat the October-first deadline.

You may address me for the next few days at the Dog River Motel, Dog River, Vermont.

Yours,
ALEXANDER BOTTS

TELEGRAM
EARTHWORM CITY, ILLINOIS
SEPTEMBER 26, 1958

ALEXANDER BOTTS
DOG RIVER MOTEL, DOG RIVER, VERMONT

IF YOU FEEL IT YOUR DUTY TO SAVE MIKE SAVONAROLA FROM HIS OWN FOLLY IN SIGNING A CONTRACT WITH AN UNREASONABLY EXCESSIVE PENALTY CLAUSE. YOU WILL HAVE TO SAVE HIM AT YOUR OWN EXPENSE. THE EARTHWORM TRACTOR COMPANY CANNOT BE RESPONSIBLE EITHER LEGALLY OR MORALLY.

GILBERT HENDERSON

Dog River Motel
Dog River, Vermont
Friday, September 26, 1958

DEAR HENDERSON: I am somewhat amused at your timid refusal to let the Earthworm company back up my financial promises to Mike Savonarola. As I stated in my Wednesday letter, I made these promises with complete confidence that I could fix up everything so that it will not cost any of us a single cent. I am now pleased to report that even though I have not yet solved all of the difficulties in this case, the situation is gradually becoming so hopeful that there is no longer any real cause for worry.

On Thursday—yesterday—I drove to Burlington to see our northern Vermont dealer. He is the man who promised the electric set by September fifteenth. I had talked to him the previous afternoon by telephone. He had assured me he had no electric set available. However, as I never take anything for granted, I had decided to check up on him personally. And it is well that I did so.

When I reached his establishment I headed directly for the repair shop and warehouse, where experience has taught me I am apt to discover more in the way of important facts than if I apply at the office. Outside the shop door I noticed a heavy platform truck with a large empty packing case bearing the words, EARTHWORM EG447 DIESEL GENERATOR SET. Inside the shop was the set itself—big, beautiful, and brand new. The mechanic in charge told me the set had arrived several days before. He was tuning it up and planned to have it ready for delivery on Saturday.

I thanked the mechanic, entered the office and introduced myself to the dealer. "Yesterday," I said, "you told me over the telephone that you had no EG447 generator set available. But I notice you have one out in your shop."

"That's right," he said. "I have one on hand. But it's not available. It has already been sold to a man called Joshua Chandler, who runs a summer hotel with cottages at Chandler Lake, Vermont. His order was received before the Savonarola order."

"If Mr. Chandler runs a summer hotel," I said, "he has probably shut down for the season. He won't need an electric set until next year. You should get in touch with him and persuade him to take a later delivery, and let Mike Savonarola have this set now."

"I thought of that, Mr. Botts. But before I could get hold of him he called me up and demanded immediate delivery. He has already made his first payment, so I'll have to send him the set as promised."

"You also promised to send a set to Mike," I said.

"I know it. Mike's set was promised for September fifteenth. But Mr. Chandler's set was promised for last June. So Chandler comes first. Incidentally, both these promises were based on definite assurances from the Earthworm Tractor Company. I hope you realize, Mr. Botts, that these slow deliveries are making it hard for me. There was a man named Simsbury who came in just a few days ago and asked about the situation on these electric sets. Very likely I am losing a sale to him as well as disappointing Mike Savonarola. But there is nothing I can do about it."

"I am not blaming you at all. I am just trying to work out a plan that will be as helpful as possible to all concerned. Do you know why Mr. Chandler is in such a hurry for his electric set?"

"No."

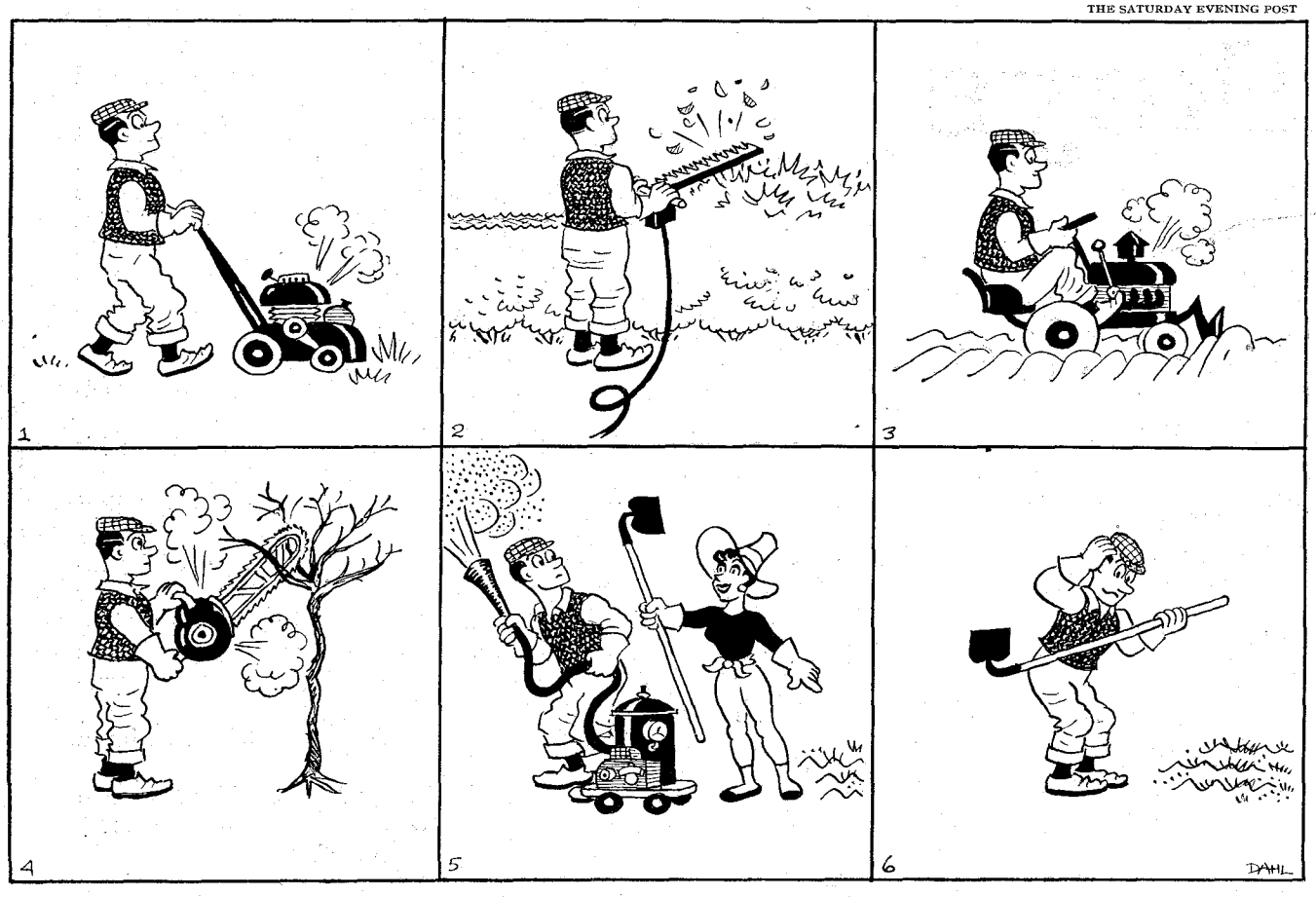
"In that case, I am going to find out."

I took down Mr. Chandler's address and drove over to see him. His resort is a once-fashionable but run-down wooden hotel with a dozen wooden cottages on a bluff overlooking Chandler Lake far up in the Green Mountains. The only approach was along fifteen miles of rough but beautiful mountain road.

Mr. Joshua Chandler turned out to be an amiable but rather dull-witted young man, who had inherited the property from his father. He explained some rather grandiose plans for modernizing the buildings in hopes of recapturing some of the resort's former prosperity. He insisted on showing me an adjacent waterfall known as The Bridal Veil, a pool known as Diana's Bath and a cliff, directly in front of the hotel, with a sheer drop of a hundred feet into a portion of the lake which (*Continued on Page 47*)

THE GREENWOODS **By Dahl**

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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Makes you feel good to know that your daily

Dial bath protects you from perspiration odor all day long. Dial's AT-7 guarantees it—by removing the skin bacteria that cause odor.

Nice feeling for you. Nice for those around you.

That's why people who like people like Dial.

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

If you can drive this one and not want it, you're a born pedestrian

What would you want with more car than this—even if you could find it? Chevy's rare combination of ride, roominess and responsiveness is hard to come by even in the most extravagant cars. For that matter, so is its beauty. And with these things, Chevrolet brings you its own unique brand of economy, durability and reliability.

Nomad 4-door 6-passenger station wagon—as beautiful as it is dutiful.

Your Chevrolet dealer will be happy to show you these special Chevrolet advantages:

Slimline design—it's fresh, fine and fashionable.
Roomier Body by Fisher—sound, solid, stylish.
Sweeping new overhead curved windshield—and bigger windows—all of Safety *Plate* Glass.
Hi-Thrift 6—up to 10% more miles per gallon.
Vim-packed V8's—eight silk-smooth versions.
Full Coil suspension—further refined for a smoother, steadier ride on any kind of road.
Easy-Ratio steering—brings you reduced wheel-turning effort, new ease of handling.
Magic-Mirror finish—keeps its shine without waxing or polishing for up to three years.
New, bigger brakes—deeper drums, better cooled for safer stopping and up to 66% longer life.
Turboglide, Powerglide and Level Air suspension head a full list of extra-cost options.

Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Mich.

CHEVROLET

The car that's wanted for all its worth!

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(*Continued from Page 44*) Mr. Chandler said is two hundred feet deep. This last feature is known, believe it or not, as Lover's Leap.

After over an hour of tedious conversation, I gradually managed to work around to the matter of the generator set.

"I was wondering," I said vaguely, "why you need this set in such a hurry when you are just starting your reconstruction operations and will have no real use for it until next year."

"I don't need it for myself," said Mr. Chandler. "I have rented it out for the winter to a man by the name of Simsbury."

"And what does he want with it?"

"He didn't say. He just came in here a few days ago and offered me five hundred dollars if I would insist on immediate delivery and hold it here for the winter. Apparently the set comes in a weatherproof packing case, so I could leave it outdoors."

"That is correct," I said. "The Earthworm company always goes in for quality—even in packing cases. So what did you do?"

"I signed a letter contract agreeing to his proposition. He gave me the five hundred dollars in cash and said he would be back later to check up."

"Just who is this Mr. Simsbury?"

"I don't know. I never saw him before. His address is 227 Vermont Avenue in Burlington."

"This is all very interesting," I said. "If I offered you a thousand dollars would you rent the electric set to me instead of to Mr. Simsbury?"

"That would be fine. But I have already signed this agreement. And I have taken the five hundred dollars. So it would be dishonest to back out. You wouldn't want me to do anything dishonest, would you, Mr. Botts?"

"Certainly not," I said. "But if I can persuade Mr. Simsbury to cancel the agreement, I take it you would rent to me?"

"Of course."

"Thank you," I said. "I will now see if I can find Mr. Simsbury."

I drove to 227 Vermont Avenue in Burlington and found a large building with a sign, SUPERBA AGENCY—TRACTORS AND ELECTRIC SETS. I walked in, stated that I was interested in getting hold of a diesel electric set, and asked for Mr. Simsbury.

I was told that he is a salesman who had recently joined the Superba organization and that he was out of town on important business. He had planned to visit both Mr. Joshua Chandler at Chandler Lake and Mr. Mike Savonarola at Dog River. I walked out and drove back here to the Dog River Motel.

I had learned everything I need to know. The entire sordid plot is now revealed in all its shabby dishonesty. Mr. Simsbury had first checked with our dealer and discovered that Mr. Chandler's set is the only one available in the territory. Then he had paid out five hundred dollars to tie it up for the rest of the winter. This, he obviously hoped, would make it possible for him to unload onto the Dog River Ski Development one of his miserable Superba monstrosities.

Under the circumstances most men would have been dicouraged. But not Alexander Botts. Now that I understand the facts, I am in a position to plan a course of action. Legally, Mr. Simsbury has won. But morally I am in the right. I cannot permit this scheming reptile to block a perfectly legitimate sale and cheat a customer by selling him low-grade merchandise.

By fair means or foul I am going to get possession of that set and deliver it to the Dog River Ski Development—thus saving Mike from outrageous penalty payments, and saving the ski people from being stuck with an inferior article. You can always trust me to do what is right.

Yours,
ALEXANDER BOTTS

EARTHWORM TRACTOR COMPANY
EARTHWORM CITY, ILLINOIS
OFFICE OF
GILBERT HENDERSON, PRESIDENT

Monday, September 29, 1958

DEAR BOTTS: When I read your letter this morning I was naturally worried by your threat to get possession of that electric set "by fair means or foul." But I was not prepared for the truly disastrous results of your reckless action. After finishing your letter I picked up a copy of the Earthworm City Daily Gazette and discovered the following headline: BOTTS LOSES GENERATOR IN LAKE, SAYS COMPANY WILL PAY.

The story under the headline is so incredible I can hardly believe that even you could be guilty of such behavior. I will refrain from saying what I think of the kind of man who would light a match to investigate a gasoline leak, and then push a valuable piece of machinery into a lake two hundred feet deep. I want to make it plain, however, that under no circumstances will the Earthworm company pay for your stupid blunder. And I call your attention once more to my previous letter in which I warned you that the Earthworm company will not make good on any penalty payments incurred by Mike Savonarola.

Yours,
GILBERT HENDERSON

Dog River Motel
Dog River, Vermont
Wednesday, October 1, 1958

DEAR HENDERSON: By great good fortune your highly critical letter of last Monday has reached me after I have had several days to recover from the somewhat disturbing events of last Saturday at Chandler Lake. I am thus able to discuss the situation in a calm and objective manner, and to assure you that I do not blame you in any way for your somewhat hasty remarks. I would only suggest that you refrain from believing everything you read in the papers until you hear all sides of the question. In this case, honesty compels me to concede that the facts in the news dispatch which you quoted are substantially correct—in a superficial sort of way. However, I have a number of additional facts, explanations and excuses which may serve as a partial extenuation of my conduct.

I freely admit that last Saturday afternoon, without the knowledge or authorization of our dealer, I took possession of the electric set, the packing case in which it was enclosed, and the truck on which it was loaded. I will also admit that I drove the truck in a somewhat devious manner to the Chandler Lake Hotel. However, I will pass over at this time any detailed description of these events and launch directly into an account of what happened in the evening when I arrived at the hotel.

I stopped the truck in the middle of the lawn between the hotel and the brink of the cliff known as Lover's Leap.

I was met by Mr. Chandler, who introduced me to another gentleman. "Mr. Botts," he said, "I want you to meet Mr. Simsbury, salesman for the Superba Tractor Company. Mr. Simsbury, I want you to meet Mr. Botts, sales manager of the Earthworm Tractor Company."

Mr. Simsbury smiled an evil smile. "I am glad to meet you, Mr. Botts," he said. "Before long I may have a little surprise for you."

"And I am pleased to meet you," I said. "I have a feeling that I am going to have a little surprise for you."

I then walked over to the truck, pulled out a rope which I had brought along, tied one end to a tree, looped the other end around the big packing case and drove the truck out from under. As I was removing the rope, Mr. Chandler started yelling, "Hey! That's a delicate piece of machinery. What are you trying to do—bust it all to pieces jerking it off the truck that way? And what's the idea of unloading it out there on the lawn?"

Before I could answer, our Burlington dealer came driving up, yelling a question of his own, "What's the idea of stealing my truck and my electric set?"

As I could think of no good answers to these questions I changed the subject. I said, "I think I smell gasoline. Possibly the fuel tank of this electric set is leaking. I will investigate."

I lit a match and held it close to the lower part of the big packing case. Sure enough, it was saturated with a liquid which turned out to be highly flammable. There was a puff of flame, and almost at once the entire case was burning furiously.

I leaped into the nearby truck and drove it in a circle around the lawn so as to approach the burning case on the side away from the lake. I nosed the bumper against the case, pushed it across the grass and over the cliff. As I backed the truck away from the edge, I heard a splash and a hiss as the case disappeared into the water. I alighted from the truck. And right away I ran into a barrage of questions from our dealer, from Mr. Chandler, from the Superba salesman, and from a man I had not previously noticed; he turned out to be a newspaper reporter who had been interviewing Mr. Chandler regarding his plans for remodeling the hotel.

Most of the questions from these people were so emotional and unreasonable that I will not repeat them. Suffice to

Gardener

By Ames Rowe Quentin

Here in the stillness I
May spare a weed
That pleases me;
Watch the small gilded fly
Go to his deed
Dispassionately.

And if mimosas freeze
Or ivies die
Or tulips fail to flower,
Still on my knees
Devoutly I
Labor my hour.

Whether I pruned the bush
That flowers so
Is my affair:
I dreamt that blooming hush
A year ago
And placed it there.

So on my knees,
Trowel in hand,
Dirt on my face,
Just as I please
I turn my land
And dig for grace.

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"I like it FLAVORED!"

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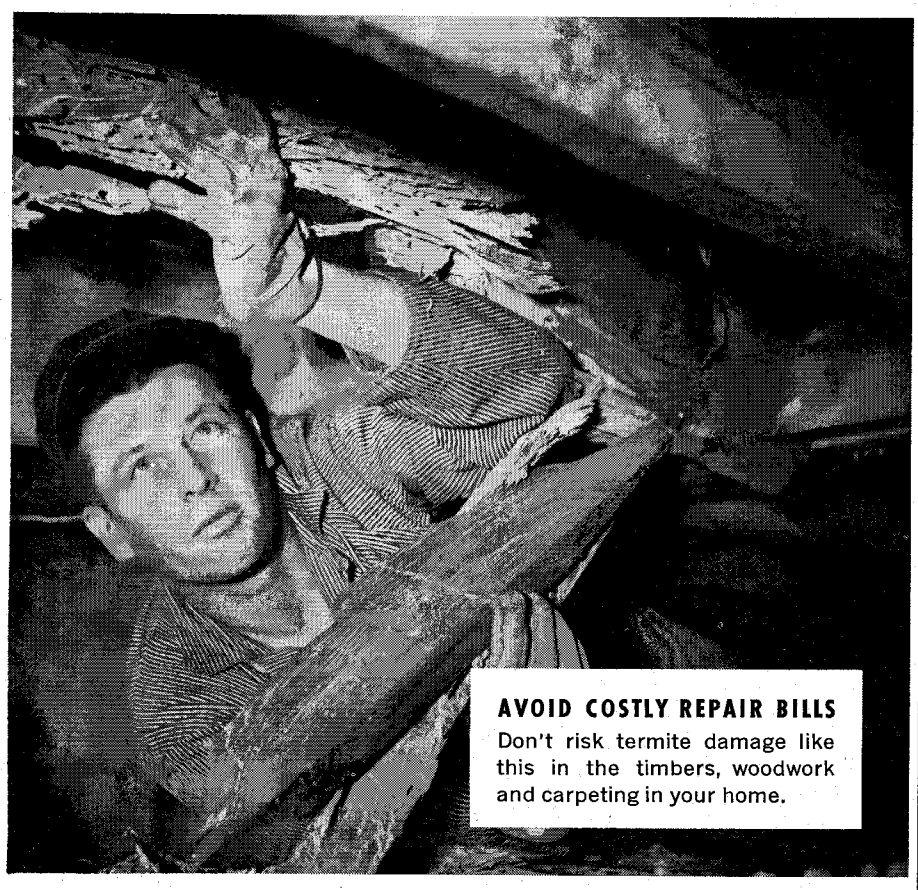

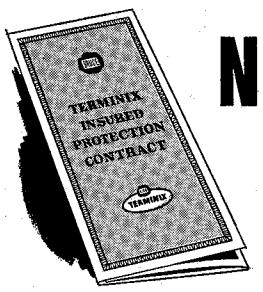

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say that I succeeded in calming things down by promising that the Earthworm Tractor Company would pay for any losses that any of them might have incurred. The newspaper reporter then rushed off to file his story. As I have previously indicated, he wrote a fairly accurate account of the facts as he had seen them up to that point.

After the newspaperman had disappeared, Mr. Simsbury, the Superba man, turned to Mr. Chandler. "What a shame!" he said with a bit of a sneer. "That big Earthworm electric set is now at the bottom of the lake."

"I'm afraid it is," said Mr. Chandler. "Maybe we could get a frogman to go down there, put a cable around it and pull it up. But it would be in pretty bad shape. I suppose you'll want your five hundred dollars rent money back?"

"No," said Mr. Simsbury. "As long as nobody tries any salvage operations I am perfectly content. You can keep the five hundred."

"Thank you," said Mr. Chandler.

Mr. Simsbury then spoke to me. "I want to thank you, Mr. Botts," he said, "for being so clumsy as to dump that electric set in the lake. If the set had remained in good shape on dry land, those Dog River Ski people might have fooled around for weeks trying to make a deal to buy it. But now that it is definitely lost, and there are no other Earthworm sets available, I am sitting pretty. I will now drive over to the Dog River Ski Development and sell them a nice new Superba set. Good-by."

After he had left I congratulated Mr. Chandler. "You are an honest man," I said. "You have kept your agreement with Mr. Simsbury. You have the five hundred dollars. And we are all witnesses to Mr. Simsbury's assurance that you can keep the money as long as there are no salvage operations. I can assure you there will be no attempt at salvage by the Earthworm company, by our dealer or by myself. Furthermore, the Earthworm company assumes full responsibility for this accident. Your down payment will apply on an electric set which the Earthworm company has now promised for January delivery. Is all this satisfactory to you?"

"Absolutely," said Mr. Chandler.

I then grabbed our dealer, who had been a bit overwhelmed by the flow of language I had been pouring out. I escorted him to his car. And before he drove away I remarked that everybody should now be happy—except the Superba man.

"But what about Mike Savonarola over at Dog River?"

"He is feeling fine," I said. "He has beaten the deadline. He has avoided the penalty payments."

"What happened?"

"I delivered an electric set to him this afternoon."

"How could you do that? Where did you get it?"

"That's what Mike wanted to know. I did not exactly lie to him, but I talked to him in such a way that he has the idea I located the set down in Massachusetts somewhere. That is what he will tell the Superba salesman. The Superba salesman may, of course, have his doubts, but he can't prove anything. So he won't be able to get that five hundred back from Mr. Chandler."

"Listen, Mr. Botts, was it the set from my warehouse that you delivered to Mike? And was it just an empty box you shoved into the lake?"

"If it had been empty," I said, "it would have floated. Of course, there might have been some rocks in there. But we don't have to worry about that now. When you come to check up, you will find that the serial number on the set at the ski development is the same as the one on the set you had at your warehouse. So you have sold an electric set to Mike. Your sale to Mr. Chandler will go over in January. And your Superba competitor has just wasted five hundred dollars on one of your customers. Everything is wonderful."

So that just about wraps it up, Henderson, except for that set we have promised to deliver to Mr. Chandler in January. If our Production Department falls down again, just call on your chief trouble-shooter,

ALEXANDER BOTTS

THE END

"We're incompatible—but she's a heck of a lot more incompatible than I am."

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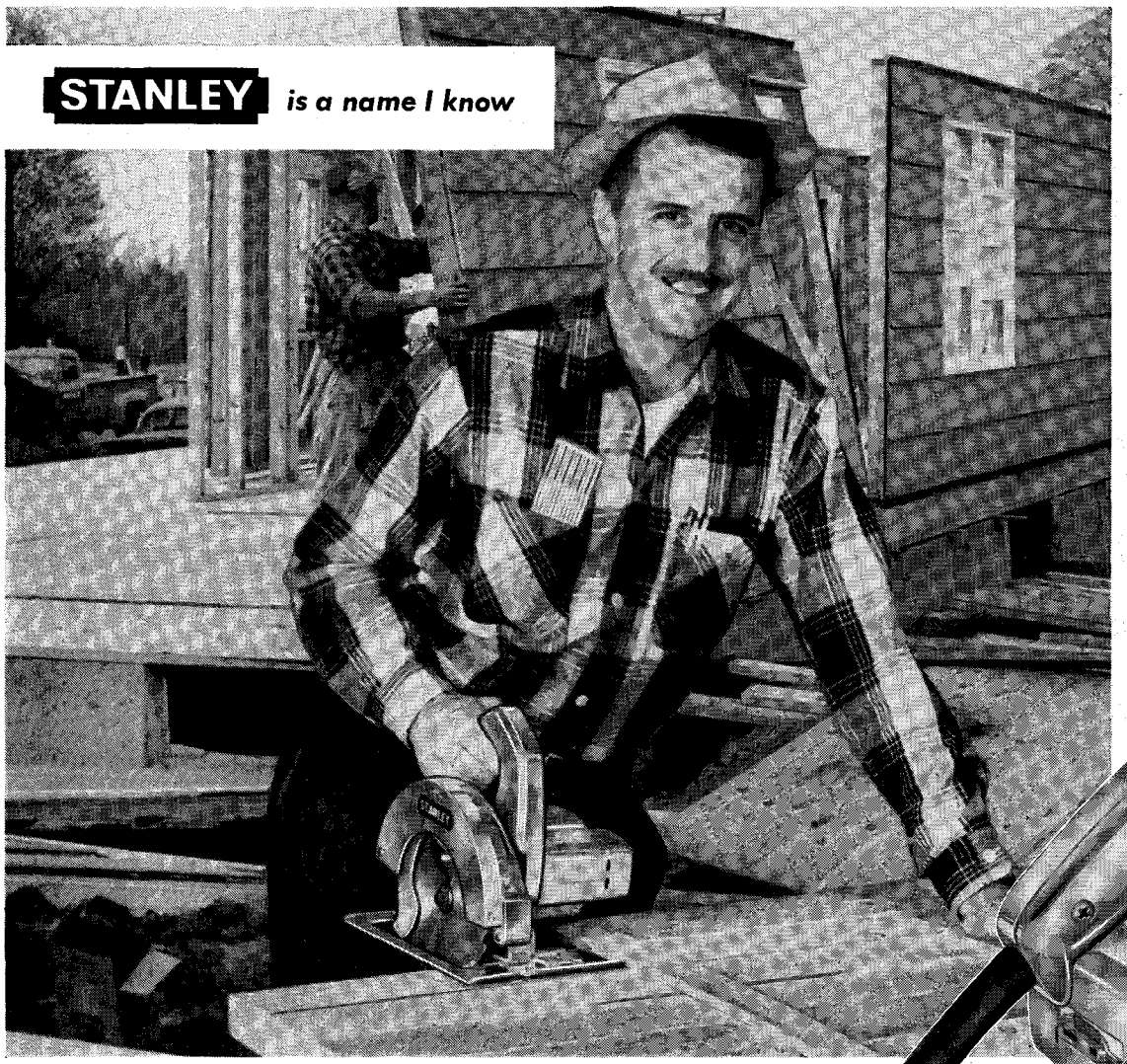

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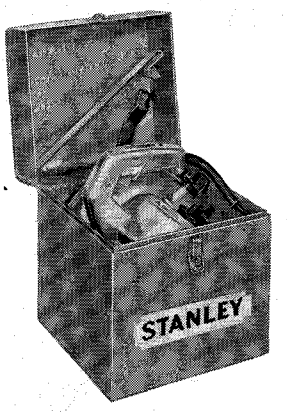

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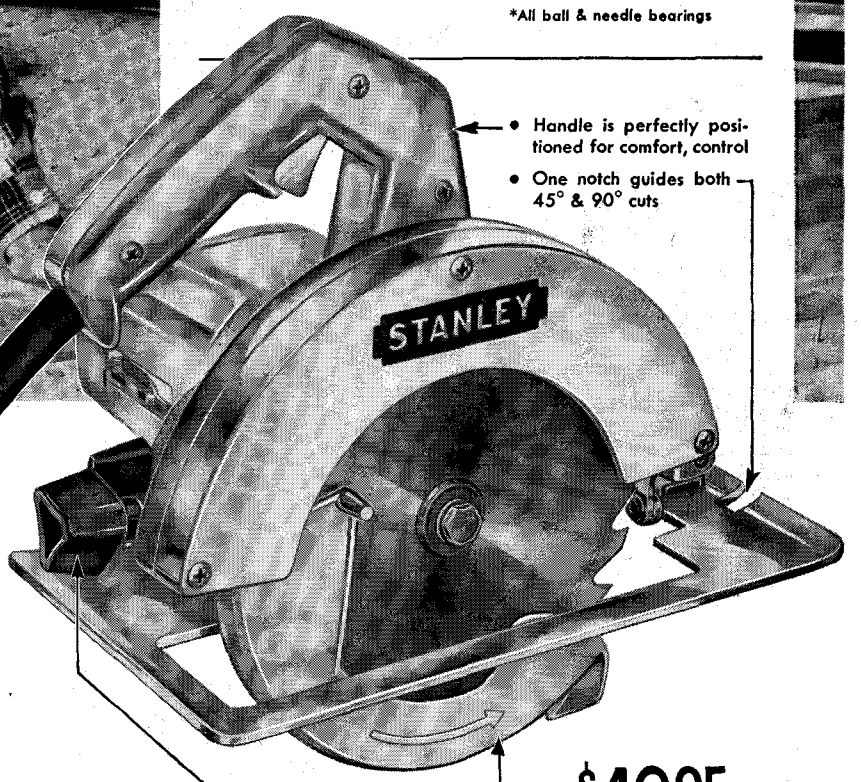

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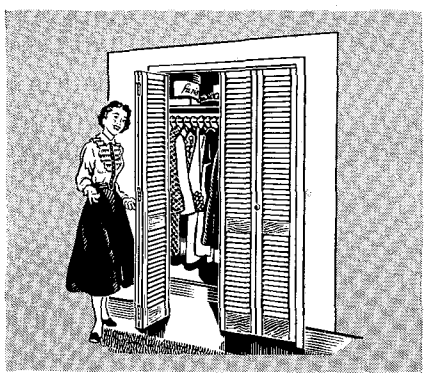

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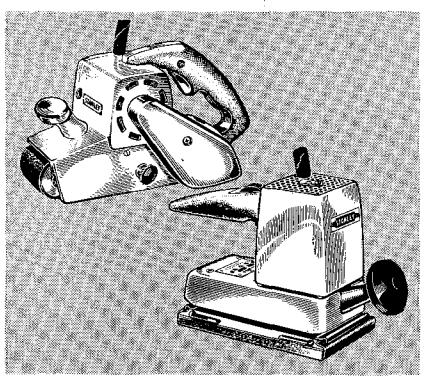

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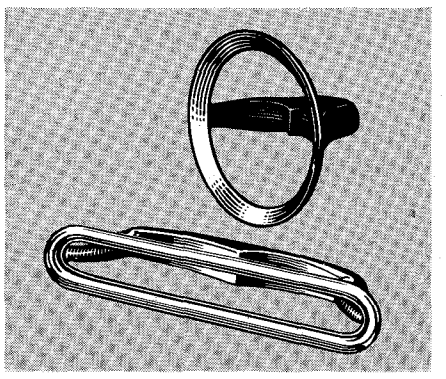

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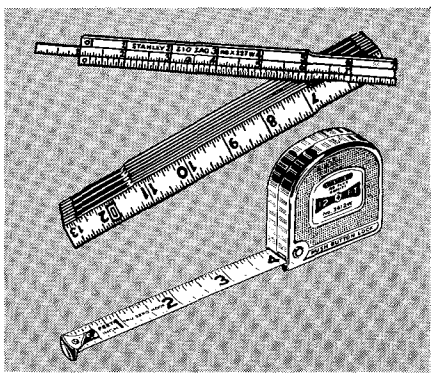

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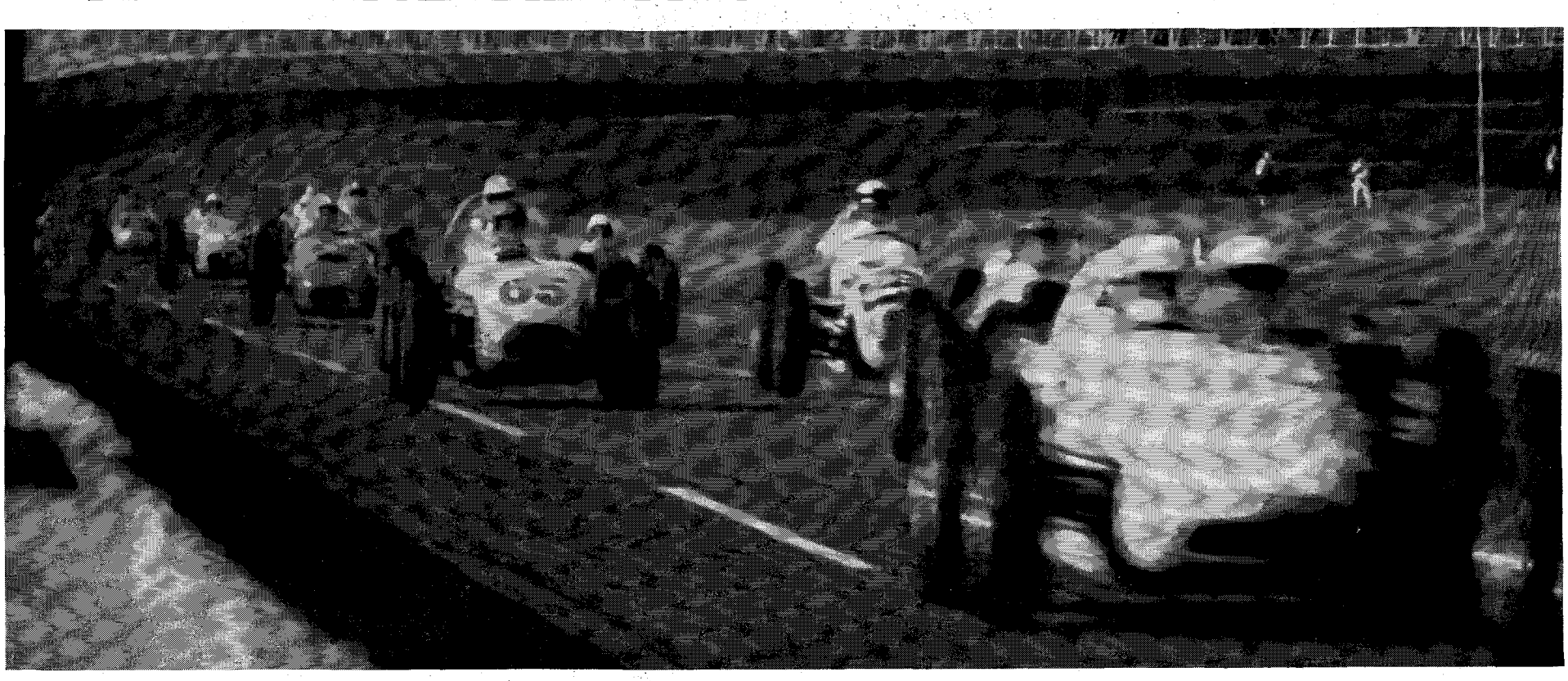
Firestone speedway research pays off here in safer tires for turnpike driving

FIRESTONE: ALWAYS A CHAMPION ON THE



Firestone safety research in action at Daytona's record 100-mile race

Firestone Rubber-X again proves why in world's*

Jim Rathmann, holder of world's record for 100 miles at 170.261 m.p.h., says: "On the throughway, as well as on the speedway, I want the safest, longest wearing tires that money can buy. Firestones are the champions in both places."

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In the fastest race ever run on wheels, nobody slowed down for the corners. They didn't have to at Daytona's new International Speedway, because highly pitched turns launched speeding cars into whip-cracking straightaways. Early in April, they circled this deep-dish course forty times in racing's hottest 100-mile test of men, motors and tires. Jim Rathmann covered it at a 170.261 mile-an-hour average—on Firestones. Professional drivers like Jim Rathmann know only Fire-

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tones are good enough to pass these supreme tests of tire safety and endurance. They know, too, that Firestone's proof of performance on the speedway means safer driving for you at highway and turnpike speeds. And that's important news to remember the next time you buy tires. Be sure you get the proved performance of Firestone Rubber-X, the longest wearing rubber ever used in Firestone tires. Buy now, on convenient terms if you wish, at your nearby Firestone Dealer or Store.

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The Untold Story of Little Rock

(Continued from Page 21)

A second basic cause for failure of our integration plan was that, while Little Rock had its die-hard extremists, the most effective opposition originated outside the city. It was initiated by segregationists in other sections of Arkansas and in other southern states where leaders of such organizations as the White Citizens' Council decided their own purposes would be best served by using their money and their influence to force a fight to the finish against integration at Little Rock rather than in their own home territory.

The theme for this outside campaign against Little Rock's plan was made clear in a public speech by Sen. James O. Eastland of Mississippi, when he warned the southern segregationists they could not afford to ignore integration in the border states. "The Deep South is all right," Eastland said, "but there is now being waged a tremendous conflict in the border states, which will determine what will happen to the Deep South. If the southern states are picked off one by one under the damnable doctrine of gradualism, I don't know if we can hold out or not."

On the basis of results to date, I doubt that any objective observer would deny that the intervention strategy of the White Citizens' Council was highly effective. They pulled no punches. They played upon the fears and prejudices of Southerners—emotions that are deeper even than most Southerners realize or admit. They used a few school children to stir up trouble, although it was amazing how large a percentage remained poised and tolerant. They took advantage of blunders by integrationists, some of whom were no more tolerant than the segregationists. They made the most of the peculiar, complex political currents that swirled around Governor Faubus.

Let me mention a few examples of what happened.

We had at least forty-three bomb scares at Little Rock Central High School after Negro students were admitted and, on five occasions, we found some kind of explosives, including dynamite, planted in the school building.

We worked out a highly secret plan with police and top telephone company officials to trap the persons responsible for anonymous telephone "tips" that bombs had been planted, only to be betrayed at the last moment by someone—never identified—who gave inside information about our arrangement to the bomb-scare gang.

Twenty-three fires were started at Central High School in wastebaskets, trash cans or lockers by children who were acting on their own or were inspired by their elders to create what one school official described in sworn testimony as "bedlam, chaos and confusion." Vandalism vastly increased inside the school, and a normal educational program was made impossible.

Many hundreds of vicious, anonymous threats were telephoned or telegraphed or mailed to me or my family, members of the school board, members of the school staff, newspapers, and radio and television stations.

Although it was never publicly disclosed until now, a bullet smashed into the side of my automobile one evening as I drove along a main street nearby home. On three different occasions I moved my family to another town because of threats to injure my wife and two daughters. Even my aging mother received a telephone call saying I would be shot the next day.

A costly and disgraceful hate campaign was conducted for months against me, members of my staff and the whole concept of respect for the Supreme Court decision. I was denounced in newspaper advertisements and leaflets as a "northern race-mixer," and many thousands of cards were distributed giving the holder permission "freely and energetically to kick the rump" of half a dozen persons, including myself, who were main targets of the segregationists. The cards were signed with a name something like that of President Eisenhower, who was titled "the goofus-in-chief." Other cards scattered through the city said, "If you believe in integration, take a nigger home to lunch—no, take two niggers."

I was inundated by letters from all over the country and from foreign lands, many of them expressing sympathy, but many others of a denunciatory character. Just to cite a couple of extreme communications, a New York lawyer said I could solve the entire problem by arranging for the two teen-age daughters of a prominent Little Rock citizen to ride through the streets in a convertible with two Negro boys. And a woman from Georgia, who regretted having voted for President Eisenhower, wrote that her advice would be to have all Negroes "chained, piled in one huge pile and burned alive."

I also received many newspaper clippings from abroad showing that the Little Rock school crisis had attracted attention in even the most remote corners of the world. There were big headlines about us in backwoods newspapers in Finland. A young American mountain climber at Gilgit, in Northwest Kashmir, reported there was "news about the Little Rock trouble on virtually every page" of the newspapers and people repeatedly asked him whether "the United States really practices democracy as it tells us." Photographs and newspaper stories appeared on the front pages in virtually every town in Europe, with the Communist papers featuring such headlines as: RACE HATERS STRIKE YOUNG NEGROES WHO ASSIST NINE BLACK STUDENTS TO ENTER HIGH SCHOOL! An Arkansas farmer visiting India commented in a letter that the Russian launching of the first earth satellite and the developments at Little Rock had been two serious psychological setbacks for the United States in that country of 380,000,000 dark-skinned people. The newspapers of Ghana carried reports to darkest Africa. The Moscow newspaper Pravda and the Vatican newspaper L'Osservatore Romano were agreed for perhaps the first time in history in criticizing Little Rock. In Venezuela, a mob that endangered Vice President Richard Nixon during his good-will tour of South America shouted, "Little Rock! What about Little Rock?"

I suppose that the more vicious activities of segregationist propagandists in Little Rock might have been dismissed as the work of a lunatic fringe but for the fact that behind them was a powerful, well-organized campaign of intimidation, deception, economic boycott and political pressure. I was often told by anonymous telephone callers that the segregationists intended to make an example of me, so that no other school superintendent in the South would dare respect the Supreme Court integration decision.

The political pressure in the beginning was directed most strongly at Governor Faubus and a few other high officials. The truth was that the Supreme Court decision put most southern politicians "on the spot" because they were called upon to enforce an unpopular edict from Washington. They generally resented it, and not a few of them made their attitude clear in carefully phrased statements that may have been technically proper, but which many uneducated Southerners misinterpreted as meaning they didn't have to obey the law. This feeling was strengthened when the governor of Arkansas used state troops in a way that interfered with integration. Governor Faubus himself, however, may have had serious doubts about the consequences of thwarting the law by calling out the troops. I was later informed that one of his associates had called a United States senator and asked whether, if the occasion arose, "you can keep him out of jail?" I don't know what the senator replied.

Segregationists were quick to take advantage of every opportunity to arouse racial antagonisms. Economic boycotts were organized against businessmen who favored moderation or even against those who employed a person who advocated respect for the law. Letters were sent to merchants and others warning them not to advertise—on penalty of boycott—in newspapers on the White Citizens' Council blacklist. A Mothers' League of Central High School was organized to carry on the segregationist campaign by telephone and word of mouth and neighborhood meetings—any method by which a few active workers could create an illusion of mass reaction.

Those who opposed such methods often suffered where it hurt most—in the pocketbook. The manager of one large company wrote a letter to the newspapers urging moderation and citing facts to show that the crisis was gravely damaging the city's economy. Actually, Little Rock had been enjoying a major economic boom, but after the integration trouble started many families moved elsewhere and, up to the time this was written in 1959, not a single new major industry decided, after (*Continued on Page 54*)

Alone Awake

By Herbert Merrill

I waken in the wilderness of night
Where shadows move about a burning moon,
And all my thoughts fly upward to its light,
Mothlike and futile. I shall weary soon
And close my eyes again and try to sleep.
For I'll not find you here, my love, though I
Have searched the black shores and the flow of deep
Blue darkness in the river of the sky.
Oh, I have been deceived a time or two:
Once when a flight of stars before the dawn
Hovered like golden birds, I turned to you,
Sharing their loveliness, but you were gone.
And for me there were no more singing stars,
Only my heart that fluttered at its bars.

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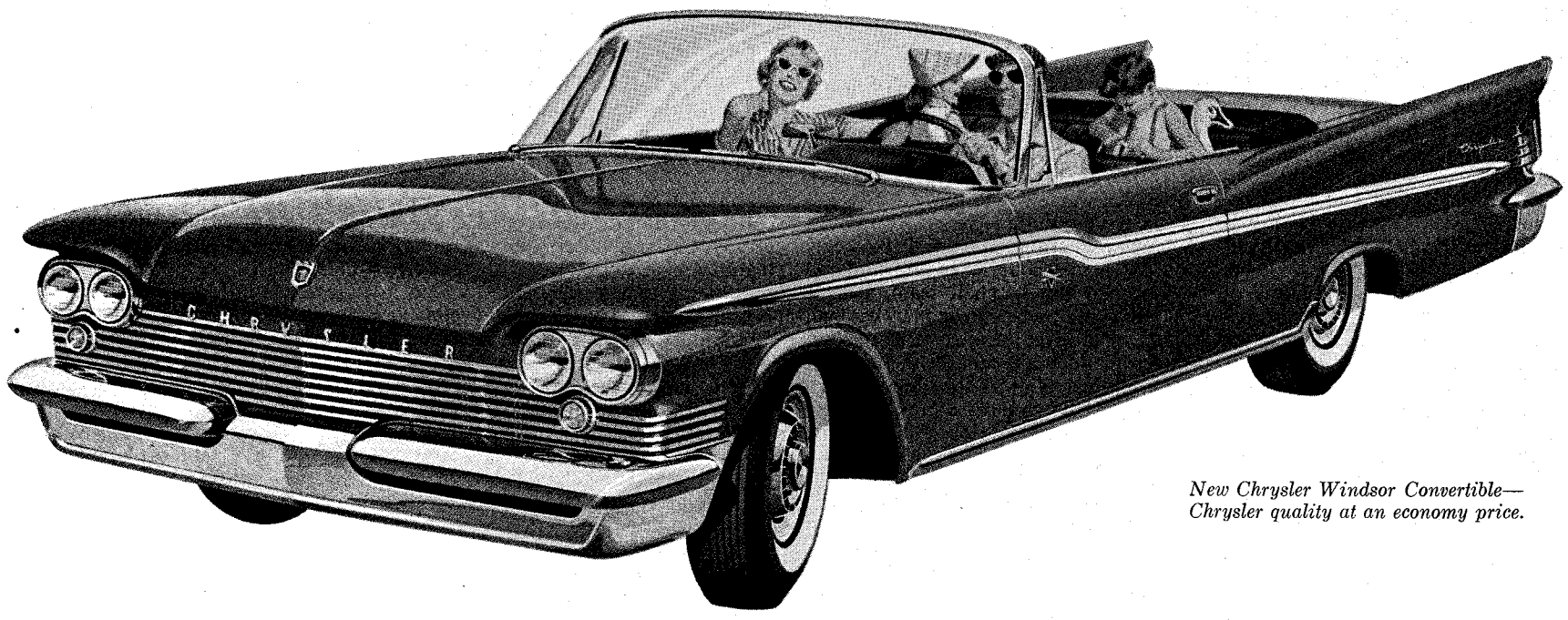

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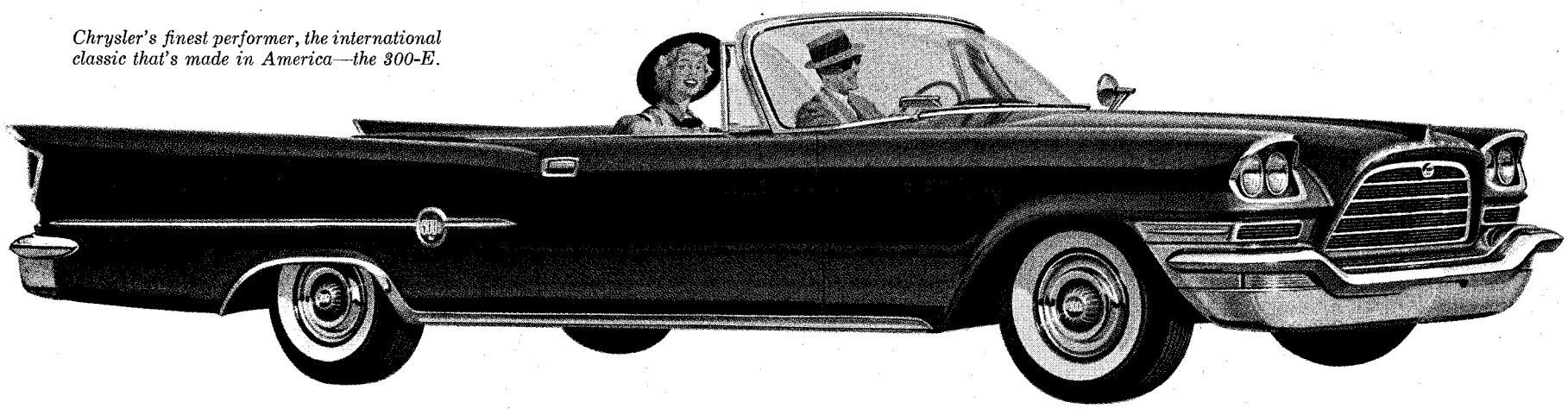

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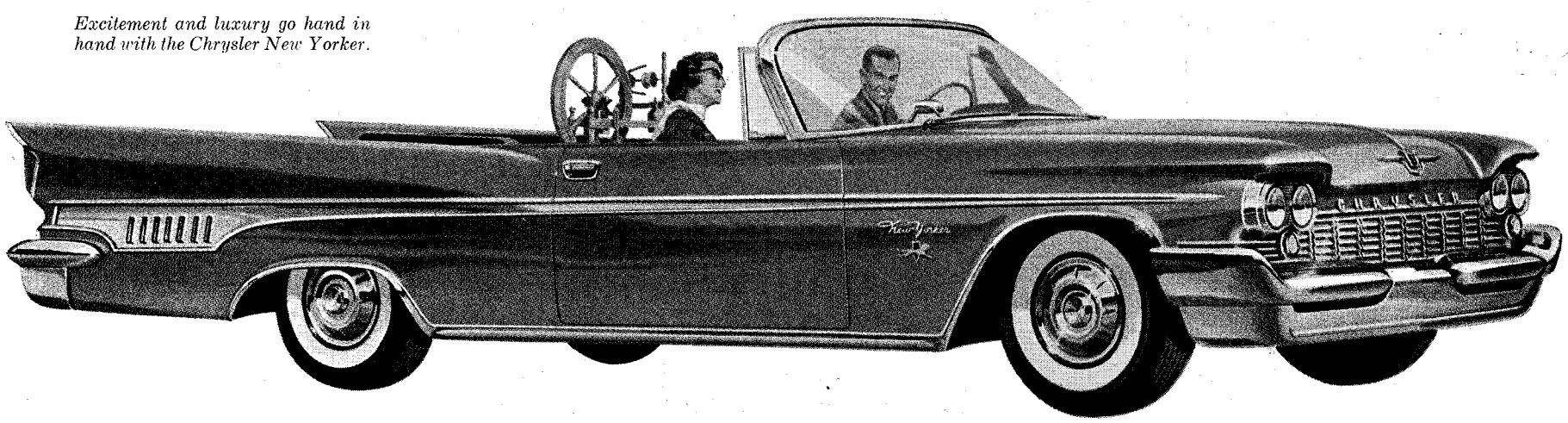

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(*Continued from Page 52*) the beginning of the trouble, to move into the city's industrial area. Such facts, however, were easily ignored by the extremists. The day after the manager's letter appeared, his biggest competitor blossomed out in the newspapers with a letter that, while ostensibly a rebuttal, was actually an indirect appeal to customers to boycott the company whose manager had dared to appeal to reason.

In the end, the result was not much different from the fate of various foreign countries that have fallen under a rule of fear. Free speech was almost stifled, except for those who agreed with the extremists. Men were afraid to express their real opinions because of the threat of economic retribution. The formerly good relations between the races gave way to resentfulness. Political pressures mounted and a kind of hysteria gripped the people so that they lost their sense of proportion in matters affecting good government and were concerned only with "keeping the niggers out" of white schools. A few men around the governor—some with political ambitions and some seeking power behind the throne for personal reasons—were quick to take advantage of this situation. Using the integration issue as a smoke screen, they were able to build up a powerful political machine and to encourage the legislature to give the office of governor extraordinary powers, particularly over school affairs.

If you should feel that I am exaggerating, let me point out that under the pressure of segregationists the legislature with hardly a dissenting vote gave the governor, among other things, the power arbitrarily to close schools by proclamation to prevent integration and summarily to remove any school-board member or school employee who failed to cooperate. He also acquired other powers of a dictatorial character.

I had long been friendly with many members of the legislature and knew that a large number were reasonable and moderate men. Nevertheless, they voted for the governor's program. "I don't approve at all of what is being done," several of them told me later. "If it were merely a question of losing my political office, I would not hesitate to vote against the program. But I can't afford to do it because of what would happen to my business."

Let me cite a couple of examples of what can happen in such a dangerous political climate. At one time, a legislative committee working on bills to tighten the state's segregation laws sent members of the state police to interview teachers at Central High School in regard to disorders arising from integration of the school. The interviews were "voluntary," but naturally the teachers always agreed because they did not want to be put in the position of refusing to co-operate with the legislature. After a short time, however, some of them complained to me that the reports of the interviews misrepresented what they had said. This was brought to the attention of officials, but the misrepresentation did not cease until I hired a court stenographer to take down everything that was said at interviews with teachers. Then the state police ceased to ask for any interviews.

Politics and prejudice and fear of economic pressures can frustrate even the best-intentioned men. In November, 1958, one of the most respected and progressive civic leaders of Little Rock declined to join a proposed effort by outstanding citizens to solve the integration crisis because, he said, a boycott by the state's segregationists would ruin the business of all who participated.

"You had all just as well recognize," he told a meeting of prominent businessmen, "that we are now living in a police state."

Since I hope these articles will shed some light on a grave national problem, the reader has a right to know something about my background as a school administrator.

I was born in 1906 in Brookfield, Missouri, where my father was city collector for twenty-nine years. As a boy, I was big and strong enough to be tackle on the high-school football team and catcher on the baseball team. I later played some semiprofessional baseball and I might even have tried to make a career in athletics except for the fact that I got into trouble with the school principal in my junior year. I don't remember what I had done, but the principal gave me a choice of two punishments—stay after school every day for a month or enter the school oratorical contest, in which there weren't many entries.

I chose oratory and discovered that scholastic achievement could be as exciting as football. I represented Brookfield in contests with other high schools from various parts of the state for the next two years. I won a score of gold medals and was defeated only once.

After high school there wasn't enough money for me to go to college and I worked at various jobs until State Senator Walter Brownlee got me appointed as a clerk in the legislature. Later, at the age of eighteen, I became the reading clerk in the senate.

In 1926 I got an athletic scholarship at Missouri Valley College at Marshall. I had to sweep out classrooms and do other odd jobs but my school expenses were free. I played football and baseball, majored in education and received my degree in 1930. Later, I received my master of science degree from the University of Arkansas and I also took special courses at Northwestern University.

The big economic depression had started when I left college, and I was lucky to get a job teaching and coaching athletics in the high school at Fayetteville, Arkansas. The hours were long and the pay was $150 a month to start with. In the next year, everybody suffered three pay cuts totaling 33⅓ per cent, and when I received my contract for the following year I promptly returned it. Then I met Miss Clarrene Tribble, daughter of the mayor of Fayetteville and a teacher of mathematics, and hurried to get my contract back. After signing it, I made a date with Clarrene. We were married in 1934 and have two daughters.

In 1935 I went to Okmulgee, Oklahoma, as teacher and athletic director, but three years later returned to Fayetteville as principal of the high school with the understanding that I would soon become superintendent, as I did in 1942. One of my first acts as superintendent was to expand educational facilities for Negro students. At that time there was no Negro senior high school in the city. With the co-operation of the board of education, I arranged for graduates of the Negro junior high school to go to Fort Smith, sixty-five miles away, where they could attend a Negro high school. The Fayetteville school district paid their transportation, living and school expenses.

In the eleven years I was superintendent of schools, Fayetteville grew rapidly, and the school system was greatly expanded and reorganized. For example, we annexed seventeen adjacent school districts—almost 500 children—that had no high-school facilities. Leaders of the community were fully aware of school needs. They not only raised taxes, but formed a volunteer group of about 125 civic leaders to co-operate with the county assessor and the board of equalization in a reappraisal of all property—boosting assessments by approximately one third.

It was a remarkable example of civic enterprise and eventually it made Fayetteville schools a show place that was studied by educators from many parts of the country. In about a decade the school budget was almost doubled. A new high school and new elementary schools were built, and other facilities were expanded at a cost of less than $2,000,000. A complete lunch program was organized. In addition, through community effort, some $200,000 was raised to build a handsome athletic field which is also a much-used community recreation area.

The school program attracted wide attention, and I suppose it was mainly responsible for the fact that city officials, civic clubs and the churches organized in 1953 what they called Virgil Blossom Appreciation Day. I'm sure nobody appreciated it as much as I did. There was a big dinner sponsored by the chamber of commerce, and I was presented with a Distinguished Citizen award.

Actually, Fayetteville's appreciation day was a farewell gesture to me, but I trust it was not because they were eager to see me go. I had, in January of 1953, signed a contract to become superintendent of schools at Little Rock, effective July first. In January I began attending regular meetings of the Little Rock School Board to acquaint myself with its problems and the school program. This system, however, did not work out satisfactorily for all concerned, and after a few weeks the interim superintendent at Little Rock resigned. For the next five months I was superintendent of schools both at Fayetteville and Little Rock, and I more or less commuted between the two cities, which are 200 miles apart.

The Little Rock School Board was deeply involved in problems of expansion. In 1952 it had authorized an eight-mill increase in the tax levy to be submitted to the voters in March of 1953 as part of a $4,000,000 building program. So I stepped out of a building program at Fayetteville and into a still larger one at Little Rock—with my first job the promotion of a favorable vote on the tax increase. Fortunately, the increase was approved by a two-to-one margin, and the building program got under way. These include three major high schools, two junior high schools, six elementary schools, and additions—some very large—to sixteen other schools.

It was while I was hard at work on the Little Rock building program that I had to take a trip to New York to consult with Wall Street financial experts on handling the $4,000,000 bond issue. At one office I happened to be glancing at a magazine when my attention was caught by a drawing that showed a young Negro looking at the glistening white-marble home of the Supreme Court of the United States in Washington. The court at that time had under consideration the so-called five "great cases" on integration of schools. They were technically known as Brown v. Board of Education because that suit, originating in Topeka, Kansas, was the first on the list of five. All five cases had been before the court since 1952, had been argued and, at the request of the court, reargued in 1953 and were still undecided. They presented a variety of related situations, but it was obvious that they constituted a major legal effort to force the integration of public schools in the South.

Looking at the drawing in the magazine, I was struck by the questioning look in the eyes of the Negro youth and by the caption: WILL THE COURT HAVE THE COURAGE?

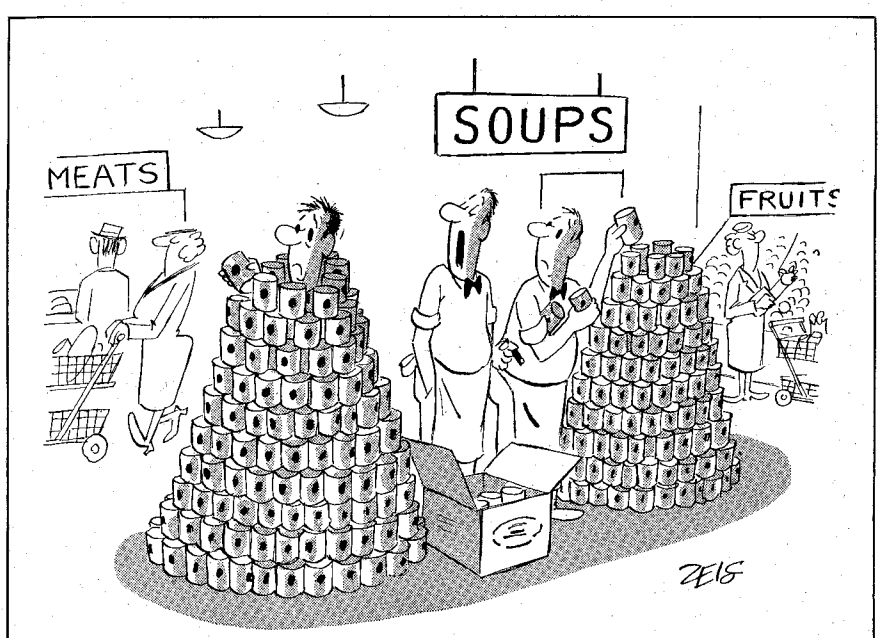
That picture and that question popped back into my mind many times as I went about my business in New York and returned to Little Rock. I kept thinking that this might well be my problem one of these days, just as it was now the problem of nine men sitting in Washington. I could not, of course, foresee that it would be a problem packed with anger and turmoil and the awful presence of mobs in the streets. I could not foresee that it would create a catastrophic emotional crisis; nor could I, by any stretch of the imagination, have guessed what it would do to a typical American city of 120,000 persons.

But the picture stayed in my mind and, finally, I brought up the subject at a meeting of the board of education.

"Perhaps," I said, "we should begin now to study in a preliminary way what we would do if the court orders an end to segregation in the schools. It might be wise for us to have some kind of plan."

There wasn't much comment or much enthusiasm in response to my suggestion, but in the end the president of the board summed it up by saying, "Let's wait until we come to that bridge before we try to cross it."

I nodded my agreement. But then I didn't realize how close we were to the bridge or how hazardous would be the crossing. None of us did.



"Johnson just can't seem to get the hang of it."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Next week Mr. Blossom describes how agitators from out of state helped stir up an atmosphere of hysteria before the opening of school. —THE EDITORS

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Timberbeast (Continued from Page 26)

no cap on her copper-colored hair, for she was not an R.N. She knew he was watching her as she moved about the room. She had no trouble recalling him when he came back a week later to have the stitches taken out.

He was again wearing his work clothing—hickory shirt and black jeans stiff with pitch, stagged off calf-high, held up by heavy suspenders two inches wide; he came padding in in thick wool socks because he'd left his enormous logger boots with the soles bristling with steel calks outside the door.

He asked her for a date. She coolly and definitely refused him. Surprisingly he threw back his head and laughed. "I don't blame you," he said, looking down at himself. "But honest, I won't be wearin' this riggin'."

"Well, thanks," she said coolly, "but no, thanks. And good-by."

"Not good-by," he said definitely. "I'll be around." For some reason her eyes followed him as he left.

Next day he had shown up at the bank and introduced himself to her father, as if it were the most normal thing in the world to inform the cashier of the town bank that you intend to call at his home on his daughter, which was exactly what Jerry did.

He wasn't wearing his "rigging," as promised. He wore a suit at least as good as those her father wore, and his white shirt was immaculate, his shoes impeccably shined. While she was still gaping at this transformation, she found herself whisked off to Kelly's for steaks. This, now, at Nick's, was their third date in as many weeks.

She looked at him. He was still big and brash and sometimes oddly disconcerting. And he was much, much more. She said slowly, thoughtfully, "What do I think? I think so, too, Jerry. Yes—I think this is it."

He said swiftly, huskily, almost growling it, "Let's get out of here!"

Nick, coming with a tall slender bottle, said in a startled voice, "'Ey, where you go, eh?"

Jerry slapped a bill into the hand not holding the bottle, and shook it vigorously. "Why," he said delightedly, "we're going to get married, old buddy!"

"Well," said Nick philosophically, "w'en you don' eat you *pasta*, can't stop for 'nother bottle wine—maybe is better you get married." He gave them both his most brilliant smile. "W'en you come back is ever'theenga onna house. Wedding present from old Nick. And good luck, eh? Long life. Lotsa bambinos."

Jerry grinned widely. "We'll be back and let you know," he promised.

They were married within the month. The wedding was beautiful; the honeymoon was thoroughly satisfactory. Their homecoming was strange, in a way; coming home to her father's house, in Galeysburg, that was—a quick visit and a gathering up of the boxes and bundles of last-minute things—and then home to Iverson Logging Company's Camp Nine.

It was roughly fifty miles from Galeysburg across the mountains to the city. Twenty miles from Galeysburg a dirt road met the highway, at Gavrin's Pass. At the end of twenty miles of this rough dirt road lay Camp Nine; two streets bulldozed out of the thick-timbered slope for the board-and-batten family houses, and Brass Collar Row, a shorter street of double-sized shacks. Beyond the enormous cookhouse and camp offices lay the bunkhouses of the single or detached men, and shops and commissary and storehouses.

Home was one of the single cabins—a bedroom, a living room, a kitchen and bath, with a porch tacked on at the kitchen end. Someone had scrubbed and swept it to gleaming cleanness, and with bride's curtains at the too-few, too-small windows, and slip covers on the third-hand furniture and the wedding-gift tufted spread on the big double bed, it was a very special little cottage in a street of similar cabins.

"So it's a shack," said Jerry expansively. "With you in it, princess, it's a palace." He set her down after carrying her ceremoniously over the threshold, kissed her with conviction and departed to pick up things he'd left at the bunkhouse.

He returned shortly to dump a double armload of stuff on the porch; tin hat and Mackinaw coat and raincoat and heavy calked boots. (She was given to understand that they were cork boots—a timberbeast never called them calks.) Then she demanded, "And what are those filthy things?"

Jerry said, "Those are merely my work pants, ma'am. Why?"

"Well, they certainly could stand washing!"

He cried in a tone as horrified as if she had suggested setting fire to his grandmother, "Wash my work pants? Woman, have you gone stark staring mad? Why, they're just barely pitched enough so's a jagger won't snatch 'em clean off me now!"

She looked at him dazedly. "What's a jagger?"

He grinned and gathered her in and kissed her tenderly on the tip of her nose. "Kitten, you've got a hundred years to learn to talk timberbeast. Now what do you say we check our new domicile?"

The cabin, it seemed, was designed for something about halfway between camping out and playing house. The bath was just that; a cubicle perhaps four feet square, floored with galvanized metal and a wooden-slat arrangement, with two unmarked cast-iron handles and a shower head above. There was a galvanized tank in the corner of the kitchen wherein water, heated by coils in the firebox of the kitchen range, was stored. There was a kitchen sink and a hand basin, and out on the bit of a porch was a perfectly good nonautomatic washer which could be filled via a hose connected to the kitchen-sink taps.

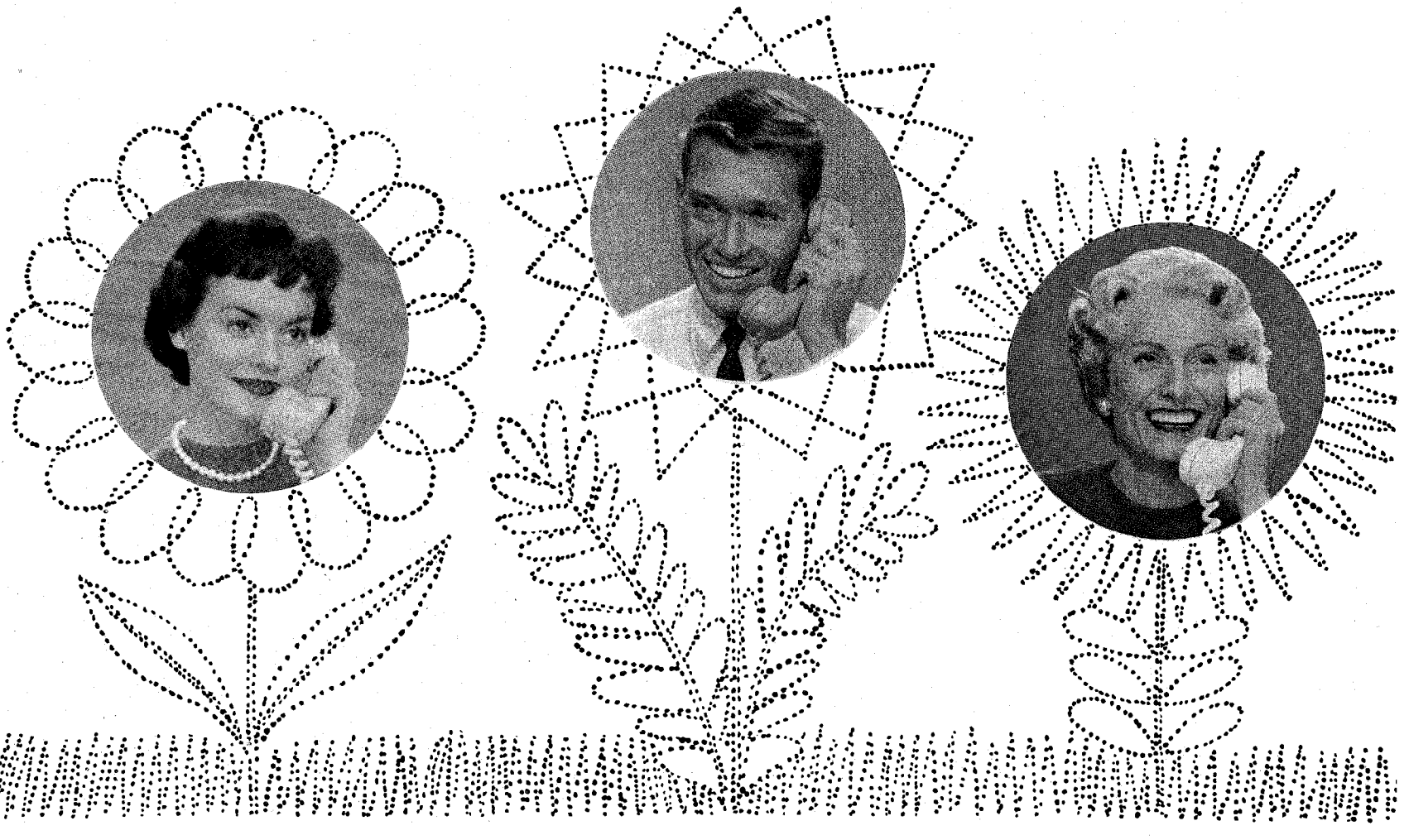
Barbara looked somewhat dubiously at Jerry. "Maybe you'd better give me that palace bit again," she said.

Jerry grinned approvingly. "Stout girl. Just do it like this. Close your eyes and say to yourself, 'I am a princess; this is my palace,' and when you open your eyes, bingo!—the whole thing turns into a pumpkin!" Then he grabbed her up and twirled her and put her down, helpless with laughter. In that glow, it was a wonderful little house.

Next door lived George and Nora Summers. George was big—all these timberbeasts were enormous, it seemed—and George was big and quiet and dryly humorous. Nora was fair and pretty and quick and somewhat harassed by three youngsters all under four years of age. Nora was a marvel. She knew who had an icebox for sale, and which camp boy could be depended on to haul ice from the camp store in a coaster wagon. She knew all about dampers and drafts and generally how to manage the sullen, black wood-burning kitchen range. She even knew about shivarees.

That happened the third evening after they moved in. Jerry and George clattered off in George's noisy pickup, came

Keep friendships blooming with



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back before dark to dump case after case of canned beer and soft drinks in the nonautomatic washer and a couple of galvanized tubs donated by Nora. A couple of enormous boxes of food went into the kitchen. Jerry looked around the tiny living room.

"Better get those fragile little things down," he said, "and the shelves with them, and put 'em in the bedroom. And lock the bedroom."

"I take it," said Barbara, "that we're going to have a party."

Jerry said half grimly, "We're about to be shivareed."

"What's that, and how do you know?"

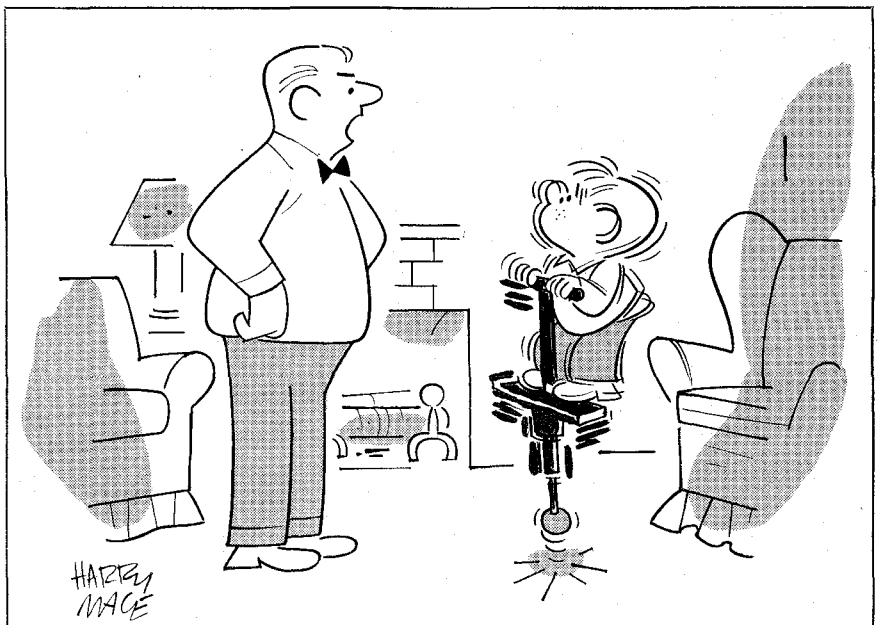
"A bird told me. A big black burly bird. It's a kind of a housewarming, timberbeast style. I'd suggest you get your face on straight, wear something that won't rip easily, and then just relax and ride with it."

Barbara murmured, "Maybe I should polish up my brass knuckles."

Jerry grinned. "Brass knuckles wouldn't mean a thing in this crowd, Kitten. Just take a deep breath and have fun."

Despite advance warning, Barbara screamed and leaped about a foot at the first crash of sound. There was a continuing horrendous racket of enthusiastic bell ringing and washtub beating, plus the skyward blasting of a shotgun. There was even an inspired cymbalist in the crowd, banging happily away with a pair of garbage-can lids. When Jerry opened the door, it seemed to her he was washed back by a veritable tide of timberbeasts and timberbeasts' wives and timberbeasts' children.

She'd have sworn ten people couldn't have crowded into the tiny living room, but at least forty somehow managed it. The overflow went out the front door and admitted more via the kitchen, and the overflow apparently went around and came in again, each time thoughtfully providing itself with another can of beer or bottle of pop from the porch.



"Stand still when your father is speaking to you."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

They were friendly, though a trifle loud, and as the evening wore on and the beer vanished, they grew louder. Along about midnight a halfhearted attempt was made to kidnap the bride, an attempt broken up by Nora and a couple of other women, armed with brooms.

A somewhat more serious attempt was made to kidnap the bridegroom, and a short, noisy and exceedingly violent battle started between the porch and the woodshed, where Jerry and George stood back to back, dealing out half-laughing, half-serious cuffs and blows that would have strained muscles and cracked bones in lesser men.

About two o'clock the shivaree began to die a natural death. Timberbeasts' wives who had already tucked their children in began to coax, cajole and in some cases almost literally drag timberbeast husbands away. Nora stayed long enough to stack dishes and promise help on the morrow.

Jerry, who had lost every button and one of the pockets off his shirt, hunted for a cigarette, groaned half happily, half dismally, "Why, oh, why, did I have to be such a gay dog when my old buddies got married off?"

Barbara managed a smile. She unlocked the bedroom door, went in and fell across the bed, bounced off and screamed. Someone had managed to get into the room and had wired a cowbell to the bedsprings.

This timberbeast's world was like nothing she had ever known. Jerry rose at an implausibly early hour and ate at least enough breakfast for two men and departed, his bright tin hat cocked at a go-to-hell tilt, his lunch bucket under one arm, Jerry enormous in hickory shirt and stiffly-pitched pants, his cork boots clumping and crunching as he walked. She soon came to know that logger stride, the stiff-ankled step with an almost dainty catlike lift of the foot so as not to hang up the corks on the forward reach. Aside from which, these timberbeasts were about as dainty as bulldozers.

He came home in late afternoon, sweaty as a plow horse, literally dirt-crusted, a clownish clean area around mouth and eyes only, recognizable only by his white grin, happily tired and impossibly hungry, and what he wanted wasn't cool green things, no matter how stifling hot it might be, but slabs of meat and mounds of potatoes and plenty of whatever else went with that foundation.

Barbara also somewhat horrifiedly discovered that Jerry meant it—that she quite literally was never to wash his pitchy jeans. They went from counter to grave without benefit of baptism. Yet he used up clean work shirts almost as fast as she could wash and iron them.

She increased her vocabulary with a fascinating assortment of words, including "catface" and "jilpoke" and "molly hogan." Then there were the ubiquitous "corks," "widow-makers" and "skid road."

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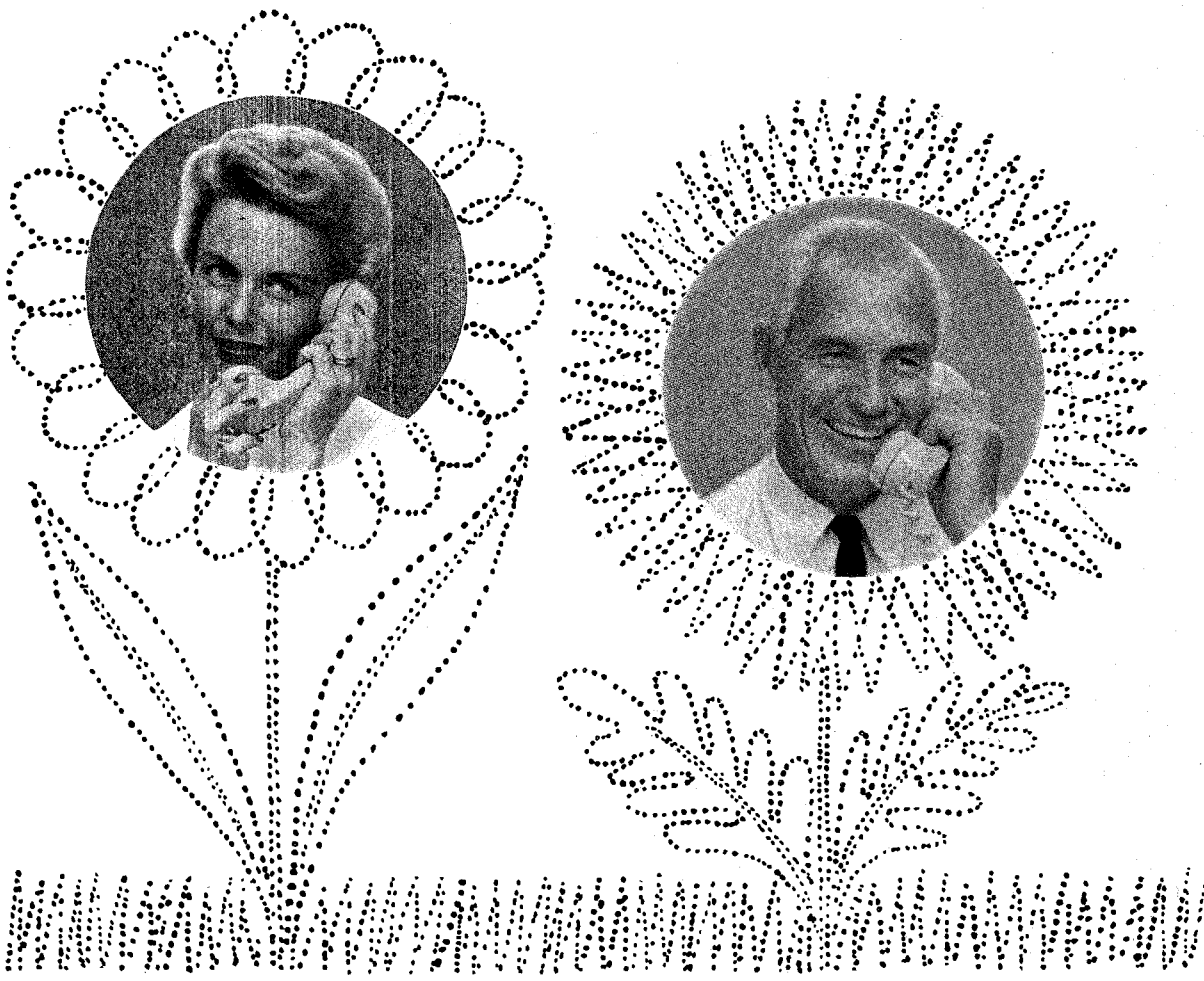

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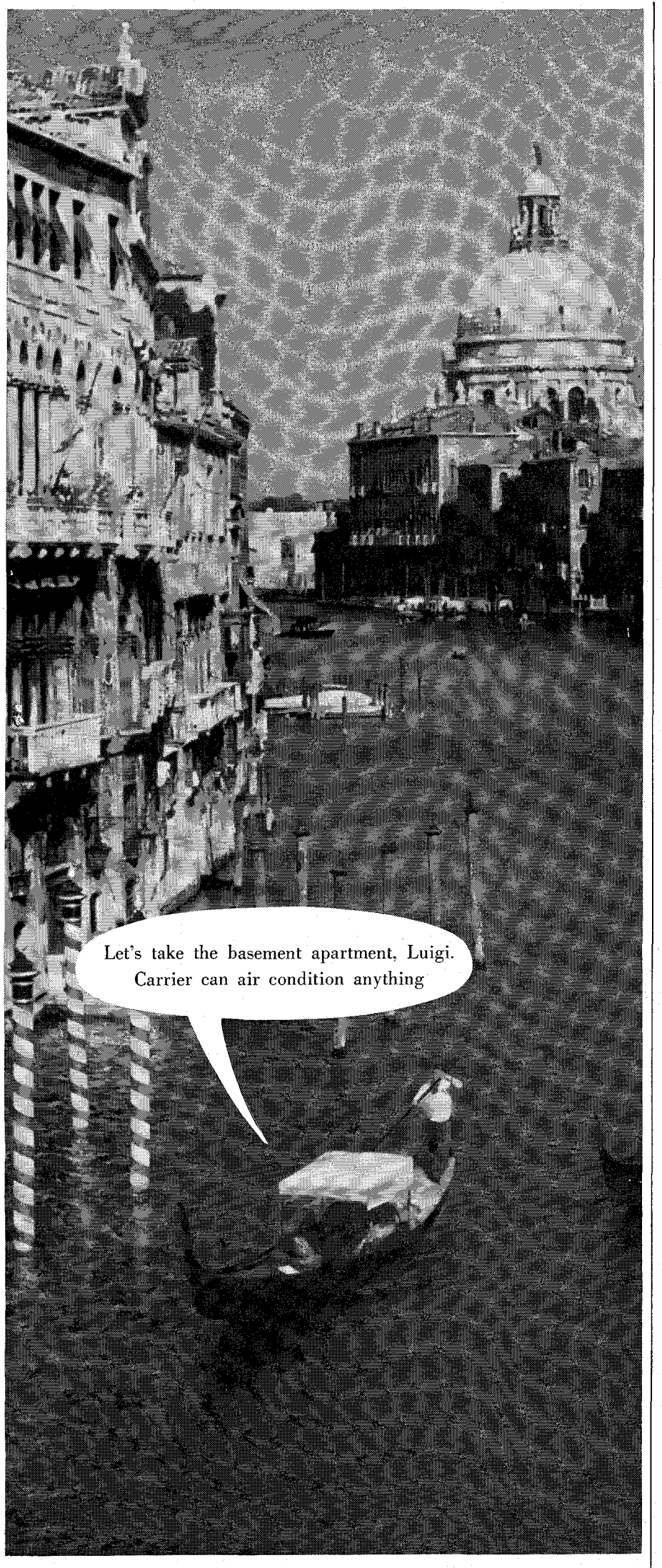

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A widow-maker—dread word—was a limb or chunk caught high in the limbs of another tree, and timberbeast tradition had it that an honest-to-John widow-maker would hang for six weeks, waiting for someone to walk under it. The skid road was what the old horse loggers and bull-punchers had brought their logs in on, and it was the section of town where the old loggers were wont to hang out, and the only people who called it "skid row" were a bunch of sorry scissorbills who didn't know a bull block from a cant hook. Or so she was informed.

Then there was the humidity. Low humidity meant increased fire hazard, and with too-low humidity the woods operation was simply shut down for the rest of the day. The first time it happened, Jerry was home before noon, which was fine, but next morning the alarm clock made its racket two hours before its unreasonable normal. Barbara looked at it blurrily and groaned dismally and hauled the covers over her head again.

It didn't do any good. Jerry, who woke at any hour chipper and full of beans, was up and dressed and loudly declaiming that he was a growing boy in need of his breakfast. Barbara snarled at him. She was instantly sorry, but there it was. As far as she was concerned, waking up in the morning was something that had to be put up with until some better way of beginning a day was invented. As far as this waking business was concerned, she considered it merely bearable when it was conducted with soft decorum and a minimum of jostling and loud talk until after the third cup of coffee.

So the third time Jerry shook her, vigorously, she snarled at him. She snarled good and loud and long.

"Well, all right!" said Jerry, retiring to the kitchen.

Contrite, but still feeling too inhuman to state it, she got up and took over making breakfast. By the time she'd had her second cup of coffee, Jerry was ready for work.

He leaned to kiss her, rather tentatively, and she was sorry enough about her behavior to kiss him with enough fervor that he came up for air and said in mock alarm, "Hey, I got to go to work!" She smacked him, but not very hard, and it was all right again.

When she thought he was gone, he suddenly stuck his tin-hatted head back in the kitchen door and whispered hoarsely, "Hey, beautiful, if you can duck that ugly old man of yours, how's about me comin' around to see you tonight, hey?"

She threw her dish sponge at him, and he left, shouting gleefully. Sometimes she wondered what the neighbors thought.

She thought she heard the hooting of the crew speeder early in the afternoon, but the timberbeasts did not appear. Then Nora came across the narrow dirt yard separating the two houses.

"That was an ambulance going up toward the shop," she said.

A cold hand grasped at Barbara's heart. "An ambulance?" she said stupidly. "Where would an ambulance —— I mean, why?"

"Have to come from town," said Nora. "Somebody's hurt."

Barbara said, dry-throated, "You mean, in the woods, somebody was hurt, is that it? Would they—hadn't we ought to ——"

Nora gave her an almost convincing smile. "They'd—somebody would let us know, if ——" She didn't say if what. Barbara looked up the dusty street. There was someone coming. It was—dear God, it was—it was Jerry. He wasn't carrying his lunch bucket. He walked slowly, his tin hat was shoved back on his head as he came to the kitchen porch. Without looking at each other the women went to meet him.

Barbara had to swallow before she spoke. "Jerry," she said, "Jerry, what is it?"

Jerry looked at them. He said quite clearly and matter-of-factly, "Damn it!" Then he took off his tin hat and hurled it the length of the porch, where it hit something, bottle or glass jar, and shattered it.

In a hard, controlled voice, Nora said, "Is it George? Is it George, Jerry?"

Jerry looked up, as if he hadn't seen them before. "No," he said quickly. "No, it isn't George, Nora. He's all right."

"Then what?" said Barbara. "What is it, Jerry?"

"It was Mick," said Jerry. "Damn it, the fool knew better than to stand in like that! He ought to know he could get killed like that! Brought the turn in to the deck, and I knocked the bells loose and gave the donkey puncher the thumb, and he picked 'em up, and that crazy Mick standing right there when one of the chokers hung and the log rolled!"

Barbara remembered Mick. A particular friend of Jerry's, rough and gruff and oddly shy, and no more real harm in him than in a collie pup. She liked Mick.

She said unbelievingly, "He's—he's dead, Jerry? Mick is?"

Jerry said fiercely, "That's what I said, wasn't it? The crazy fool, he ——" He sat down suddenly on the porch steps and crossed his arms on his knees and dropped his head to his arms. Barbara stared helplessly down at him. Nora drew back, taking Barbara with her.

"Come on," Nora said. "I imagine he'll want to be alone a little while. Those big tough ones hate to have anybody see 'em hurtin'. I'll get you that bottle George thinks he's got hid out on me, and after a while you get a drink and some grub into him and he'll be all right."

Not knowing what else to do, Barbara went along. They heard the log train whistle for the camp crossing, and a few minutes later the timberbeasts came straggling home, clumping quietly in their cork boots, without their normal chaffing and calling back and forth.

When Barbara went home, Jerry was in the shower. He ate a silent supper, then announced shortly he was going over to the bunkhouses for a while. He came back late.

She awoke during the night and knew somehow he was not sleeping. "Jerry?" she said, tentatively and sleepily.

Not quite harshly, he said, "Go to sleep, Kitten. Go to sleep."

They made the fifty-mile drive to the city for the funeral, which was attended by perhaps a dozen of the other timberbeasts. Mick, it seemed, had no family, and the services were short, conducted by a minister who had never known Mick, the rest of the committal handled by equally impersonal, if skilled, professionals.

Jerry and the others sat through the whole thing quietly and properly and soberly, and when it was all over, Jerry gave Barbara some money and suggested she might have some shopping to do, and then promptly disappeared. He showed up at their usual hotel-lobby rendezvous hours later, in the company of three other timberbeasts, and they were, to put the matter as kindly as possible, not painfully sober.

Jerry ushered her and his friends to the car with great dignity and gravity, handed her the keys, and climbed in.

"I s'pose," he said with painful clarity, "that 'twas as good a send-off as they could give 'im. Le's go home." He leaned back in the seat and was promptly asleep. Barbara drove them home.

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Jerry was up with the first click of the alarm next morning, ate a silent breakfast and went to work with no further sign.

Next weekend, thank heaven, was payday weekend. She was dressed and waiting when Jerry arrived home. He shed cork boots and tin hat on the back porch, whistled loudly and appreciatively at her, emptied his pockets on the kitchen table, took off his shirt and pants and hurled them onto the back porch, shed shorts and socks on his way into the shower, where he turned on the water full-blast and whooped and whistled vigorously and came out blowing and dripping and groping for the big towel that Barbara had ready.

"Hurry and get dressed," said Barbara, swiping the mop at the puddle he'd left on the kitchen floor. She trailed him across the living room to the bedroom door, saying, "Why couldn't they have put the shower off the bedroom, where it belongs?"

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Distaff

By Harold Willard Gleason

When ills seem distant puffs
of smoke
And sun-bright vistas shine,
He loves to play the
stalwart oak
With her the clinging vine.

But let those scattered wisps
combine
To pall his world with
smoke,
How often must the slender
vine
Support the lofty oak!

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Jerry caught her, bent her far back in Valentino style. "Good heavens, woman," he murmured breathily, "do you think galvanized pipe comes for free?" He kissed her thoroughly, if damply, let her stand back on her feet, then shouted and ducked away from her restricted effort to hit him with the mop handle.

When Jerry was finally dressed, they drove to the city, and the Hotel Beaumont, which was enormous, almost cavernously dim-lit, and quietly elegant. The desk man greeted Jerry by name as he registered, took the card and handed Jerry a small white envelope. "Your tickets, Mr. Hillard. We hope you'll have a pleasant stay."

"Oh, I trust we shall," said Jerry with monumental politeness. "I truly trust we shall." Barbara gave him a quick suspicious look, and he returned a glance of such pious innocence that she was tense and nervous all the way up in the elevator. He fairly glowed with virtuous propriety as he escorted her down the hall, preceded by the bellboy, who carried their one small bag and Barbara's overnight case. And just as the boy bent to unlock their door, Jerry pinched Barbara with such fiendish finesse that she jumped and squealed and very nearly bumped the boy through the door.

She turned on Jerry violently, and he scooped her up and carried her into the room, dumped her on the bed and tipped the grinning bellboy.

The boy departed, still grinning, and Barbara said, "Jerry, won't you ever grow up? The very idea!"

He said, "I thought it was a fine idea.... Here." He dropped the envelope in her lap.

It held two tickets to a road-company performance of a spectacularly successful Broadway play. She squealed in delight and popped off the bed and threw her arms wide. "My hero!" she cried.

"My beamish bride!" He struck an attitude, gathered her carefully in, and waltzed her to the bureau and back. They bumped into the bed and fell across it together. Jerry nibbled at her left earlobe.

"You're crazy," said Barbara.

"You bet I am," said Jerry.

Quite a while later, Jerry said, "I imagine we'd better get going if we're going to catch that show."

"What show?" murmured Barbara.

"That show, Kitten. You know."

"Oh, yes. That show. Well, I suppose so."

"You know what I'd like?" he murmured.

She murmured back, "No. What would you like?"

"I'd like a ham sandwich and a cup of coffee, and ——"

She shoved him off the bed.

All in all, it was a wonderful payday weekend.

They drove back to the camp in soft Sunday dusk. Jerry had taken off his suit coat and loosened his tie. He looked very brown and handsome and just attractively rumpled. She moved closer, leaned her cheek against the muscular pad of his shoulder. She closed her eyes and thought of the hotel, and the luxury of carpets wall to wall and unlimited hot water and Sunday papers in bed and room service and television and dim-lit dining rooms and Jerry handsomely accoutered and poised and polished and handsome, and surely no one would ever believe he was a big roughnecked timberbeast.

"Have fun, Kitten?" asked Jerry softly.

"M'm'm-h'm'm," she said without opening her eyes.

The camp was hot. It was overwhelmingly hot. June was gone, and July, and half of August. The woods were tinder-dry. Even the few carefully tended scraps of lawn in the camp were browning. Barbara washed dishes in the hellhole of a kitchen, while Jerry and George sat at the woodpile, talking. Nora appeared at her kitchen window and yelled at her four-year-old to quit feeding bark chips to the three-year-old, and yelled further at George, wondering if for heaven's sake he couldn't keep an eye on them just once in a while, and George called back that a little pitch wouldn't hurt them, and why didn't she come on outside in the cool instead of yelling out of windows and getting all shook up. Nora demanded in exasperated tones whether he wanted to come in and sprinkle and roll the ironing while she sat out in the yard. George said he was resting right now, but if she wanted to wait he'd do it first thing in the morning. This drew a bitter snort from Nora and bitter thoughts from Barbara, even though her own small washing was all sprinkled and ready in a basket.

There was a pause. The men exchanged looks. "Women," said George sadly, "simply have no sense of humor."

Fortunately, the timekeeper came along just then to tell Jerry there was a phone call for him at the office.

Barbara finished up quickly. The company's private phone system was seldom used for personal calls, and those of only the most urgent nature. She thought of her father and Aunt Vivian, of accident and quick-striking illnesses, but when Jerry returned, (*Continued on Page 62*)

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rnpike-Proved Tires!

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ıd in the world.)

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(*Continued from Page 59*) he said merely, "Just Earle, again. Still trying to make a sawdust eater out of me."

Later, when they were in bed, she questioned him further, and he said carelessly, "Ah, Earle's the personnel man down at the plant—the mill. Trying to talk me into a job down there."

"What kind of job?" she demanded.

"Ah, a desk job. Shipping—sales—I don't know. Some sort of glorified clerk."

"Well, they're not going to keep you in any little old clerk's job very long. You know that."

"They're not going to keep me there at all."

"But, darling, we could live in *town*. We could ——"

"Look, Kitten, no. I'm a timberbeast. I like it. Nobody's holding a gun at my head."

"But you don't have to be a timberbeast. You can do better."

"What's better? Look, I saw one of my college buddies this last year. Rising young executive. Second assistant to the third vice president's assistant in charge of something or other. I make better money than he does. He's hocked to the ears for the next twenty years on a big ranch house in the suburbs. So O.K., he's got me there, but we're young and healthy. This won't be our lifelong home."

"Well, you certainly never said anything to me about moving!"

He said thoughtfully, "Well, I've been thinking of going to work for Sheckley's. They've got a rag camp up behind Bear Butte. A string of tents along a creek. Dip your coffee pot upstream and take your bath down. None of this old ——"

"Oh, Jerry, be serious!"

"All right, durn foolishness aside, that's the way it is. I'm a timberbeast and glad of it. I'm a climber and proud of it. They don't hang a set of irons and a belt on the first punk comes down the pike and say, 'You're the climber.' There aren't many of the big high-lead shows left, that's true; but when and if they're all finished, I figure I'll still get along.

"Maybe I'll be driving a truck—maybe running my own little logging show. But we'll eat regular, and we'll have a roof overhead, and we'll live it up a little on payday, and ground-squirrel a few bucks against a rainy day. But if I sweat it out behind a desk, it'll be my own desk, and if I get an ulcer it'll be over my own business and not because some bright young assistant is out to get my job."

She lay still in the darkness. "All right," she said finally.

The silence lengthened. "No need to get huffy, Kitten. It's just the way it is. I didn't intend to hurt your feelings."

"No. Of course not."

He reached out and touched her. She lay still, unresisting, unresponsive. More silence. Then he said softly, "All right, Kitten. G'night."

She did not answer. He sighed and rolled over. A little later, he was asleep. She did not sleep for a long time.

The hot spell broke before a storm frightening in its strength. Barbara could almost think she had never heard wind before; certainly never roaring like unleashed Furies through trees a hundred feet tall all about her. The hammering of water threatened the very roof above her. It cascaded from the unguttered eaves in sheets. It turned the dusty street into mire. From stifling hot, the cabin went clammy cold. Thursday it rained, and Friday and Saturday and Sunday. It was a gloomy weekend.

Shortly before noon Monday Jerry frightened her speechless by coming to the front door with no more warning than two crunching steps and the thrusting open of the door.

"Barby," he said. His tone brought her about sharply, staring. "Now, listen," he said. His face was bleak; water dripped from the edge of his tin hat. "We brought George in on the speeder. Widow-maker got him. He's hurt pretty bad, but he's not dead. You go tell Nora. Tell her as easy as you can and stay with her. I'm going to get Mrs. Crawford to stay with the kids. You drive her to the hospital. I'll ride with George. You've got that? I've got to go, now."

"All right." She was dazed, and then almost panicky. "But how will I tell her, Jerry? What will I say?"

He gave her a small, taut smile. "Just do the best you can, Kitten."

Nora took it without outward expression. Her smile of greeting for Barbara faded to an expression that showed nothing at all. She leaned back against the sink drainboard, her hands clutching the edge until her knuckles were white. She stared at Barbara with a terrible intensity; stared while the corners of her pale lips turned down, while two deep lines formed, bracketing her compressed lips; stared silently until one harsh sound was driven from her, and then she wheeled away, facing the wall.

Mrs. Crawford came hurrying through the door, a coat thrown over her head and shoulders. "Ah, now, honey," she said in her big harsh voice, "he'll be all right. You go on along now, and don't you fret. I'll tend the kids."

In a voice like two stones grating together, Nora said, "Yes. Thanks, Hildy." Without looking at either of them, she went into the bedroom and came back with a coat over her shoulders.

The ride to the city was interminable. The wait in the hospital was worse. After what seemed hours, a nurse told them that George had been taken from X ray to Surgery. More hours went by, a long dragging second at a time. Jerry sat on a chrome-and-imitation-leather settee, his cork boots beside it on the floor. He looked pretty ridiculous in his stagged black jeans and wool socks, his tin hat capsized on the floor beside his boots, his work shirt still showing the marks of ironing, still clean because he hadn't worked half a day yet in it. From time to time he prowled restlessly, scuffing in a pair of slippers that a nice little nurse's aide had brought for him. Nora scarcely moved. Finally, an eternity later, the doctor came to the waiting room.

"He has a good chance," he said. "We can't promise more, but he has a good chance. You can see him, if you like, though he's still under anesthesia."

So they went and saw him, Barbara and Jerry stopping at the door, Nora going on inside. George was a long shape under the blankets, head bandage-swathed, breathing stertorously. Barbara swallowed hard.

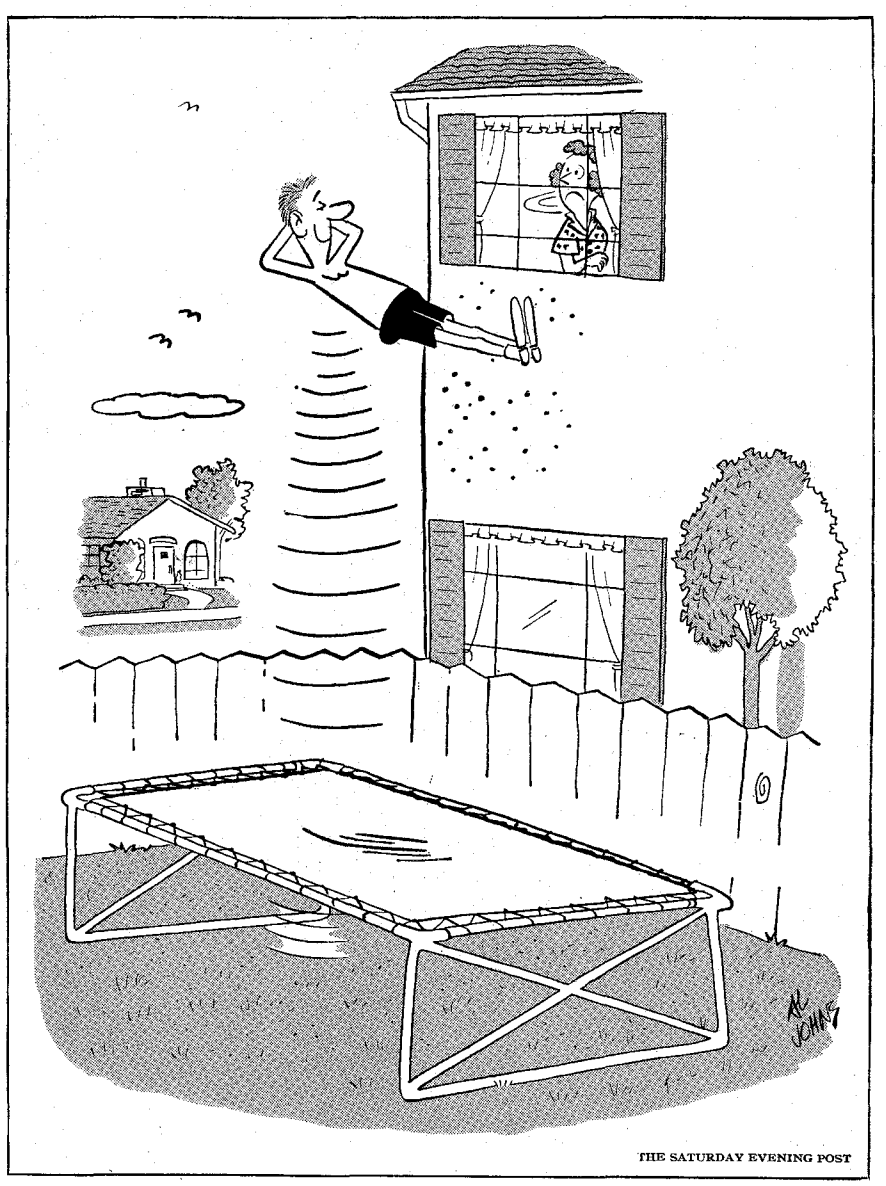
They returned to the waiting room, leaving Nora and a nurse with George. Jerry let out a great whooshing breath and scrubbed roughly at his face with the flat of his hand.

"Rough," he said. "Real rough." He looked up at the clock. "Look, why don't you check in at the hotel. You and Nora can stay there tonight, or a day or so, or whatever. I've just about got time to grab something to eat and catch the log train back from the mill, but I'll be back tomorrow night. So what do you say we ——"

She said in disbelief, "You're not going back up there tonight?"

"Got to," he said reasonably. "Got to shift the bull block tomorrow."

(*Continued on Page 64*)



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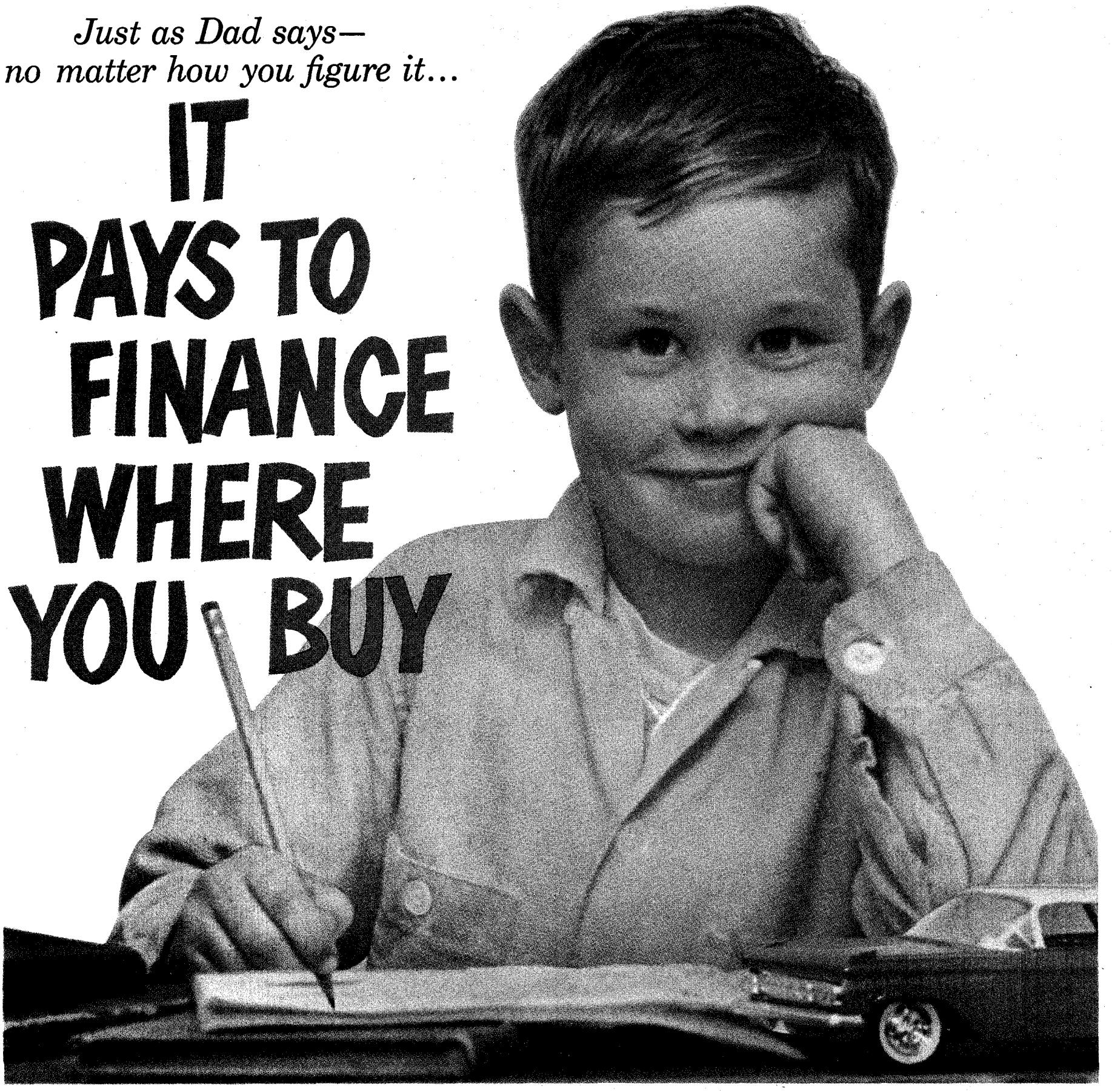

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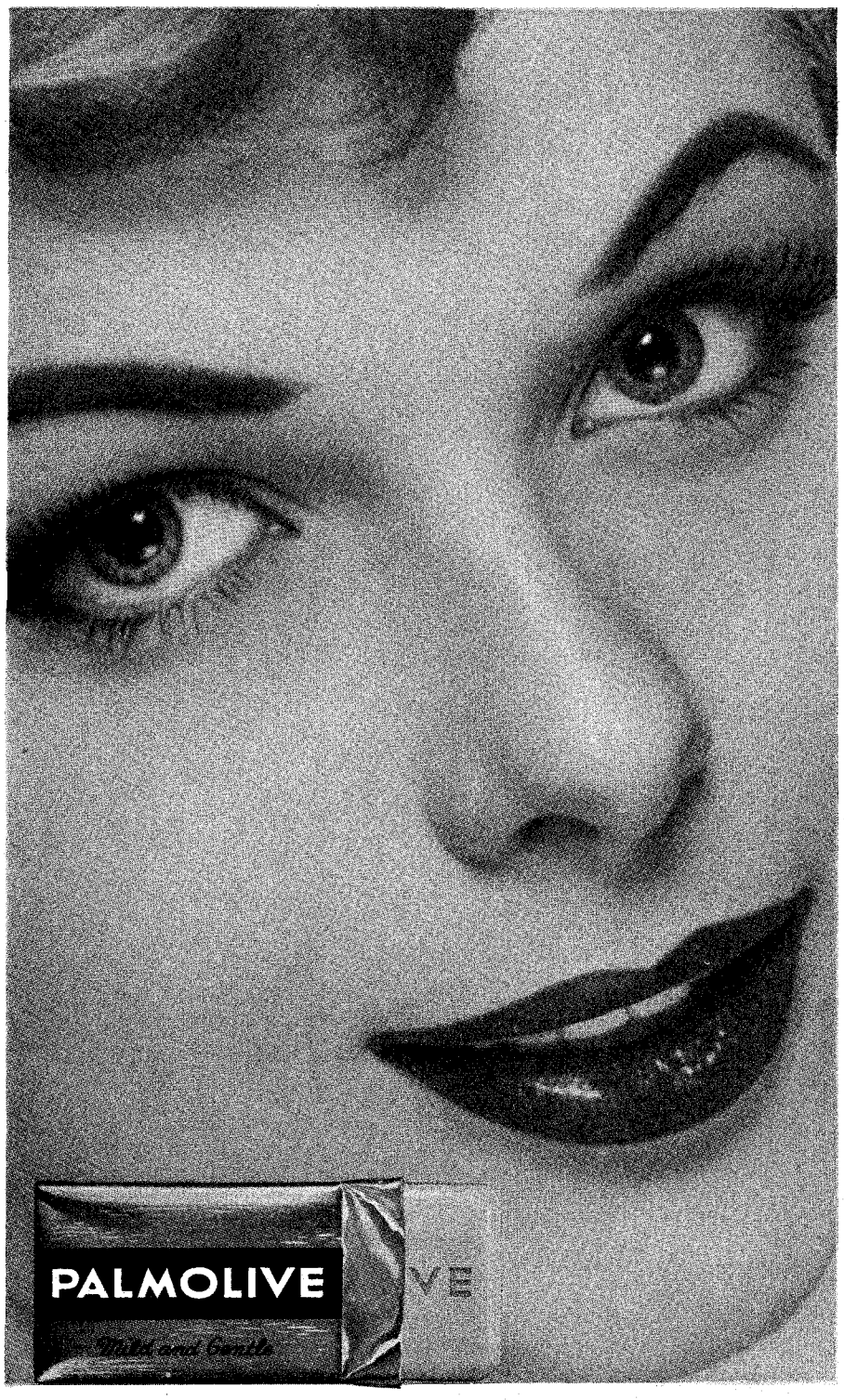

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(*Continued from Page 62*) She said almost wildly, "But not now, Jerry!"

"Honey," he said, "I'd like to stick around too. But the strip's cut and ready to yard."

"Who cares about the strip? Or the yard or—or whatever! It's killed Mick and done its best to kill George, and it might as well kill Nora, too, if—if George dies. You can't go back there. I won't have it!"

He looked down at her. "Kitten, I know it's a strain. Maybe neither one of us is on an even keel right now. So I won't even try to argue the point with you. They'll cash a check for you at the hotel if you need it. I think I'll skip eating for now. And I'll see you tomorrow."

He reached out and brought her to him with no more effort than if she were a rag doll, brought her close and kissed her hungrily, released her and said huskily, "Kitten, don't you go 'way on me now." He stooped and snatched up his boots and short slicker and tin hat and went scuffing away in the hospital's slippers.

Barbara slumped to the chrome-and-artificial-leather settee and cried until the nice little nurse's aide came by to inquire if she was all right, and Barbara assured her she was, wiped her eyes and blew her nose, left a message for Nora, and checked into the hotel.

Neither she nor Nora slept well. The next day was interminable, and yet, like Juggernaut's wheel, time ground on, unchecked, relentless, unheeding. By ten o'clock, Barbara was sure she had been in the hospital a full day. She had looked in on George. He was sleeping—still, or again, she did not know. Nora looked up at the sound at the door. She smiled, wanly. Barbara felt the sting of tears in her eyes.

She went back to the hotel. She got a magazine and tried to read, stretched out on her bed. Her near-sleepless night caught up with her, and she woke with some confusion, at three-fifteen, in a sense of nagging unease.

She washed her face and combed her hair. It was only a little after four that she caught herself looking at the phone. That was silly—it was hardly quitting time.

By five o'clock she decided she'd just as well wait in the lobby, and went down. At five-thirty she took herself firmly in hand and made herself add up the time. Nonetheless, by six-thirty she had changed chairs twice in the lobby and had gone to the desk to assure herself that there was no message. At six-forty-five it suddenly came to her. Of course! He'd go to the hospital first. He'd left her there. She arrived in the waiting room almost out of breath.

He wasn't there. He hadn't come. She checked on that. She compared her watch with the wall clock. Seven-o-one by her watch. Six-fifty-eight by the clock. She set her watch back. At five past seven he wasn't there, nor by ten past, nor fifteen. She looked up at seven-seventeen, and he was in the doorway, his hair bright-beaded and rain-wet.

"Hi, honey," he said. "How's George?"

She stared at him. Then without the slightest intention of it, she burst into tears. "I don't know!" she cried. "I don't care!"

He came across the room in three long strides. "What is it? What's the matter, Kitten?"

Wildly she cried at him, "Where have you been? I've been out of my mind!"

Almost bewilderedly he looked at her and said, "Just stopped to shower and change clothes, Kitten. The speeder made slow time. I came as fast as I could."

"You didn't have to come at all. You didn't have to go back there in the first place. I've been dying all day, worrying about you!"

He took her by the elbows, gently. "Kitten," he said. "That's silly. The closest I've been to trouble all day was when a big fat character in a big fat car was about to put me into the ditch just out of town, here. Look, Kitten, you're shook, I know. Maybe this has been a little too much for you. Let's go in and see George a minute, and then maybe it'd be better if you just came on back with me. Nora'll be all right as long as she knows someone's looking after the kids. Now, come on, honey, it's not so ——"

She scrubbed roughly at her eyes with her handkerchief, willing the unwanted tears to stop. She looked him full in the eyes and said with cold deliberation, "I'm not going back to that camp."

Jerry's grin faded. "Course you are," he said. "That's where we live, Kitten."

She said deliberately, "You don't have to live there, do you, Jerry? I mean, there are other things you could do. Other jobs you could hold."

His voice was taut, but quiet and controlled. "You want to decide where I work and at what, is that it? You want to pick my job for me?"

"Of course not. I'm just not going back to that camp."

She was appalled by the look that came on him; at the utter stillness of his face. In that strange, even quietness, he said, "It has to be a showdown, right now, is that it, Barbara? Suppose I quit my job—say I came down to the mill—supposing I did that; it'd make everything all right?"

She looked at him quickly. "You know it would," she said.

He kept that steady look on her. "Would it now? Suppose a saw buckles or a slab jumps off the live rolls and hits one of the sawdust monkeys. I couldn't work there either. If ——"

She said stiffly, "You're trying to make it sound silly."

He went on implacably, "Even if I worked in the office, I'd be down at the plant off and on—even if I was only going around picking up time slips for the timekeeper. No, Barbara, I'm not the one who's trying to make it silly. It is silly."

She said furiously, "It must make you feel wonderful to be so superior!"

He said steadily, "I don't feel superior. I feel pretty damned miserable, if you want to know."

She said through her teeth, "Good! Then maybe you'll know how I feel."

He kept his steady look on her. Then he said abruptly, "I'm going in to see George and Nora for a moment. Then maybe we can go somewhere and thresh this out."

She said furiously, "Don't you think for a moment that you're going to sweet-talk me out of it. I mean what I say!"

He looked at her, a long sober moment. He said gently, "That's up to you, Kitten." He turned away and went out into the hall.

Barbara shook with a deep chill. She could not confess even to herself that she was frightened, and she was half dismayed and half astonished at her anger. He was like a stranger. She cried in silent dismay, *What's the matter with him? What's the matter with us?*

Staring blankly at the polished floor of the hallway visible through the waiting-room door, she found no answer. She heard someone coming, a man's stride, firm and purposeful, and she followed an impulse she could not define. She hurried from the room, out through the big double front doors of the hospital. Ten minutes later she was on a bus, going home to her father.

TO BE CONCLUDED

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Tales of the Kingmakers (Continued from Page 29)

owner's hat. One firm identifies its headquarters only by the symbol B/R, trusting that people who matter will know the initials and what the partners do for a living. The term "campaign manager" itself is almost meaningless. These California professionals have little in common with the out-of-work newspapermen or political has-beens who get a few weeks' pay and the "manager" title by running errands for some candidate, with the added hope of a political appointment if the candidate happens to win. The Californians work for cash, seldom ask political favors after election and often don't care personally who does win. With some exceptions, their services are available for bid, and bids are plentiful. No important manager who wanted to work lacked a client, or several of them, in 1958; and 1960 promises to be different only in that the group of governors, senators and congressmen seeking their help may be swelled by presidential and vice-presidential hopefuls.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Prairie Spring

By R. H. Grenville

Here are no woods to wear
Feathers of green;
No mountains with their
bare
Blue bones showing between
Tresses of waterfalls.
But here the veery calls
And the wind blows cool
and clean
For wide, unhindered miles.
Earth softens underfoot,
The tall sky smiles,
And everywhere the gold
Silk sheen of the grass and
the wheat
Is grandly unrolled, spread
like a sweet
Carpet beneath spring's feet.

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Whether the pros actually do sway elections is beside the point so long as office seekers and issue sponsors think they do. And most Californians are thoroughly convinced of it.

The rise of the pros has occurred during a quarter of a century, as campaigning in California grew steadily more complicated. The state is big and heterogeneous; its ballooning population is divided by racial, religious and geographical backgrounds, and lacks special loyalties to its present residences or political parties. More than 700 newspapers, scores of TV and radio outlets, billboards by the thousand and a whole bagful of Hollywood-oriented publicity devices are available, and many of them must be used by the campaigner who hopes to get his personality or proposal before enough voters to be effective.

The laws also muddle elections. The legislature is required to submit to direct vote of the people various bond issues, constitutional changes and other action, often trivial. Voters who dislike any *other* action of the legislators may force a direct vote by securing signatures of 5 per cent of the registered voters at the last general election on a referendum petition. Eight per cent, by signing an initiative petition, can put on the ballot virtually any proposal; and 12 to 20 per cent—depending upon whether state or local—can force a direct vote on the recall of an elected official. The direct primary permits anyone with a few-score friends and a filing fee to run for office, even though no party organization knows him; and until recently a cross-filing system permitted a candidate to appear on the primary slate without party designation, so that he could—and many did—obtain nominations of both parties.

So a candidate not only must appeal to north and south, newcomer and proud old-timer but he also must somehow make his candidacy stand out on a ballot cluttered with candidates or elongated by fifteen or twenty state-wide referendum and initiative proposals in addition to local issues. Campaign funds can vanish overnight among the many and costly media, and the handshaker can wear out his fingers without reaching a fraction of the necessary sweaty palms.

Perhaps the pitfalls do not differ greatly from those in other states, but there are enough more of them to appall even a candidate with the burning conviction that the people want him. So it's not hard to understand the relief of an office seeker or issue sponsor who reads a prospectus from one of the professional campaign managers. Says the firm:

> For you, we will (1) plan a winning campaign *strategy*, (2) set up thorough *organization* and field work, (3) arrange an effective *endorsement* drive, (4) conduct an intensive *publicity* campaign, including press and radio, (5) handle direct mail and *pamphlet* distribution—and write the material, (6) organize a *speakers' bureau*—essential if the candidate is to survive the campaign both with a voice and a pinkie still able to shake, (7) conduct hard-hitting *advertising* promotion, (8) counsel and assist in *fund-raising*.

These eight points are included in a prospectus by the Baus and Ross public-relations firm of Los Angeles—and what more can a politician ask than somebody to tell him what to do, write his advertising and publicity, locate his friends and speakers, and raise the money he's certainly going to need?

Such promises find ready takers. In 1958, professionals were hired for the campaigns of Gov. Pat Brown; Sen. Clair Engle; Goodwin Knight, whom Engle defeated; several congressmen and lesser state officials, and campaigns both for and against four ballot propositions of special importance. Only Sen. William Knowland, running for Knight's seat as governor, attempted a major campaign without such assistance—and his disastrous defeat is blamed by many for the general Republican fiasco.

Understandably, there's disagreement about how much of the promised help the pros actually deliver. To listen to several of them—as I did in the past few months—is to gain the impression that a candidate isn't competent to pick out his own necktie without professional advice and that he certainly will give the wrong speeches in the wrong places unless some straight-thinking professional tells him what to say. The late Hazel Junkins was a successful pro specializing in candidate management, and one of her frank statements was illuminating, "I always tell my candidates that they can't be the horse and the rider too."

Candidates tend to be less impressed. Murray Chotiner is a Los Angeles attorney who managed Vice President Richard Nixon's campaigns and earned a wide reputation as a near-genius in organizing, collecting funds and planning adroit political (*Continued on Page 67*)

New Yorkers were ASTOUNDED

By A Frank Newspaper Article That Discussed

VITAMIN PRICE COMPARISONS

Now You Too Can Learn How To SAVE...

STOP PAYING HIGH PRICES FOR

VITAMINS

A recent public service study of Patent Medicines in one of New York's leading evening newspapers, devoted one entire installment to VITAMINS and disclosed many interesting highlights about the sale of Vitamins and Vitamin-Mineral combinations.

One of the startling revelations in this frank article was the wide variance of Vitamin prices.

The following three paragraphs taken from the series, as it appeared, are of particular concern to everyone buying Vitamins.

"Any particular vitamin bottled under one label is, for all practical and therapeutic purposes, the same as if it is bottled under another label. The fact is, most of the Vitamin concentrates consumed in America are produced by only a few companies.

"The list of ingredients in a Vitamin compound is one thing the consumer can almost always depend on to be correct. Any company which fails to label the bottle with the exact formula and amount (or unit strength) of each ingredient risks a seizure by the U. S. Government.

"Bearing that in mind, it is interesting to pick up a few Vitamin catalogs and compare the prices charged by different companies for the same Vitamin compounds."

Following publication of the installment we received hundreds of phone calls requesting copies of the Hudson Vitamin Catalog.

The Free Hudson Catalog offers tremendous VALUES on Vitamins, Vitamin-Mineral combinations and Food Supplements. Hudson Vitamin Products has been serving doctors and nurses for over 25 years and now you, too, can purchase your Vitamins DIRECT from Hudson at savings that are up to 50% and more.

Here are two examples of Hudson Vitamin savings: Vitamin C (250 milligrams), sold nationally for an average price of $4.10 per 100, sells for only 85¢ through the Hudson Vitamin Catalog . . . here's another . . . a well-known high potency vitamin formula with Vitamin C and minerals, nationally advertised at an average price of $5.75 per 100 . . . can be purchased for only $2.75 per 100 DIRECT from the Hudson Vitamin Catalog.

Write for the Catalog and show it to your doctor if you like – but, by all means, discover for yourself why Hudson has become a DIRECT MONEY-SAVING source for Vitamins throughout the nation. All Hudson Vitamin Products are sold with a complete money back guarantee.

HUDSON VITAMIN PRODUCTS, INC.

11 West 19th Street, Dept. M-611, New York 11, New York

Mail This Coupon Today!

HUDSON VITAMIN PRODUCTS Inc.
11 West 19th Street Dept. M-611 New York 11, N.Y.

Please mail me your Free Hudson Vitamin Catalog.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ ZONE_____ STATE_____

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"We bought more than a new house...

we bought a happier life!"

Bless this house! It's made a difference in our lives I wouldn't have dreamed possible!

First, it's meant so many things only a woman would really appreciate... the heavenly cleanliness of living in a house that is new, new, *new*... the thrill of working in a kitchen big enough to waltz in...appliances that realize I've got a back that can ache...closets, big ones, everywhere... and, oh, that extra bathroom!

Even on rainy days the house seems sunny!

And Bob has a place – at last – where he can hammer and saw or just tinker to his heart's content. And he's got the time – because the roof doesn't need patching and the plumbing plumbs and all the windows work. *This* house is warm, and tight, and solid.

And, for little Pete, our new home is a whole new exciting world. It's a place for him to grow in, to build his memories in. A place with a *future.*

Oh, yes, we bought *more* than a new house...

Buy a new home...
life's happiest investment

Gold Bond
BUILDING PRODUCTS
NATIONAL GYPSUM COMPANY

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The best new homes are built with Gold Bond's fine family of building products

Gold Bond Asbestos Siding gives homes lifetime beauty. Fireproof, won't rot or decay, never needs paint for preservation. Provides added insulation, too. Plasticrylic finish protects colors.

Gold Bond Tri-Dek is a roof deck, a highly effective insulation, and a finished interior ceiling—all in one low-cost material. It's the perfect answer to the growing demand for open-beamed ceilings.

Gold Bond® Twinsulation combines heat-blocking mineral wool with heat-reflecting aluminum foil. Keeps you cooler in summer, warmer in winter, cuts fuel bills. It's the best insulation money can buy.

National Gypsum Company
Buffalo 2, New York

Gold Bond
BUILDING PRODUCTS

(*Continued from Page 65*) strategy. In 1956, however, he was subjected to lengthy questioning by a congressional committee investigating influence peddling. The publicity impaired his political usefulness, and he took no active part in the 1958 campaign. Months before the final elections, a Republican planner said, "The only thing which could save Bill Knowland now might be Murray Chotiner, but I guess we don't dare to use him."

Chotiner, asked his opinion in early September, said, "Any good professional still might do a lot for him."

But Knowland, after the election, felt differently. "I do not think," he said, "that Chotiner or anyone like him could have made any significant difference."

The varying opinions are hard to test. A newspaper editor said, "These people (the pros) like to take all the credit, and they look just fine when they have newspaper support for whatever drum-beating they're doing at the moment. But when the newspapers are against them, they don't look like such geniuses. Most of them write good speeches and good publicity releases, but so can a thousand people in the newspaper shops. Their ads are all right, but any good commercial advertising agency can do the same job. They're all salesmen, and the first thing they sell is themselves."

To all this, the pros have an answer that serves them well: The best thing they do is to win. Bearing in mind that the pro may have only a slight effect on the campaign he claims—each deal is different, ranging from complete management down to mere ad placing—the records are, in fact, impressive:

The firm of Whitaker and Baxter, of San Francisco, oldest and largest in the field, is headed by Clem Whitaker and Leone Baxter, partners for twenty-six years and husband and wife for twenty-one. By their own score, they've won seventy-four of eighty campaigns, including a three-and-one-fourth-year national fight for the American Medical Association against national health-insurance plans, at an annual fee of $100,000.

Convivial Herbert Baus and William Ross, of Los Angeles, claim thirty-four victories against four losses, in fourteen years.

Harry Lerner, of San Francisco, has been in the business ten years without an admitted defeat.

Len Gross and Curtis Roberts, of San Francisco, who also operate a commercial advertising agency, claim a ten-year undefeated record.

Hazel Junkins, who operated a Los Angeles firm with her husband, Robert Voigt, built an overwhelming victory record in Southern California and in 1958 saw five of her six congressional candidates win, although she was concentrating on a fruitless last-minute effort to rescue Goodwin Knight, running for the Senate. (Miss Junkins was found dead some weeks after the 1958 election.)

Howard Freeman, Bernard Brennan, Howard Hanvey and other pros have similar records on a smaller scale.

Clients have included Nixon, Knight, Engle, Brown, Earl Warren—in his state campaigns—Frederick N. Howser, most of the recent governors and a large percentage of congressional hopefuls. In addition, the state's teachers, organized labor, right-to-work proponents and opponents, oil producers, railroads, school boards, lodges, churches, shipping companies and pension advocates all have employed professionals to beat drums on initiative or referendum proposals.

These ballot propositions are the largest single factor in the rise of the pros. Opponents have called California's initiative law "government by mob"; and it is true that the right of the people to force a direct vote on almost any issue has resulted in constant controversy, which comes to a head at every general election. Usually voters have to decide on one or more wildly controversial proposals—bonding for public power projects, right-to-work measures, pension increases, daylight-saving time, teacher pay increases, public-housing proposals and similar fight-starting plans.

For the pros, each proposal is like money in the bank. Issue sponsors are likely to have more money than political experience and often are willing to turn over campaign management to a specialist. When the proposal is favored by labor and feared by business, for example, the pickings can be lush on both sides of the fence; and when big businesses disagree, it's a pro's heaven. This last occurred in 1956, when groups of oil companies aligned themselves on opposite sides of a complicated proposal to change oil-conservation regulations. In a campaign which left most voters hopelessly confused, opposing companies poured more than $4,000,000 into two election pots; and the Whitakers and Lerner split the happy duty of spending the money. Lerner's side won, but the Whitaker gross also was sizable.

A similar situation arose in 1958, when proponents of a right-to-work measure—Proposition 18—shoved $907,536 into the laps of Steve Wells, of Los Angeles, and a few others to spend; while unions called on Gross and Roberts to blanket the state with an opposing ad campaign, which included everything from auto window stickers to full-page newspaper ads. Reports on file by March, 1959, showed an expenditure of $2,491,597 against the measure.

At the same time, a group including Masonic-lodge members was spending $471,000 in support of Proposition 16, which would have returned private and parochial schools to the tax rolls after several years of exemption. Much of this money flowed pleasantly through the fingers of Howard Freeman and some other professionals, while Baus and Ross, with Lerner, were spending the $1,340,800 that Catholics and others raised against the measure. At the same time, Lerner kept busy by placing the advertising for Pat Brown's $787,000 gubernatorial campaign, which Fred Dutton managed. Meanwhile, the Whitakers—not precisely chummy with Lerner—were splitting with Baus and Ross a $482,000 campaign against Proposition 17, which would have lowered the sales tax slightly while increasing upper-bracket income tax to ruinous totals.

Alone, the Whitakers also managed a successful $200,000 campaign for a bond issue providing $50,000,000 to improve state-owned San Francisco harbor, and $10,000,000 for small-boat havens elsewhere—which made the thing palatable to most other sections of the state. Don Bradley, normally publicist for the Democratic State Central Committee, spent the 1958 campaign working almost exclusively in Engle's $378,000 senatorial race, while the party organization he had helped to build almost cleared the state government of major Republican officeholders. The Whitakers, who had handled Knight's campaigns before, resigned after the primary, leaving to Miss Junkins the hopeless and underfinanced—$240,000—Knight campaign in the final election.

Confused? So is anybody who tries to figure out the shifting alliances between the pros and their agreements with clients. The total picture could only be seen, if at all, with one of those chain-of-command diagrams beloved of the military—and it would change just about the time the pieces were sorted out. But the important point remains: Some professional has his finger in almost every political pie, and he always wins—in cash—regardless of what happens on election day.

The question—exactly what does a professional campaign manager do?—can only be answered by examples. Obviously he must know where the political bodies are buried. This begins with such primer material as realizing that the views of such newspapers as the Los Angeles Times can't be (*Continued on Page 69*)

"I understand you're in the experimental-nuclear-fission game."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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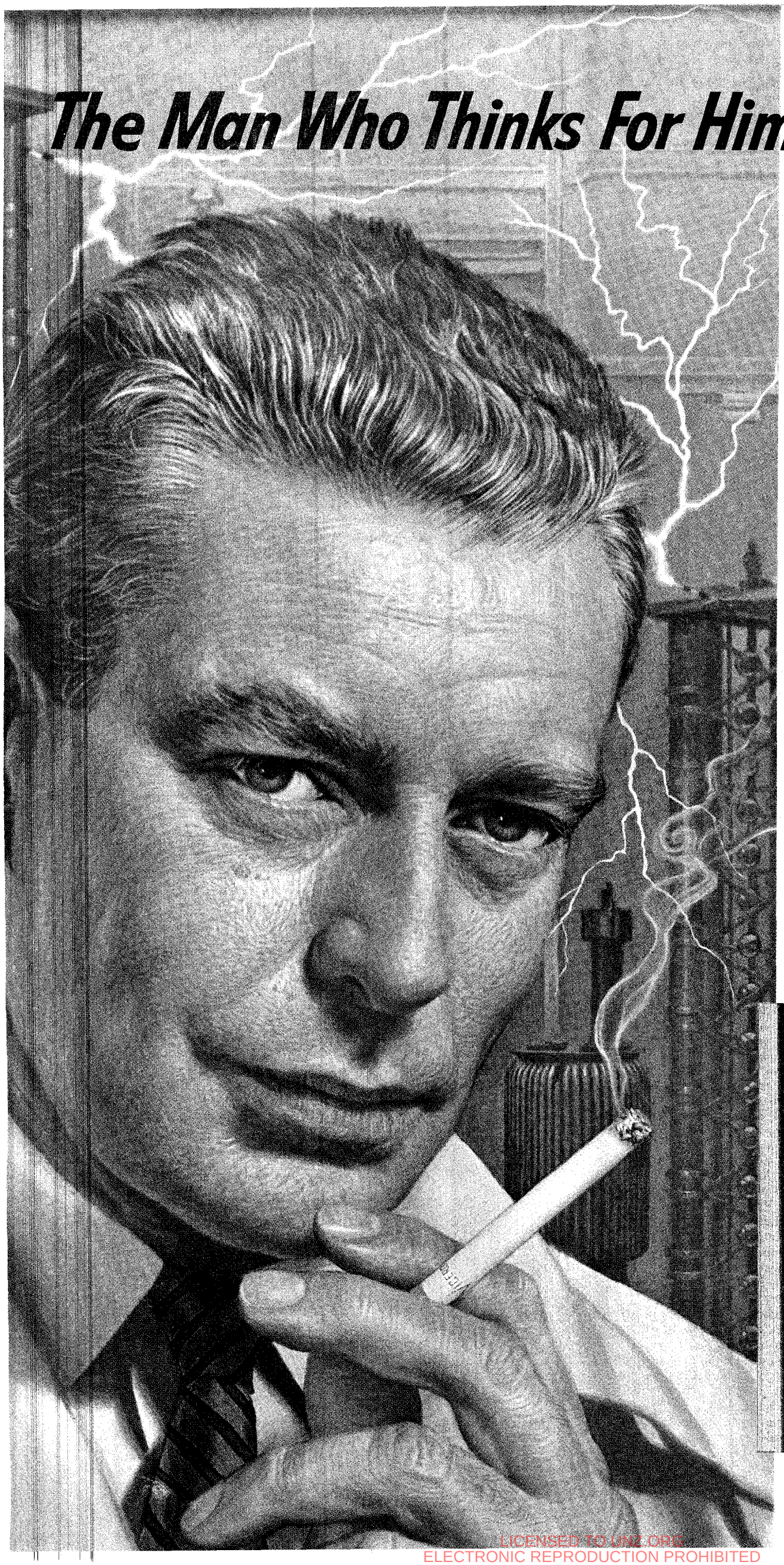
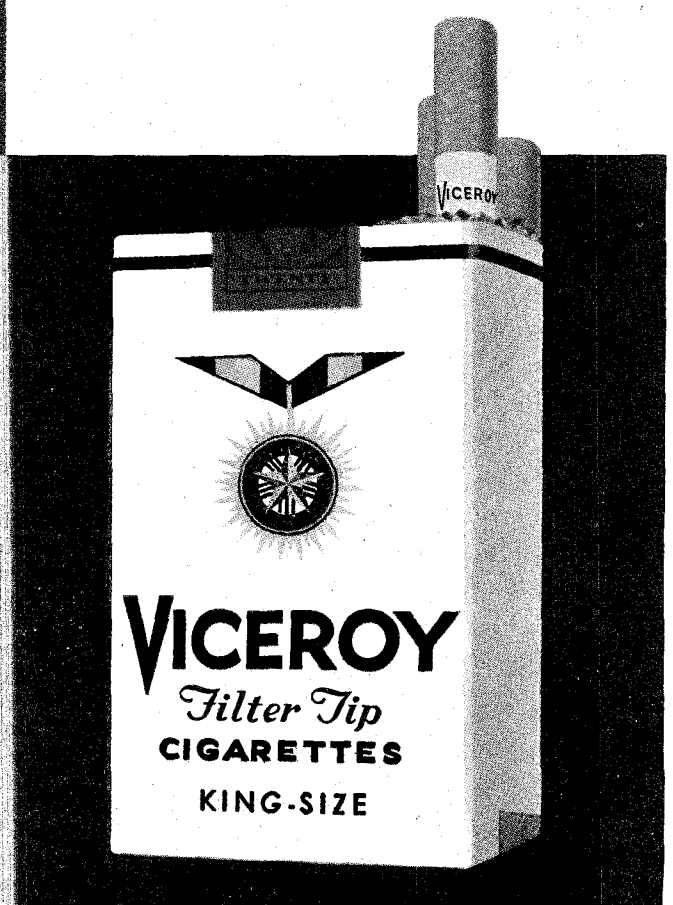


The Man Who Thinks For Himself Knows...

ONLY VICEROY HAS A THINKING MAN'S FILTER... A SMOKING MAN'S TASTE!

This man thinks for himself.
Knows the difference
between fact and fancy.
Trusts judgment, not opinion.

Such a man usually smokes VICEROY.
His reason? Best in the world.
He knows for a fact that only
VICEROY has *a thinking man's filter*
and a smoking man's taste.



Familiar pack or crush-proof box.

© 1959, Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp.

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(*Continued from Page 67*) changed by proffered advertising, but that some ads had best be placed with smaller newspapers and other media if the owners are not to develop a curious allergy to the candidate or cause. Local knowledge also is necessary. Get Business Leader A on your finance committee, and you'll have a nice name, but not much money; but make Leader B the finance chairman, and he'll shake some really profitable bushes. Endorsement by Group X means nothing because they endorse practically everybody; but voters will be impressed if Group Y goes on record for you.

These things some candidates know—and all professional managers claim to know. The aura of financial respectability is hard to come by. The Whitakers try for it by demanding control of the funds in any campaign they manage. "All checks must be signed by Clem or Leone" is a rule that might as well be worked into their wallpaper, and as a result they can and do claim that their campaign finances are open to inspection at any time, with no hidden expenditures, unidentified donors or similar political liabilities.

Such things—the claimed knowledge of how to get the money, how to spend it, whom to enlist as allies and whom to quiet with financial titbits—obviously attract some politician customers. Dramatic highlights, however, are the stuff of which management reputations are built. The Whitakers are generally credited with inventing the business in its present form, and their history is studded with such legends as, "they taught Earl Warren to smile," "they dreamed up the Faceless Man," "they beat Upton Sinclair without mentioning his opponent, Governor Merriam," "Harry Lerner beat their ears down by digging up an Oil Hog."

The partnership began in 1933 when Whitaker, an independent Sacramento newspaperman, and Miss Baxter, widowed manager of the Redding Chamber of Commerce, were brought together by Sheridan Downey—later United States Senator—to try to defeat a referendum that would have prevented a $170,000,000 bond issue for the Central Valley Project, a large reclamation-and-power scheme centering on Shasta Dam. Working together, the new partners rammed the bond issue down the surprised throats of private power companies. They then set a pattern for their future campaign-management business by promptly accepting an annual retainer from the companies they had beaten. Public-power proponents, whether because of the Whitaker defection or for other reasons, have had hard sledding in California ever since—and the very bonds for which the Whitakers had worked somehow got lost in a murky political shuffle and never were issued.

Upton Sinclair, writer and political visionary, unexpectedly captured the Democratic gubernatorial nomination in 1934, and the Whitakers embarked on what amounted to a lifework—representing the conservative, private-enterprise faction in the state, usually for excellent pay, against men and measures that businessmen feared or pushing candidates and measures thoroughly approved by railroads, utilities, medical societies, teachers, and various Republicans. Sinclair and his EPIC—End Poverty in California—program were beaten by an advertising and publicity campaign that implied to him everything short of bigamy, while carefully not mentioning the colorless Republican incumbent, Frank Merriam, more often than absolutely necessary. Merriam was re-elected, and the Whitaker political acumen was on its way to becoming legend. (The Whitakers definitely had no connection with the most colorful slogan of the 1934 campaign, "Hold your nose and vote for Merriam.")

Understandably, the Whitakers don't rush to deny that they taught Earl Warren to smile—the legend does them no harm, and the admitted truth is close enough to keep it alive. Warren was a district attorney, chiefly noted for putting people in jail, when he decided to try for higher office. To humanize him, the Whitakers publicized his smiling wife and pretty daughters. The importance of the strategem may be debated, but by the time Warren was winning shoo-in gubernatorial campaigns, his family had national popularity. When Warren proposed a prepaid state health plan, however, the Whitakers represented a medical society in defeating it. Whether the sad 1948 presidential campaign of Thomas E. Dewey, with Warren as his vice-presidential running mate, might have ended differently if the Whitakers still had been calling some of his shots is an interesting question, with no possible answer.

The Whitakers campaigned in 1948 for a law to prevent feather-bedding by railroad operating crews. A catchy phrase, "I've been loafing on the railroad," keyed the campaign—but a matter of 10,000,000 pamphlets, 70,000 inches of newspaper advertising, 50,000 letters, 4,500,000 postcards and 1000 billboards also contributed to the victory.

Red-haired Leone Baxter, now in her middle forties, and Whitaker, rail-thin at sixty, live in a secluded home on the slope of Mount Tamalpais in Marin County—and keep their one connected telephone buried under laundry in the basement when they do not wish to be disturbed, even by officeholding clients. During the 1958 primary campaign, this bothered even Governor Knight, who told me, "I'd want to get Clem, but he'd have that telephone buried. . . . A couple of times I had to call somebody else in Marin County, get them up in the middle of the night to go over and tell Clem I wanted to talk to him. It was upsetting." Nevertheless, the telephone still is buried much of the time. Since the Whitakers sometimes advance as much as $100,000 in cash for campaigns, they can afford to be independent.

Writing jointly in the Public Relations Journal some time ago, the Whitakers stated some of their basic tenets of campaigning:

"There is one fundamental rule which can't be violated with impunity in the field of professional campaigning for high public office. The rule is simply this: You can't wage a defensive campaign and win. Fortunately, a good offense is the best defense . . . poor timing is, without doubt, the fatal flaw which destroys more candidates (and campaign managers) than almost any other mistake common to men of politics. Careful planning—the solid foundation of any campaign structure—can and will bring a campaign to its peak in the final days before an election, rather than too early or too late. . . ."

A number of years ago, the Whitakers stepped in—for once without fee—to help Mayor Roger Lapham of San Francisco when he was threatened with recall. No opponent was running against Lapham, so if the recall succeeded, the board of supervisors would name a new mayor. On its face, Lapham's campaign had to be defensive—until Leone Baxter doodled on a tablecloth a few lines showing a head without a face. "That," she said, "is the thing: Do you want the Faceless Man for mayor of San Francisco?" Faceless Man ads sprouted all over town, Lapham beat the recall—which he might have done anyhow—and the Whitaker legend had a new symbol.

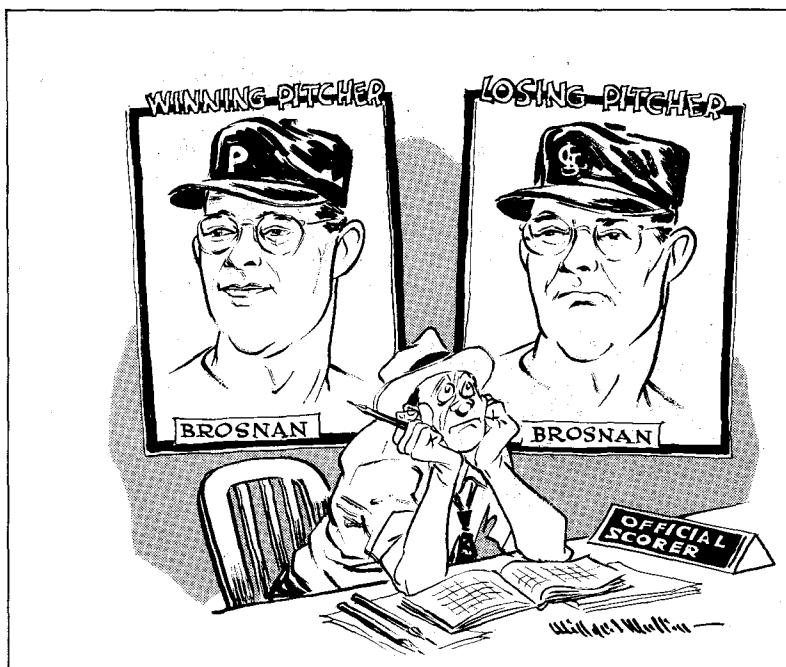
In 1949–52 the Whitakers campaigned for the American Medical Association against national health insurance, especially a bill to convert the Federal Security Agency into a Department of Welfare. The campaign was a gem, with a $4,678,000 budget, including $325,000 for Whitaker fees and expenses and $2,645,000 spent for commissionable advertising, with additional potential Whitaker revenue of more than $300,000. This national campaign also relied heavily on symbols, notably a painting of a doctor and a sick child, with the caption, DON'T CHANGE THIS PICTURE. A photo of portly Oscar Ewing, Federal Security Administrator, also was widely circulated, with the caption, DON'T MAKE EWING ANY BIGGER—HE'S TOO BIG ALREADY. Whether this was dirty pool depends on the viewpoint.

The campaign created wide controversy and eventually was investigated by a Senate committee. Herbert Baus, hired to help in the Chicago headquarters, resigned after a few months. Some observers thought the Whitakers ineffective, and some others believed they were getting a free ride on the efforts of thousands of doctors. Nevertheless, they did organize the campaign—100,000,000 pieces of campaign literature were distributed, and $3,000,000 worth of newspaper and magazine advertising, in all, was placed. Also, the doctors won.

The Whitakers also conducted a brief 1952 campaign of the National Professional Committee for Eisenhower and Nixon. Although they started with a total budget of only $19,000, they managed, through distribution of proofs, to get an advertisement sponsored locally in several hundred newspapers. Later a single letter asking for small donations turned up $150,000 more to pay for special mailings.

Symbols reacted against the firm in 1956 when Lerner plastered California billboards and newspapers with the familiar cartoonist's "oil hog" symbol for the Standard Oil Company of California—one of Whitaker's clients—and succeeded in beating a change in the state oil laws, despite the fact that the companies Lerner represented were approximately as big and as powerful as any the Whitakers represented.

Lerner, incidentally, is a former San Francisco political reporter who learned campaign management as a Whitaker employee, then opened his own office, managing some of Pat Brown's campaigns and working the opposite side



So You Think You Know Baseball!

By HARRY SIMMONS

Here is a hypothetical situation which might require a psychoanalyst, rather than an umpire, if it ever occurs.

Say the Cardinals and Pirates, in the last game of a series in Pittsburgh, have played eight scoreless innings. Suddenly the lights fail. The game has to be suspended until a later date.

When the game is resumed a month later, a multiplayer deal has scrambled the line-ups. Jim Brosnan, who pitched all eight innings for the Cards, is now a Pirate. Harvey Haddix, who pitched for the Pirates, has become a Cardinal. The Pittsburgh manager decides to let Brosnan continue the game as a Pirate. The Cards' boss questions this. He points out that if the Cardinals make the only score in the ninth, Brosnan will be the winner for them and the loser for the Pirates. Can this be?

The umpire replies that he is not the official scorer. He permits Brosnan to pitch. As Brosnan was the first scheduled batter when the game was suspended, he theoretically is pitching against himself. Haddix, now a Cardinal, pinch-hits for Brosnan. He belts a homer. Then he goes to the mound in the last of the ninth and blanks his former teammates.

Brosnan is both winner and loser. Would it be permitted?

See page 70 for answer.

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SHAVEMASTER

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FOR DAD AND GRAD

FOR FATHER'S DAY AND GRADUATIONS GIVE THE BEST—THE SUNBEAM BLADE-ELECTRIC WITH

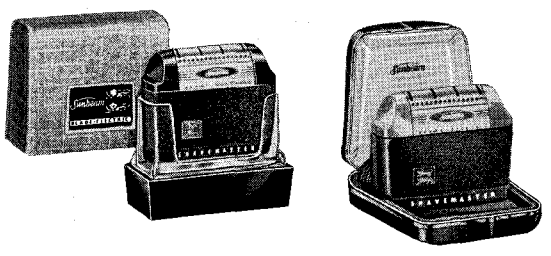
a Real **HOLLOW GROUND**

SHAVING BLADE

The Sunbeam Blade-Electric gives the close, clean shaves of soap and blade and the speed, comfort, and convenience of electric shaving. It's the only real double edge, hollow-ground blade in electric shaving powered by a real armature-type motor. Only **$24.95***

Sunbeam's real blade sharpens itself as it moves back and forth at lightning-fast speed to give you fast, close, comfortable shaves.

Choose his Shavemaster from three masculine colors.



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Sunbeam
THE BEST ELECTRIC SHAVERS MADE

of the political street from his old bosses. By 1958 he professed to be tiring. "I just do this stuff for the money now," he told me. "It used to be fun, but not any more." His conversation was interrupted by a telephone call, during which he obviously was being harangued by some opponent of Proposition 16, the measure to tax private schools. But when the caller paused for breath, Lerner interrupted him. "I'll tell you what," he said. "You just be a calm Irishman and I'll be a calm Jew, and everything will be all right." It was too. Pat Brown won, and Proposition 16 was defeated.

Frederick Napoleon Howser was appointed to an interim term as Los Angeles district attorney in 1943. Newspapers did not support him, and his middle name represented a real hazard when he chose to run for the office at the next election. But Miss Junkins succeeded in having him appear before scores of women's clubs—he was a handsome man—and later lined up both labor and civic-leader support, climaxing her drive by getting 900 attorneys' signatures in his support. Howser won in the primary—the first such victory for a district attorney in sixteen years—and went on to become state attorney general in another Junkins-managed campaign. This was the foundation for a company which by 1956 was handling sixteen different Southern California candidates and two state ballot propositions. In 1958 she could not save Knight, but won an ungrudging "fine job" from the governor after the election.

Congressman Glen Lipscomb, one of her five successful congressional candidates, said, "Hazel seemed infallibly to make the right decision. Knowing the key people isn't the whole story. What's what and how to go about it is nearer the truth." That may come close to defining the reason most pros are hired—and the reason they generally win.

Joseph Robinson, however, is close to unique. Graying and verbose, Robinson has occupied the same dusty San Francisco offices for some forty years and specializes in getting propositions on the state ballot—for a price. No man to avoid credit, he says flatly, "If they want an initiative measure on the ballot and want to be sure of it, they have to come to me. I'm the only man in the state who can guarantee to get enough valid signatures to qualify a measure, the only one who works on a basis of no qualification, no pay. I've never failed."

Nor has he, often, in years of qualifying more measures than any other one company. Last year 322,000 names, properly located in precincts, were necessary for an initiative. To collect them, Robinson maintains a small army of housewives, pensioners and part-time workers, paying from twenty-five cents to a dollar a name, depending on the time allowed and special difficulties. He himself works on a flat rate which ordinarily breaks down at about fifty cents a name. Thus, $161,000 would have been required to qualify a measure if the sponsor could produce no signatures on his own.

The 1958 ballot contained eighteen propositions, three of them initiatives. Robinson qualified two of the three and told me he had refused to work on the third. (This last is disputed by others.) But Proposition 17—the income-tax measure—frankly was proposed for only two purposes: to frighten wealthy sponsors of the right-to-work proposal, Proposition 18, and to keep Robinson's signature gatherers too busy to work *for* right-to-work. Labor leaders gave Proposition 17 no support after paying Robinson $135,000 to get it on the ballot. (He makes allowances for voluntary signatures.) At least as much income was involved in Proposition 16, the private-school-tax measure, which he also qualified; so Robinson's gross income must have approached $275,000 from the two measures alone.

The right-to-work bill, after considerable difficulty, was qualified for the ballot by a group including Boren Benton, Morgan Keaton and others, in Los Angeles. It lost at election time.

Robinson says he has no political convictions—"I tell them all I'm a Mohammedan and all this means nothing to me"—and will accept any assignment except from known undesirables. Several years ago he was paid by George McLain, a pension sponsor, to qualify a radical pension initiative, which won in the general election. Two years later Robinson, working for other employers, calmly qualified a repeal measure, brushing aside threats of a million-dollar damage suit from McLain. The Robinson-qualified measure to repeal a Robinson-qualified measure also passed, handily.

In California now, I—or anybody—could get almost any measure before the voters if I had approximately $200,000 to hand to Robinson. The total price has gone up, along with the increased registration, which now requires about 400,000 names on an initiative. A law prohibiting payment of name solicitors, such as Washington state has, would seriously cripple Robinson and other names-for-pay specialists; but it also would effectively restrict use of the initiative to those few tight groups, such as unions or large churches, which might round up the signatures on their own. Small minorities or businesses would have almost no chance to use the legislation. So it's a fairly safe bet that Robinson will stay in business—and remain thoroughly solvent.

So, for that matter, will the professional campaign managers as a group, so long as they continue to win regularly. Theoretically, nobody likes them very well, and in theory they may be vastly overpaid and overcredited for the victories with which they do consistently have some connection. Almost certainly they bend the facts to the breaking point in reporting that they gave this candidate the formula that allowed him to win or prevented that campaigner from making a miserable mistake. Even political candidates left entirely alone now and then manage to pick the right necktie or say just the right things.

For the would-be governor or proponent of more daylight-saving time, however, there is an overriding consideration: When he hires a pro, he may be buying hard-to-prove promises, gossamer-thin claims to fame and no loyalty whatever. But he also will get competence, which is a rarity in any man's politics.

THE END

Answer to

So You Think You Know Baseball!

Page 69

Yes, Brosnan is both winning and losing pitcher.

Both major leagues have regulations permitting substitutions of this kind.

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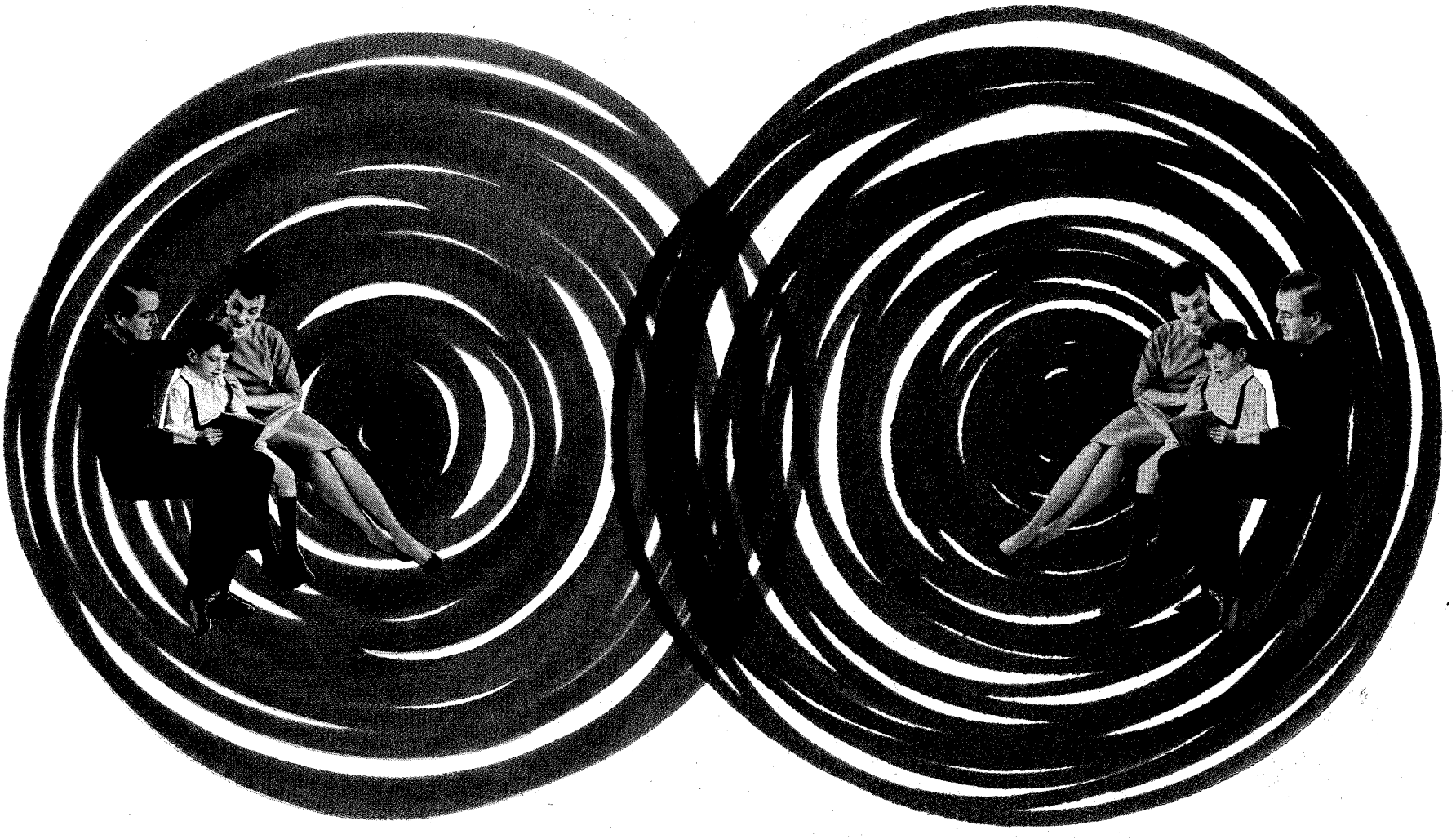

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When the weather gets warm, and your room temperature goes up beyond the comfort point, the Fedders "Four Seasons" takes the heat out of your room air, and sends it outdoors, like a regular air conditioner.

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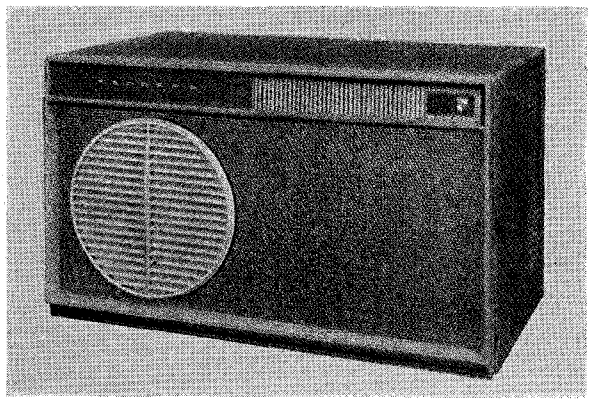
In any season of the year—in fact, on any day of the year—the Fedders "Four Seasons" will respond automatically to the weather to give you the cooling or heating you need. Once you set it, you can forget it.

And this is not all—

The year 'round, it will give you clean, filtered, circulated air—humidified or de-humidified for comfort. In a few words—a perfect indoor climate. The cost? Little more than a conventional one-season air conditioner!

Thousands of families all over the United States now enjoy the year 'round comfort of Fedders "Four Seasons." See it before you buy any air conditioner this year. Fedders dealers are listed in the yellow pages of your telephone book.



NOTE: As you learned in high school Physics, there is always heat in the air, even on the coldest winter day. Also . . . heat always transfers from a warm object to a colder one. By chilling the condenser well below outside temperature, the Fedders "Four Seasons" attracts this free natural heat from the outdoor air and brings it indoors.

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New York Life Presents *the 36th in a Series of Advertisements to Help Guide Young People to a Better Future*

Should your child go into the Foreign Service?

by Loy W. Henderson

Deputy Under Secretary of State

As told to Donald Robinson

THERE IS a bronze plaque in the lobby of the Department of State Building in Washington, D. C. On it are engraved the names of seventy-one members of the United States Foreign Service "who, while on active duty, lost their lives under heroic or tragic circumstances." The first name is that of William Palfrey—"lost at sea, 1780." The last is that of a U. S. consul, David LeBreton, Jr., who "drowned saving lives—Tunis, 1953."

For more than 180 years, the men and women of the Foreign Service have stood ready to sacrifice their interests, their comforts and their lives for the United States. They have stuck to their posts in the face of earthquakes, floods, revolutions and wars. They have carried on regardless of cholera epidemics and worse.

Duty is a watchword with them. A State Department courier who was aboard a plane that crashed in flames near Vienna in October, 1955, didn't think about his frightful injuries and burns. In spite of the excruciating pain he was in, he declined all medical care until he'd delivered his papers into safe hands.

They are dedicated people, the members of the U. S. Foreign Service.

In all, there are 8,025 men and women in the Service now, and they can rightly be called America's first line of defense. Upon them can depend the issues of war and peace.

Role in Foreign Policy

The Foreign Service must, first of all, protect American interests abroad. It has the job of promoting those interests by demonstrating their mutuality with those of other nations. In short, to further and improve the relations of the United States with other countries in every possible way.

The Foreign Service must explain to other governments what the policy of the United States is, and where possible, persuade them to cooperate with us in our constant struggle to win peace, prosperity and freedom for all the world. In addition, the Service must do everything in its power to assist American citizens in their legitimate activities abroad.

Today, members of the Foreign Service serve at 286 posts in 89 countries, with the U. S. Delegation to the United Nations in New York, and in the Department of State in Washington.

The Foreign Service people on detail in Washington help plan our foreign policy and direct its day-to-day workings. They maintain liaison with other govern-

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mental agencies and handle contacts with the thousands of foreign diplomats stationed in America.

Abroad, our Foreign Service men and women have duties that are ultra-varied. Diplomatic negotiations, for one thing.

Right now, Foreign Service experts are negotiating with foreign governments on matters ranging from the regulations under which American business men may operate, to the exchange of scientific know-how among nations, to the proper steps that should be taken to protect the free world against the threat of Soviet imperialism.

Another big assignment the Service has is gathering information. An election in a Latin American country or a revolution in the Middle East can change the course of history. The Foreign Service man on the scene must report the facts, and his analysis of them, fast, fully and without pulling any punches.

Most of all, the Foreign Service people abroad must, insofar as they can, earn the confidence of the governments of the countries they're in. That's how good international relations grow.

Serving Americans Abroad

And all this is merely part of the Foreign Service's role. If an American citizen runs into trouble with the police, the Foreign Service sees that he gets legal counsel and a fair trial. If a tourist becomes ill, the Foreign Service finds him a doctor.

Twenty-four hours a day, the Foreign Service is on duty, prepared to assist Americans in need. A band of American missionaries who were caught in bloody rioting that swept through a Middle Eastern country recently can bear witness to that.

A Foreign Service Officer drove fifty miles through the crazed mobs to rescue these missionaries. He got them out just as the rioters were setting fire to their house—with them in it.

When they are detailed as consuls, Foreign Service Officers issue or renew passports for Americans abroad. They did it for over 200,000 people last year alone. They register the birth of children born to American parents abroad so they can establish their rights to United States citizenship. Theirs also is the complete responsibility for issuing, or denying, visas to foreigners coming to the United States as visitors or as immigrants with all their perplexing problems.

Advantages and Disadvantages

Overall, the satisfactions of a Foreign Service career are superb. You travel the world, you meet many kinds of fascinating people, you constantly are broadening yourself.

You are on the inside of history in the making, and you often have a chance to help shape that history. I well remember the thrill that we in the Foreign Service had in 1947 when the President and Congress accepted our recommendations to support Greece and Turkey against Communist aggression.

It was the first time the United States had ever undertaken such a massive program in peacetime, and it saved both those nations from Kremlin domination.

The greatest satisfaction of all, of course, is the realization that you are helping your country and advancing the principles on which our national and international life is based. Especially is this so today. At a moment when humanity is at the crossroads, Foreign Service people are in a position to help guide it along the path of peace and freedom.

But the Foreign Service is no place for people who want a soft, easy existence. It is a career exclusively for young men and women who are willing to toil endless hours—and undergo hardships, inconveniences and, if need be, danger for their country's sake.

Let me say this. There are strong disadvantages to a career in the Foreign Service. It offers little opportunity for fame; good diplomats do their best work away from the public eye. It is a round-the-clock job. A diplomat is never off duty. And sometimes his duties can be pedestrian.

There are many rigors. Foreign Service people have no permanent home. Every three years, they are likely to be transferred. Frequently, it is to isolated posts where sanitary housing is impossible to find, disease is rampant, the climate extremely hot or freezing cold. It can be very hard on a man's wife and children. I know.

On occasion, there are bitter frustrations. You can propose action which you are certain is wise both from the standpoint of the United States and the country in which you are serving. But, other factors, from the global viewpoint of Washington, may be overriding and your recommendations may not be accepted. This, if you let it, can hurt.

Opportunities, Salaries and Advancement

The Foreign Service is now divided into three branches. First is the Foreign Service Officer Corps, the professional career organization which represents the backbone of our Government activities in the international field. It is a carefully selected group that is tough to get into and tougher to stay in. It numbers about 3,500 of whom more than 330 are women.

Then there is the Foreign Service Reserve. It consists of specialists, persons with particular qualifications that are required by the Service, a highly specialized knowledge of atomic energy, say, or of Soviet agriculture. These specialists are appointed for periods of two to five years; we have approximately 800 of them.

Finally, there is the Foreign Service Staff Corps. It includes typists, stenographers, code clerks and other technical and administrative employees. They are also selected with special care. Some of them eventually qualify for the Officer Corps. Over half are women.

Advancement is strictly on merit. Every Foreign Service Officer is rated regularly by an impartial selection board, and the better ones are promoted. These promotions go right to the top. Nearly two-thirds of ambassadors and ministers have come up through the ranks!

Applicants for the Foreign Service Officer Corps must be American citizens from twenty to thirty-one years of age and should have records of impeccable loyalty and discretion. (Each gets a thorough background investigation.) They take a written examination that lasts a solid day and encompasses the use of the English language, the applicant's capacity for interpreting both tabular and quantitative data, his general knowledge of world history, politics, economics and other subjects. Fluency in a world language, while not an examination requirement, must be attained before an officer can advance in the Service.

An applicant who passes the written examination then takes an "oral." For ninety minutes he appears before a three-man panel that weighs his personality, his judgment, his aptitude at defending his own views and his true motives for joining the Service.

These examinations are exacting. Of 3,959 who took a recent examination, only the 676 finest passed.

The salary of a Foreign Service Officer usually starts at $5,225 and it rises to $27,500 in the case of ambassadors at more important posts. Reserve officers have the same pay scale. Salaries for the Staff Corps begin at $3,730 and go in certain specialties to $13,160. All three branches receive allowances to help cover the extra expenses incurred in living abroad.

Traits and Education Needed

To prepare for a career as a Foreign Service Officer, I would urge a broad liberal arts education with emphasis on history, science, economics, the literature of all nations, languages, and public and business administration.

Although a college degree is not demanded, it is virtually essential. We want the Foreign Service to be a cross-section of America, with representatives in it of all geographical areas, as well as of all races, religions and social backgrounds. For instance, from a sampling of 380 junior Foreign Service Officers on the rolls as of May, 1958, 140 educational institutions can be cited as Alma Maters.

Opportunities for women are exactly the same as for men. One of our most noted ambassadors today is a woman who made her way up through the ranks.

The standards in the Staff Corps are also high. Most applicants have to pass examinations in their respective fields.

What traits should you look for if your son or daughter is considering a Foreign Service career? Let me tell right off what we don't want—snobs, arrogant people, or self-righteous people. The traits we do think a boy or girl should have are: 1. First of all—complete integrity; 2. A pleasant, outgoing personality; 3. A sensitivity in dealing with persons of different races, religions, cultures and ideologies; 4. An open, curious mind; 5. Quick thinking and good judgment in a crisis; 6. A genuine concern with international affairs; 7. Sound scholarship. This especially, because the process of learning is never-ending in the Foreign Service. A diplomat must always keep abreast of the latest developments and trends at home and abroad.

And there is one more thing—robust health. You have to pass a stringent physical examination before you can be appointed.

It is now thirty-seven years that I have been in the Foreign Service and I'm grateful for every one of them. It is a gratification to me that my efforts in life have been devoted not to increasing my wealth and prestige, but to helping my country and the ideals for which my country stands and upon which our civilization rests.

If your child joins the Foreign Service, he can have that splendid feeling, too.

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DID YOU KNOW...

... the salary of a junior Foreign Service Officer generally starts at $5,225 and may rise, with ambassadorial pay, to $27,500?

... nearly two-thirds of the ambassadors and ministers in the Service came up through the ranks?

... opportunities in the Foreign Service are exactly the same for women as for men?

... members of the Foreign Service serve at 286 posts in 89 countries around the world?

* * *

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Journey for Love (Continued from Page 30)

of restraint, translated recently by Linda into a sort of determined fellowship, a polite friendship, devoid of real feeling, correct, impossible to combat.

It hurt him with a slow abrasion, rasping his nerves, keeping him on edge. It would have been easier if there had been something to fight against, something tangible—but how did you fight politeness? How did you fight nothing?

He didn't know precisely how it had come about, or when the slide had started, but somewhere about six months ago, the small, pleasant things of marriage had dwindled away and stopped. The light good-morning kiss, the evening greeting, the soft, careless touch of hands. Ten years married was a long time, he thought. Time to get bored with each other, to pursue separate things—his legal business, and whatever it was she did, bridge clubs and kindergarten work, to fill in time. Maybe it would have been all right if the boy had lived, if they had had another baby—— But another hadn't come.

He opened his eyes, dark gray and intelligently large, turned his head toward her, but she was peering out the window at the scudding monotony of spinifex as though each foot of it contained some breathless beauty that she couldn't bear to miss. He could see the tender profile of her right cheek and neck, the fair hair curling up around the edges of her peaked cloth cap, the slender roundness of her arms. She was wearing a blue-and-white-striped blouse of mannish cut, and somehow it contrived to make her look more feminine than ever.

With tightened lips and eyes, he turned away and watched the track, a red ribbon carelessly unrolled across the vast expanse of plain. In the driver's mirror he could see the high flame of dust that roared behind them. The dust was everywhere. Only Stringer seemed impervious to it, but he had been born in the open. That was how he had got his name. Dundas had heard the story in Alice Springs. He had been born on the track with his father's camel "string," sixty or more years ago, and the father had named the boy Stringer. No one now remembered his surname any more. Stringer himself swore he had long forgotten. He called it his "mister name," and Dundas grinned now at the recollection. He liked the square, bristling little man. But he didn't like his stamping ground.

What a fool thing it was to come, he thought angrily. *We were warned against it. Heat, dust and sweat. And I wouldn't listen.*

But he knew it wasn't as simple as all that. Back in Alice Springs, that graceful, hill-basined little town, right in the center of Australia, they had said it was too late in the season for the Ayers Rock trip. They had even taken him down to the American weather station at the foot of Anzac Hill and shown him their complicated weather-data graphs. Winter was the tourist season for the Rock; now summer was two months old, and nobody but blacks and cattlemen and fools went anywhere along that track without compulsion.

He had hired the car, though, and the driver-guide, because Linda had wanted it, and he had been unwilling to oppose her, thinking it might seem petty within the framework of their new, polite-friend relationship.

She had flown with him from Sydney to Alice Springs, where he had to fight a water-rights case for a wealthy cattleman, a cinch that was sewn up in two days. It was two thousand air miles from Sydney, and she had made the trip solely because she had read a magazine article about the fantastic Ayers Rock, and Alice Springs was the road base, a mere three hundred miles away.

So now, he thought bitterly, they were chewing dust and cooking in a mobile basting dish so she could see her Rock, and so he could claim he hadn't tried to stop her. So he could say he was intelligent, too, and could accept that marriage lost to love could be sensibly based on bland friendship and equality.

"Hawks," Linda cried excitedly. "Look at those big hawks."

"Eagles," Stringer grunted, wrestling the car through a spill of sand drift. "Wedge-tails. Eatin' a dead kangaroo."

Dundas looked past Linda to a place in the spinifex where a flock of huge eagles danced and tore a carcass on the ground. As he looked, more of them came volplaning in to make their ugly, lolloping run up to the feast.

"Let's stop and get some pictures," Linda said. "Please, Stringer."

"They'd take off," Stringer said. "Then you'd have to wait till they decided to come back. An' it's too hot out there in the sun for waitin' around."

Linda was fumbling her camera from the glove box of the car. "I wouldn't mind."

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"That's the same man who raises the roof if I ask him to get his own breakfast!"

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"Listen," Stringer said, with a new harshness in his voice. "New chums who go walkabout in the sun generally finish up as eagles' meat themselves. This country's tough. Remember that. The sun's a killer. You don't get a second chance."

They reached the Rock camp long after nightfall. Clouds smothered the sky and they could not see the Rock itself, not even as a bulk of intenser black. The tented camp of tourist-time had been cleared away. There was only the big tin dining hut, garish and lonely in the headlights' glare. Dundas was tired and stiff. His eyes were sun-bruised. Sweat-mixed dust was caked thickly on his face. And when he followed Linda out of the car, the desert air struck cold through his thin shirt. Dust tendrils lifted from the bare earth to curl up into the headlights.

He felt the quick strike of depression, sharp at first, then settling down as an emptiness in his stomach. He watched Linda helping Stringer unpack the car and begin carting their gear into the hut. She was like a schoolgirl on a picnic, he thought. As though sunburn and dust and sweat were the ingredients of a good time. He grabbed up a box of provisions and lugged it through the door.

He assembled their two camp stretchers in the yellow glow of a kerosene lamp, while Stringer and Linda clattered about the kitchen. Stringer had pitched a sleeping bag outside. He could hear them talking over the low partition that divided the kitchen from the big, empty dining room. He sat on the edge of a stretcher and lighted a cigarette, shadows of somberness under his eyes from the lamplight, smoking it slowly to give himself time to find some spurious enthusiasm before he went out for the meal.

Later, when they were in their beds between the rough comfort of blankets without sheets, Linda said, "John, aren't you glad we came? Aren't you thrilled?"

"Oh, sure," he said. "I never knew dust could taste so good."

"You're tired," she said. "Tomorrow will be different."

"Tomorrows always are," he said tautly. "So are yesterdays."

"Good night, John," Linda said. "Sleep well."

"Good night."

He turned on his side, facing away from her, cursing himself for his inability to match her unconcern, appalled at the prospect of three more days lived in an emotional vacuum with only Stringer to relieve the strain. Out in the darkness, a long way off, he heard a dingo howling, a high, thin, attenuated sound that ended with a shiver and left the darkness just so much lonelier for him.

The dawn was lonely, too, with the dregs of uneasy sleep. And cold. In the truce of waking, Dundas could hear the hut timbers creaking and the little cracking noises of the tin shell expanding in the warmer cold of dawn. Water droplets, condensing on the unlined roof, thudded in dull rhythm on the floor. Dundas pulled the blankets up over his face and turned on his side, burrowing down into sleep again. But before he had time quite to drift away, he heard Linda call out, her voice clear and high with excitement. He sat up quickly, wondering what was wrong. She was standing at the window in thin pajamas, barefooted, her head flung back, catching the light.

"John." She swung around. "John. Come here—look."

He struggled out and padded across to her. The concrete floor was icy. He was stiff and the bristles of his early-morning beard made his face feel like a plowed paddock. He had washed it after supper with an inch or two of water left over from the coffee, but the rest of him was still cobwebbed with dust. His eyes were sore. But when he came up behind her, all the soreness disappeared.

The Rock was there, saffron yellow in the rising sun, huge, towering, with mists drifting up like pale smoke from its slashed gullies. It sat massively on the gray spinifex and saltbush of the plain. Nothing led up to it; nothing supported it. It rose straight up and stood alone, majestic and brooding, as indifferent to them as it had been to the diprotodons and giant kangaroos that had lumbered there in prehistoric dawns.

"It really is," he murmured, wondering aloud. "It's all they've said."

"I want to climb it," Linda said, hushed and intense. "I want to stand up there, right at the top, and see how small everything else is—the plain, this hut, ourselves—just everything."

Dundas felt something of the same impulsion, the same excitement, but he also remembered Stringer's grim warning about the sun. He rubbed a hand across his chin, rasping the beard stubble. "I doubt that Stringer would approve," he said measuredly. "You know how it was yesterday coming out."

She turned slowly, as though reluctant to drag her eyes away, and her face was filled with an exalted determination he had never seen before. Her blue eyes were very wide, her mouth set. A flush was on her cheeks.

"We could climb up at first light," she said. "We'd be down before the heat began."

"We'll see what Stringer thinks," he said.

"Stringer was right yesterday," she said steadily. "It was the middle of the day. Anyone knows the sun is dangerous then."

Dundas frowned. "You didn't. You wanted to run off taking pictures. There could be other dangers. Things we don't know about."

"All right," she said coldly. "If you insist, we'll ask Stringer."

Then she turned away to put on dressing gown and slippers. She did it silently, methodically, and Dundas felt the old coolness between them once again. He realized with a sense of wonder, almost of shock, that it had not been there when they had stood together marveling at the Rock. He shuffled into his own dressing gown and slippers, suddenly feeling awkward, conscious of his grimy body, his beard and dust-stiff hair.

"I'm going to take a bath," he said flatly. "That is, if there's enough water in this Godforsaken place."

There was plenty of water. Stringer had reopened the bore that supplied the camp during tourist season and heated a great drum of water on an open fireplace back of the hut. Dundas felt better, once he had shaved and soaped off his accumulated grime, and by the time he had dressed in clean clothes, tucked away a breakfast of bacon and eggs, followed by good strong coffee and a cigarette, he was ready for the day. He even felt relaxed as they piled into the car and headed for the Rock, glowing softly yellow now, its great dome cleanly limned against the pale blue of the clear summer sky.

"It's really somethin', ain't it?" Stringer said. "It always knocks me over."

"Magnificent," Linda breathed. Then she added nonchalantly, leaning toward Stringer, "Is it hard to climb?"

"Easy if you keep your head," Stringer said. "Tourists go up like mountain goats." He took his square right hand from the steering wheel and gestured toward the southern face. "See that hump? It's called the *webo*. The blacks reckon it's the back of the kangaroo-rat god, crouchin' over the Rock. That's where they climb up. Takes about two hours—less if you're young enough, an' silly."

Dundas stared at the great bare hump, at the pile of broken rocks around its base, and he didn't need to ask what would happen if a climber missed his step, through heat exhaustion, say. Nothing grew on the surface of the Rock, nothing that could stop, or even slow, a rolling body on its way down to the ground.

"In winter, of course," he said. "You mean in winter."

He met Linda's eyes as she swung to face him. They were bright with anger and accusation.

"Stringer means it's easy to climb," she said deliberately. "Don't you, Stringer?"

Stringer darted them a quick look, pushed back his battered hat and scratched his white thatch of hair. "Easy in winter," he said carefully. "In summer it'd be just hell."

"Hell doesn't scare me," Linda said.

"Well, it scares me plenty," Stringer grunted. "P'r'aps I've done more to be scared about."

Linda didn't smile. "You won't climb with me?"

"No," Stringer said bluntly. "Your husband won't (*Continued on Page 78*)

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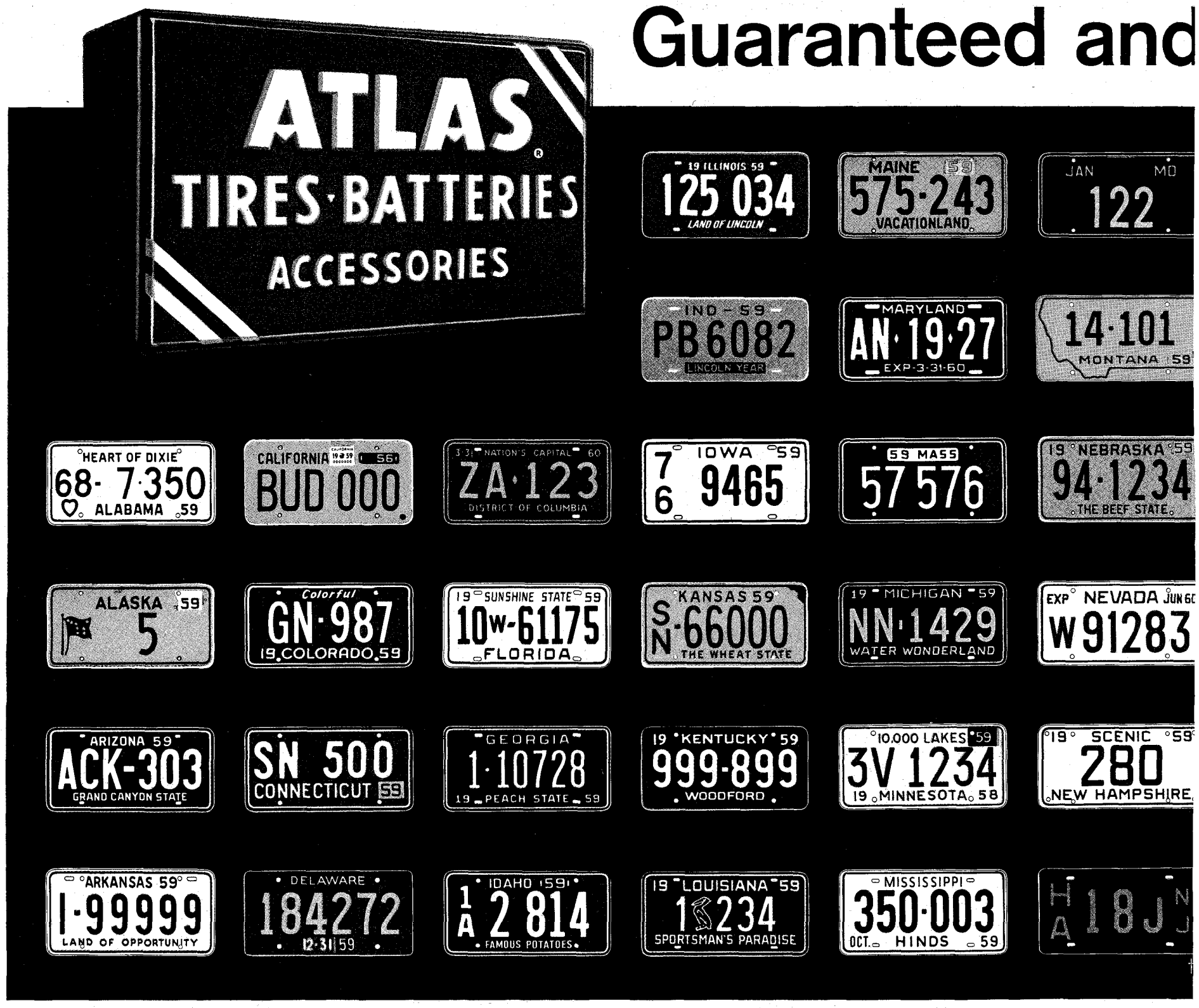

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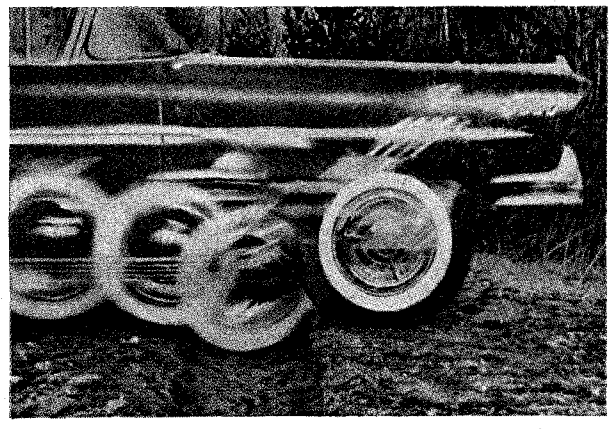

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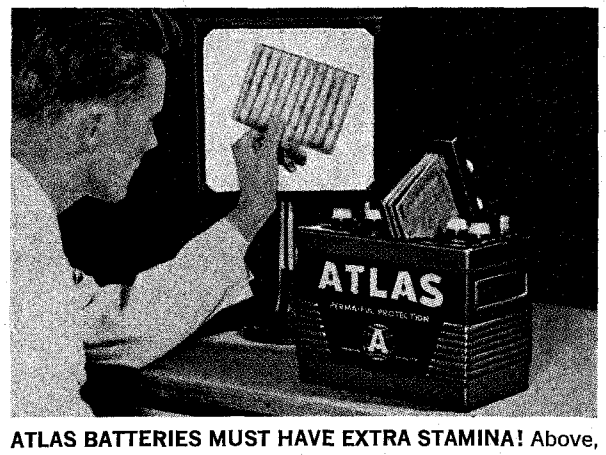

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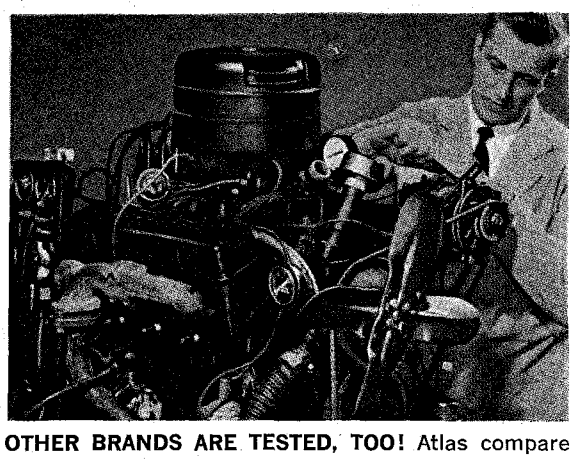

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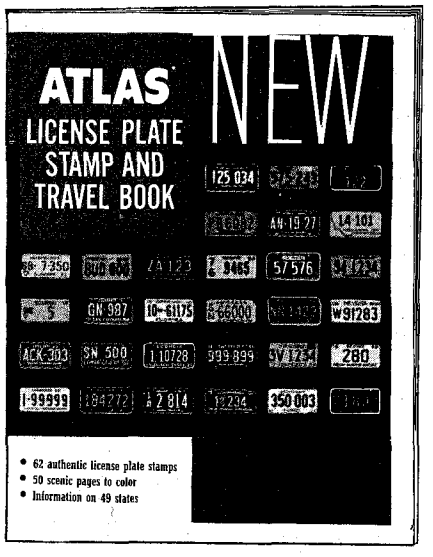
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(*Continued from Page 75*) either. Come back in winter if you want to climb."

"What if we went up at dawn?" Linda said obstinately. "We could be back for breakfast on your reckoning."

"Stop bein' silly," Stringer snapped. "Too many things could go wrong." He smacked the steering wheel a blow that made it shudder. "This isn't country where you play your chances. I told you before. You don't get a second chance."

The discussion ended there. They leapfrogged around the Rock by car and foot, keeping to shade, peering at and photographing the ocherous paintings made by aborigines in years past. Symbolic, weird, and strangely beautiful. They listened to Stringer talk about the magic lore of stones and sacred water holes, of initiation caves for young men, of fertility caves for women, of serpent gods and ritual dingoes big as elephants.

They ate bittersweet plums and tiny wild figs from the trees that grew thickly around the shaded waters of Mutidjula Springs. They rubbed lemon grass between their palms and sniffed its fragrance, and Stringer told them how the aboriginal cooks used it to flavor kangaroo and emu meat and wild goose. He showed them how to extract black wax from the spinifex bushes and explained how it was used to fix in place the kangaroo sinews the hunters used to bind spearheads to their hardwood shafts.

And when the sun was westing, dipping toward the flaring red sandhills of the horizon, they drove slowly back to camp, and then a mile past it, so they could watch the Rock perform its color magic. They turned the car side toward the Rock and leaned against it, silently, enjoying the heat of the earth through their shoes and the warmth of the car on their backs, for the desert air was already turning chill.

Then as they watched, the Rock's yellow turned gradually to a fiery red, shading slowly to the color of blood and glowing with it, the shadows in the gullies slashing it with black. Then the red shaded down to purple, then Burgundy, then violet, each change so gradual, so perfect, that the eye could not detect it. And Dundas understood, really for the first time, why the primitive tribesmen of that other era had worshiped the Rock as the living home of gods. He understood also why Linda and so many others had wanted to stand upon its summit.

The shadow of it stretched almost to the far horizon, its vast bulk turned to black, and then the night rushed in and folded it away. Dundas stood stock-still for a long moment, not wanting to break the silence. And when at last he moved, it was to find that Linda's hand was clasped in his. He could see her only in blurred outline, but he did not need to see her face to know just what it held. They had shared a thing of beauty, been moved by it beyond the scope of words—and that was something he had thought was lost.

"Well, now you've seen it," Stringer said. "Let's eat. I could eat an emu raw, an' then start on the feathers."

"Oh, Stringer," Linda said.

Dundas felt her hand withdraw, and shrugged himself back to reality. "Me, too, Stringer. But I'll settle for a can of beans."

Sometime in the night Dundas stirred. A noise that was strange, and yet not unknown, had wakened him. He lay still for a moment, in half sleep, trying to identify it. Then it came again, sweeping past the hut and fading into the distance. Whirr . . . whirr . . . whirr. . . . Flocks of mulga parakeets flying to the Rock for water. That meant it was nearly dawn.

He smiled sleepily, pleased at having recognized them. Stringer had been describing them the previous day, how they came dashing in, bush high, just before first light, to drink and get away back to the mulga scrub again before the hawks were up. They were the bushman's alarm clock, telling him each day how much longer he had to lie at ease. Well, Dundas thought lazily, they weren't his clock. He wasn't getting up at dawn. He drew the blankets close around his chin and settled back to sleep. But almost in that same instant he heard another noise—the cautious creaking of a stretcher. He turned his head slowly and in the darkness, barely discernible, he could see Linda getting up, getting dressed. He came wide-awake.

"What's going on?"

She came toward him silently. "Go back to sleep," she whispered. "I'm going to watch the sunrise."

"Fully dressed?"

"It's cold," she said. "Go back to sleep."

He settled back again, wondering what got into women that they wanted to stare at sunrises. But then, he thought idly, sunrise on the Rock was something more than just a sunrise. He remembered how he had felt about it yesterday when they had stood together at the window. How she had been overwhelmed, drawn to it, wanting to climb it. How they had both felt at sunset. Then a faint clank came from the kitchen, a rustle of crisp paper. A can of food, a biscuit packet. And suddenly, without question, without doubt, he knew what she was doing. He flung off his blankets and strode swiftly to the kitchen. She was just opening the outside door.

"Hold it," he said sharply. "You're not going anywhere."

She turned, keeping her hand on the doorknob against the small of her back. "Go back to bed," she said coldly. "I'm going to climb the Rock."

He grabbed her free arm. "You know what Stringer said."

"He's old and cautious," she whispered fiercely. "He doesn't feel." She took her hand away from the doorknob, brought it around and tried to loosen his clasp on her arm. "Let me go. Surely you understand. I thought you did, at sunset. But obviously I was wrong."

The touch of her hand, her words, evoked in Dundas a remembrance of the oneness he had felt watching the compelling grandeur of the Rock at sunset and finding, when it had faded into the dusk, her hand in his and her mood of ecstasy flowing into him. He hesitated, but only for a moment.

"Wait," he said. "Wait for me."

Stringer sat up from his sleeping bag as the car took off, sat up like a jack-in-the-box wrapped in a cocoon, his weathered voice fog-horning some indistinguishable query, threat or imprecation. Dundas couldn't pick it up above the noise of low-gear acceleration. Then they were clear of the camp, bouncing along the wheel tracks leading to the Rock, and dawn was on the way. Ahead to the right he saw flocks of mulga parakeets dipping and swerving like gray ghosts as they sped back to their protective scrub. Linda handed him a sandwich, thick enough for a camel's mouth, made of a slab of canned beef between two dry biscuits.

"Breakfast," she said. "I'll make coffee later. About nine o'clock."

Dundas grinned. "I'll hold you to that. I miss my coffee."

It was little more than half a mile to the Rock, to the foot of the *webo* where they would make their climb. But by the time they reached it, dawn had graduated, and the slashed and pitted sandstone was glowing a rich gold. Out of the car the air was still cold with night and hushed, as though waiting patiently for the day to liven it. The great curve of the *webo* stretched, humping, up and away from them, pointing to the pale blue sky.

Dundas took a water canteen from the car, hitched it on his belt, and glanced at his watch. "Just after five."

"Lead on, then," Linda said.

He shook his head. "It's your climb. I'll follow."

The first part, over the haunch, was very easy and Dundas had time to think about the strange elation that was in him. It was not strange because he could not identify it; but strange because he had not experienced it for a long time. Back there on the ground, even in the car as they left the camp, their strained politeness had fallen away, and something of the old ease had taken its place. Not entirely, because caution, thrust and parry had become their way of life. But, Dundas thought, it was perhaps a beginning. They were doing something together, not through a conscious effort at companionship, but because they wanted it.

He looked up at Linda, ten feet ahead of him, taking the steep slope smoothly, lithe in dark green slacks and white tailored blouse. And he wondered if they could achieve this ease again, prolonging it until it became once more their natural atmosphere.

Over the haunch they went a little slower, but it still wasn't difficult, even for greenhorn climbers. The rough texture of the sandstone and their rubber soles made footwork easy. There were no rock chimneys, no sheer faces, to demand climbing technique. The steepest pinches were no more than forty-five degrees and these were negotiated by walking on hands and feet, with bodies leaning well forward parallel with the slope. They spelled at frequent intervals.

In an hour they were more than halfway, no more than slightly tired, sweating lightly and enjoying the sun's warmth on their bodies. Nearing the top, a thousand feet above the plain, they clambered up their last steep pitch and gained the final, gentle rise. It was then, as they walked upright and together for the first time, able to see the plain on either hand, that the wind gust hit them. It was warm, laden with dust, and with a whiplash strike. And Dundas noticed that the sun was a red ball on the horizon, glaring smudgedly through dust.

The dust was lifting off the brick-red sandhills of the middle distance too. And westward, where the rock piles of the Olgas should have been visible, there was nothing but a wide dust curtain. As Dundas looked, a great willy-willy came bursting through, waltzing its crazy way among the spinifex. Then it swung around and came spinning toward the Rock, swerved at the last moment and whirled off into the north. Dundas felt the harsh sideswipe of it against his face, the sting of dust and sand particles. He clapped a hand down just in time on his wide-brimmed hat.

"This looks bad, Linda," he said quietly. "Time we got out of here."

"But we haven't reached the top," she said. "We can't go back."

He squinted up ahead, gauging distance. "Another twenty minutes, at least. There and back makes forty. We could be halfway down."

"We're leaving tomorrow," she said tersely. "This is our only chance. I'm not going to pass it up."

He looked at her closely, the set mouth and jaw line, the squared shoulders of determination, and was prepared to argue. Then he looked into her eyes. They seemed a darker blue, and in their depths, behind the brittle patina of resolve, he saw that she was asking him, even pleading with him, to go along with her.

"O.K.," he said at last. "You're right. But let's go fast."

They made the top in fifteen minutes and stood there, roving their eyes about the plain that should have seemed endless, but now was foreshortened by a driving wall of dust. The forerunner of the storm was with them, too, a fine mist of dust that prickled their nostrils and hurt their eyes. The wind was blowing strongly, with vicious, intermittent gusts. Then Dundas noticed that the camp, only half a mile away, was blotted out. It showed how fast the storm was closing in.

"Linda," he said abruptly. "We need some place to hole up."

"Maybe we could get back," she said quickly. "We'd be faster going down."

"Take another look out there." He swung his arm to include all the marching plain. "We'd be caught before we got halfway. Blinded. Suffocated. We need a cave—or one of those gullies."

The wind pushed and sandpapered them as they clambered along the scoured surface of the summit. It seemed to grow stronger with each step. They found their gully some five hundred yards away, one of those deep fissures that had glowed black and indigo and purple in the sunset. They climbed down cautiously, going diagonally across the slope, feet first and leaning back on their hands. When they reached bottom the dust and sand was sifting down. But there was no wind.

"John," Linda said, as they squatted under an (*Continued on Page 80*)

"Just how am I supposed to figure this out?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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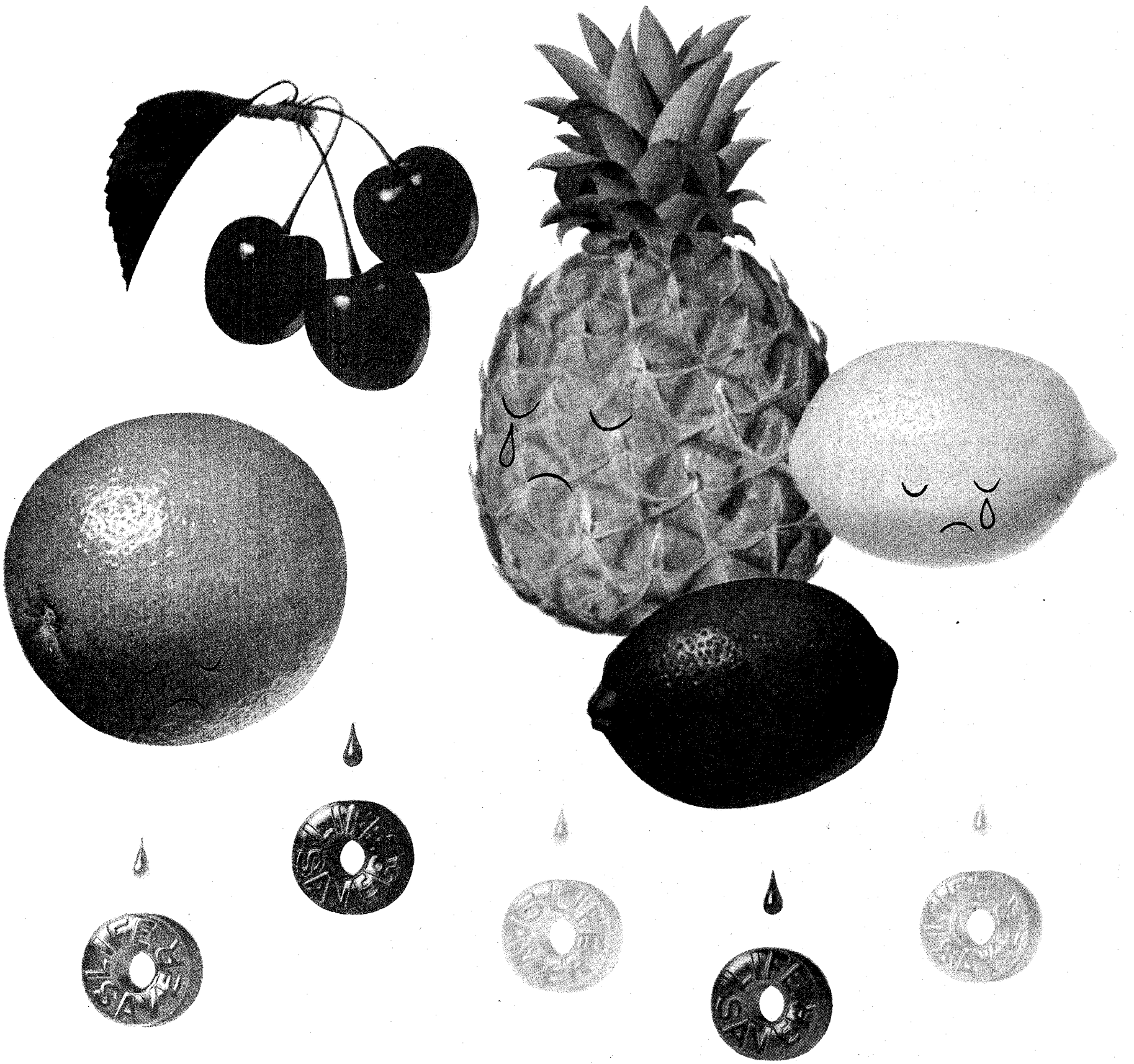
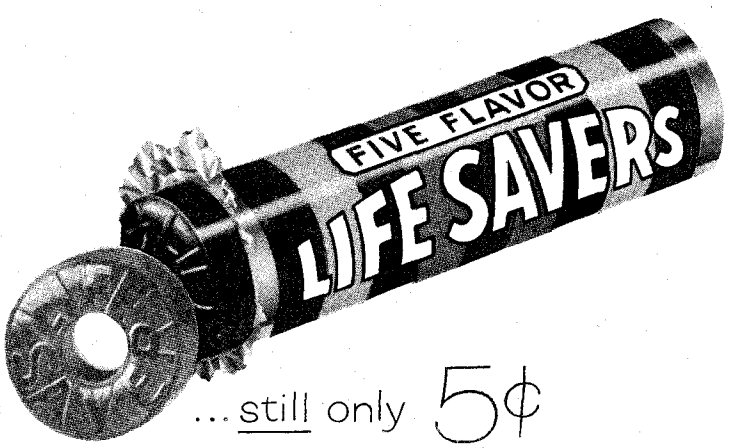


Life Savers stole our flavor



The candy with the hole ... still only 5¢

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(*Continued from Page 78*) overhang of rock. "John, I want to say I'm sorry." Her voice choked up. "I brought you here. I made you come."

"I came because I wanted to," Dundas said softly. "I wanted to be with you."

He lifted an arm to wrap about her shoulders, naturally, without thought of the old inhibitions, only of the need to comfort her. At that moment a great tongue of dust thrust down, followed by a roaring wind. In an instant the little gully was a whirling mass of red dust—cutting, blinding, stifling. Dundas clasped Linda to him fiercely, pushing her face down against his chest. He buried his own face in her hair, and they waited for a respite. When it came, both knew it was not for long. The wind was howling above their heads, across the mouth of the gully.

Dundas whipped out his handkerchief to make a mask for Linda. Then, after a moment's thought, he stripped off his shirt and removed his cotton undershirt. The shirttail he ripped off before resuming the garment. He tied the undershirt around Linda's face, muffled his own in the handkerchief and shirttail. They did not talk. There was no time. Another dust cloud, thicker than the first, came sweeping in. And from then on, it came in solid. What it was like up on the exposed rock surface, Dundas shuddered to think about. Even in the gully it was becoming difficult to breathe, and the flying dust and sand abraded the skin wherever it was exposed.

They sat hunched in each other's arms, drawing strength from each other, fighting the panic that rose as the hours wore on and the dust filtered through their masks, into their noses until each breath became more difficult than the last. Dundas' watch stopped just before noon, and from then on they lost track of time. Time became endless, a flat, baffling repetition of almost unendurable discomfort. Sand and dust were gritting in their dry, tongue-swollen mouths, scarcely eased by their cautious drinkings from the canteen. Their eyes burned behind shut lids. The heat was stifling, so dry and desiccating that the sweat dried on their bodies almost as it formed.

But through it all Dundas felt a deep satisfaction, born of tenderness and the fact that Linda was in his arms. He didn't know for certain how she felt. They couldn't talk. But something in the way she stirred occasionally, burying her head in some new position against his chest, tightening her arms around his waist, told him enough to heighten his belief that the past was past and the future, if and when it came, was full of promise.

He didn't at first notice that the dust was thinning and that the wind had dropped. It was not until Linda began to move away that he realized there was daylight in the gully, and he could breathe without a struggle. He pulled his face mask down and peered upward with sore and reddened eyes. The deep blue of the sky was showing through, the color of late afternoon. He turned to Linda thankfully, and she was waiting. Her eyes were red, her fair hair red with sand and dust, her face was streaked with dirt. But there was something in the way she looked at him, in the way she leaned forward, that made her seem more beautiful than she had ever been. They kissed, gently because their lips were cracked and swollen, but with a sense of communion, of togetherness, that made it a landmark of a kiss.

"John," she said. "I love you." Her voice was a rasping, whispered croak.

He touched her cheek, then cupped his hand around her chin. "Better than that," he said. "We love each other."

They struggled up, ankle-deep in dust, slowly unlimbering their cramped muscles for the journey back.

Then Linda said, with the faint shadow of a smile, "Stringer's not going to love us, though. He warned us—after all!"

Dundas wrapped his arms around her, pulled her close and grinned contently. "That only goes to show how little Stringer knows," he said firmly. "You *do* get a second chance."

Condition: Critical (Continued from Page 37)

twenty-four hours I've been trying to get information. All they'll tell me is, 'Doing as well as can be expected,' . . . 'Doing as well as can be expected'—just like a parrot. Won't even let me see her. I'm ——"

Doctor Sullivan held out a package of cigarettes. He spoke mildly, but he had the knack of speaking mildly with authority.

"Sit down. What are you trying to do to yourself—qualify for the cardiac club?"

The young man was still angry. "I'm trying to find out how my girl—my fiancée—is. Seems as though it's classified information. Seems as though everything around here is top-drawer secret."

"You," Doctor Sullivan said, lighting a match and motioning toward a couple of chairs, "sound like Navy."

The young man accepted the cigarette, the light and folded himself into a chair. Doctor Sullivan sort of folded, too, because he was a big man.

"Ex-Navy," the young man said. "Ex-flight navigator."

Doctor Sullivan extended a hand. It was a large hand—too large, it seemed, to be that of a surgeon. "Ex, too," he said cheerfully. "Ex-flight surgeon." He paused. "Name's Sullivan. Now, what's binding you?"

The hand that clasped the doctor's was hard and firm—a little too firm—so Doctor Sullivan quickly relaxed the grip because surgeons are always conscious of their hands.

"I'm Tierney," the young man said. "Ted Tierney. It doesn't matter. The person I'm interested in is Glo—ah—Miss Gloria Brian. She tail-spinned at the airport office last night. Did a nose dive onto her desk. I called the hospital. Ambulance came—took off with flaps down. Since then—no information. Doctor, your public-relations office needs a shot of Adrenalin."

"On your current flight plan," Doctor Sullivan said, smiling wearily, "a tranquilizer would not be contraindicated, Mr. Tierney." He picked up a phone beside the chair and to Myrt he said, "Please see if you can locate Mrs. Sullivan in Isolation." The doctor's wife, Bette, was night supervisor of nurses.

"I'll try," Myrt said, sighing. "Here we go—another moon shot."

But this time Bette was on target within thirty seconds, and she must have had the chart on her desk because she said, "Brian, Gloria, twenty-four, Hotel Jackson, admitted at eleven o'clock last night, pulmonary inflammation. The patient is under heavy sedation, doctor, plus penicillin and chloromycetin. Doing as well as can be expected."

Doctor Sullivan's wide shoulders seemed to sag a little.

"Thanks," he said. "Thanks a lot."

Informally, softly, Bette said, "Dennis, this is the fifth-straight night you've been on overtime. You sound dead. Now find a sack and hit it."

He managed a chuckle. "Normally it wouldn't be hard. We've got nearly three hundred sacks in Moan Motel. But right now the No Vacancy sign's lit up. See you for coffee, darling." He hung up.

Tierney, who had been absorbing every word he could hear, was bristling again.

When a bachelor is at his wit's end, he ceases to be a bachelor.

FRANCIS O. WALSH

"Can I see her—and what's the score?" he asked.

"Visitors," Doctor Sullivan said calmly, "are not permitted in Isolation. The score, Mr. Tierney, has not yet gone up on the board."

Tierney snuffed out his cigarette. He resumed pacing.

"The great medical clique," he muttered. "Fattening on the misfortunes of the layman. Ever mysterious, ever ——"

"That will do!" Doctor Sullivan said, rising. His eyes, flashing, were iceberg blue. "Before any of us earn our first fee, it costs us between forty and fifty thousand dollars. I have yet to earn my first fee. You certainly don't look undernourished, sir."

Tierney returned to his chair and slumped, elbows on knees, head between hands. "I—I'm sorry, doctor." He really sounded it. "Glo is my office manager, my business manager, my business getter and my sweetheart. Things were just beginning to roll smoothly. We'd planned to marry next month. And now this—this pneumonia, or whatever it is."

"It's a virus, Mr. Tierney. A most virulent virus. Thus far we have been unable to isolate it or trace it. Confidentially—I say confidentially because you'd be surprised how easily people panic—half of our staff in Administration and Personnel have been stricken. Plus three nurses and two orderlies."

They heard the distant wail of a siren, rising, rising.

"More business," Doctor Sullivan said grimly. "Right now we're moving apparatus out of Physical Therapy to create another Isolation ward."

Tierney's lips were white. "Does it kill?"

Doctor Sullivan hesitated. "We have some very critical cases." He clenched his large fists and snapped his knuckles. "When you're dealing with an unknown, Mr. Tierney, it can be rough."

Tierney nodded. "Like flying by the seat of your pants in a fog bank."

Doctor Sullivan nodded. "You still fly?" he asked.

"Glo and I own a twin-engine aircraft. At least we own a good piece of it. Maybe you've seen our ads—'Fly Today to Honeymoon Key. Only three hours from Jacksonville. Couples—a hundred and eighty dollars; foursomes, three hundred and sixty.'"

Doctor Sullivan looked wistful. "I've often seen the ad. Bette and I have frequently thought about it. We—we've been married three years. Never had a honeymoon except a weekend at Daytona Beach. Too busy and, of course, in our book, a hundred and eighty dollars is a—well, a fat fee."

"Doctor." Tierney was speaking solemnly. "It is four hundred and eighty miles, by way of Victor Three Airway, to West Palm Beach and then across the Atlantic to our island. We've got a twenty-thousand-dollar investment in the plane. It costs about fifteen dollars an hour to operate the plane, counting gasoline, insurance, twenty-five-hour maintenance checkouts with the Federal Aviation Agency and other items. We have some steady customers, of course—mostly salt-water fishermen. But we're living from charter to charter. Believe me."

This is good, Doctor Sullivan was thinking. *He's calmed down. I'll give him a couple of pills and send him home to sleep. He needs sleep even worse than I.*

"This island—ah—key," Doctor Sullivan said, "is it as pretty as the pictures in your ads?"

Tierney sighed, then smiled. "It's a privately owned key—in the Berry Island group, just a little north of New Providence. There are two comfortable cottages. A wide, solid landing strip on the beach. We made a deal with some natives. Ferry service to Nassau—only half an hour. And we have our own fishing cruiser. Doctor, the water's emerald-tinted, the sky is a huge sapphire with a golden inlay. All of our customers hate to leave it." He sighed again. "That goes for the pilot too."

The reception-room phone buzzed harshly. "Doctor," Myrt said, "Doctor Whittaker and Doctor Samuels would like to see you in Pathology."

"On my way," Doctor Sullivan said. From a smock pocket he extracted a pen. He found a small pad on a table. He scribbled a prescription.

"Give this to the nurse at the main desk," he told Tierney. "She'll give you some pills. Help you sleep. But don't take more than two of them this morning."

"Can't I stay right here, doctor?"

Doctor Sullivan shrugged. "You may. But there is nothing you can do, and it is not very comfortable."

"Hell," Tierney said miserably, "who wants to be comfortable?"

Doctor Whittaker, a fine physician but a worrywart, was sweating over a microscope in the laboratory. Doctor Samuels, young, vigorous and versatile chief pathologist, was busily pushing blood-smear slides beneath the microscope. They were laborers in a grotesque wonderland of gleaming glass and glossy gadgets.

"Dennis," Doctor Whittaker said without looking up, "this is a community hospital. We are not—never have been—properly equipped for investigations of this character. We don't even have an electron microscope. We need outside help—possibly the Federal Health Laboratory."

Doctor Samuels nodded. "He's right, doctor." He tapped the microscope. "I've seen lots of bugs, but none like these. These are merely pepperlike specks. My first guess was Rocky Mountain spotted fever; then a variety of other diseases. None fit. We're stymied."

Sometimes Doctor Samuels, with his perpetual accent on the negative, annoyed Doctor Sullivan.

"How about *Bläschenkrankheit?*" he suggested, scratching the tip of his nose.

Doctor Samuels reddened. "This is no time for levity, doctor."

"*Bläschenkrankheit*—the little-blister disease—is (*Continued on Page 84*)

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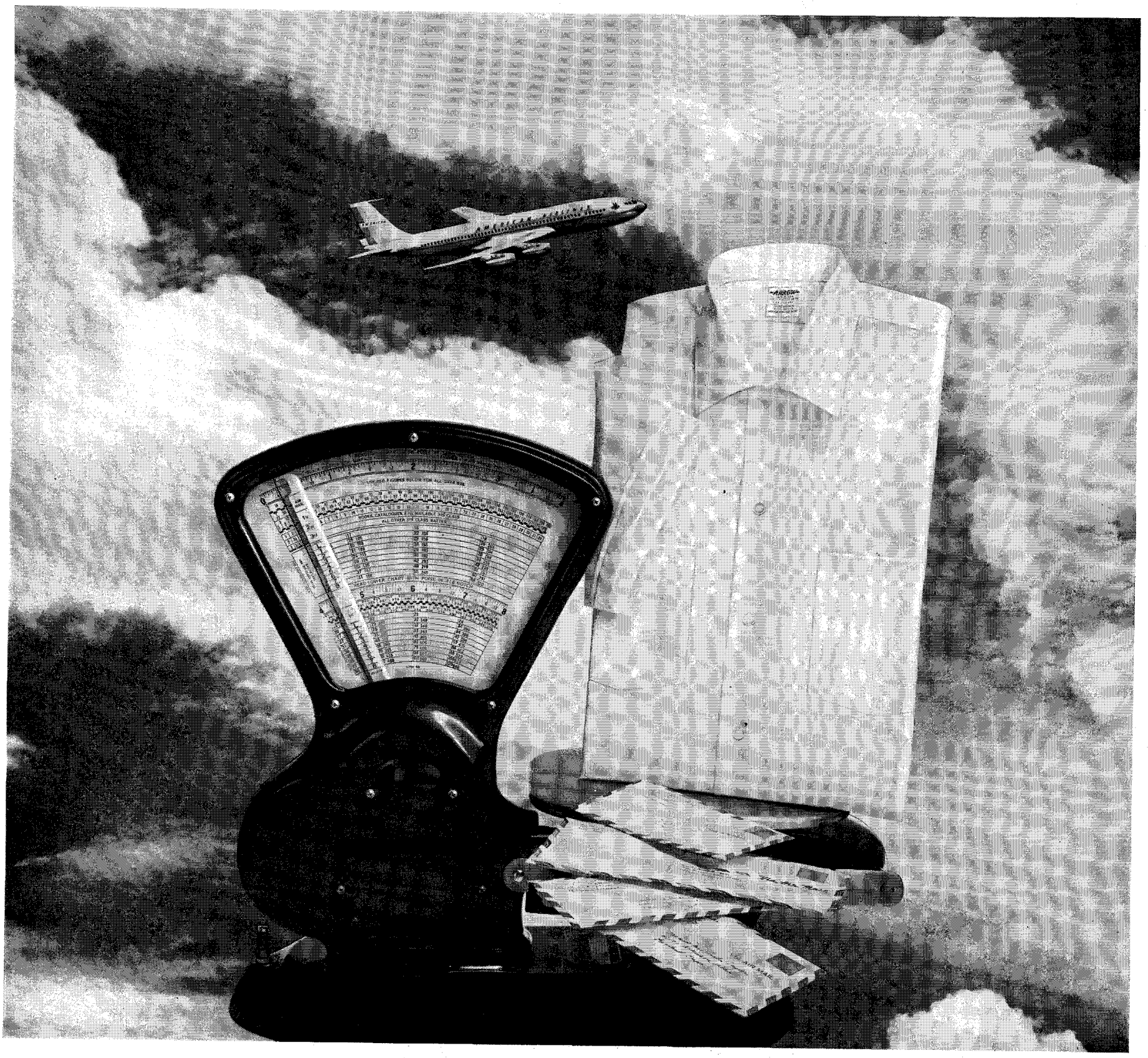

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(*Continued from Page 80*) sweeping Western Germany," Doctor Sullivan said. "Some say it's radioactive poisoning from nuclear experiments. Could have jumped across the pond—even as you're jumping at conclusions when you say we are stymied, doctor. I don't like that word."

Stiffly Doctor Samuels said, "I still believe we should check this out with the Federal lab."

"Tomorrow—I mean today—is Veterans' Day," Doctor Sullivan said. "Most Federal agencies are closed. Another twenty-four hours shot. Why not take these germs, culture them in mice or chick embryos, then have another look?"

"All right," Doctor Samuels said shortly. He, too, was tired. "We all know it's a pneumonic infection; begins with a chill and fever; a great deal of weakness and depression; some abdominal distention. Then—inflammation of the lungs. Photophobia, a sore throat and a nonproductive cough are part of the deal."

Doctor Whittaker glanced up from the microscope. "The bug seems to be selective. We've got seventeen patients, fifteen of them on the hospital staff and mostly from Administration and Personnel." Doctor Whittaker mopped his forehead with a handkerchief that already was clammy. "Dennis, this thing just could spread like wildfire, you know."

Doctor Sullivan nodded. "I know," he said. "I know. I've seen it happen. But chemotherapy has made great strides. Great!" His voice sounded hollow.

Dully, Doctor Whittaker said, "Penicillin, streptomycin—we've been exploring, experimenting, hoping. Chloromycetin seems to have some therapeutic value. The others"—he shrugged—"I have reports of thrombophlebitis in two patients. That usually precedes pulmonary embolism, and you know as well as I do, when that happens"—he shrugged again—"terminal."

"I think," Doctor Sullivan said quietly, "we all need some coffee. I've got to make the rounds. But I'll be back with a jug."

He made the rounds. Habit, perhaps; conscience, maybe. Anyhow it was compulsive. The dimmed lights in the corridors cast weird shadows. The tiled floors had just been waxed and polished, but above the pleasantly pungent odor of the wax, he inhaled the other ever-present smells—alcohol, formaldehyde, iodine, ether. Ether above all.

He poked his head into Emergency. All was quiet. Miss Paige, the nurse on duty, was reading a paperback novel. She glanced up and said, "Hey, doctor." He nodded and smiled. She was cute, cute as a kitten; but her desk, the way it had been arranged, reminded Doctor Sullivan of a cashier's desk in a restaurant. Emergency, in this day and age, was a pay-as-you-come or, at least, positively-before-you-leave, department.

Cash on the barrelhead, Doctor Sullivan thought. *Cash on the barrelhead or immediate evidence of health-insurance plans or a local checking account.*

It was Doctor Ira Skinner, acting administrator of the hospital, who had tightened financial policies. The true administrator, the affable, lovable but rapidly aging Doctor Fincannon, believed in healing first and collecting—perhaps—later.

A dim light was burning in Room 206. The doctor stepped quietly around the screen. Mrs. Heath, although she didn't know it, wasn't going home. Doctor Sullivan and Doctor Whittaker had opened her—much like you might open a bound volume—and quickly closed. They had read the last chapter.

Mrs. Heath, whose hair was egret-white, always seemed happy. Now she was busily writing, carefully, on a pad. Clear, gray eyes peeked at the doctor from beneath a white nightcap. Mrs. Heath insisted on wearing a nightcap. It was against hospital regulations, but Mrs. Heath could be sweetly stubborn.

"Doctor Dennis," she said, "how nice."

Doctor Sullivan manufactured a frown. "It's way past curfew." Lightly he added, "Writing yourself a prescription?"

She finished writing with a flourish and handed him the pad. "It's for you. Tear it off and keep it. It's something my father taught me—an old Gaelic blessing."

The writing was in fine Old English script. Leaning closer to the night lamp, Doctor Sullivan read aloud:

"May the roads rise with you,
And the wind be always at your back;
And may the Lord hold you in the hollow of His hand."

The doctor tore the sheet off the pad, folded it carefully and placed it in a pocket of his white smock.

"Thank you, Marie," he said huskily. "Thank you very much. It is the nicest thing that has happened to me all day." He cleared his throat. "Now take your pills. Snuggle down. Sleep tight."

The gray eyes searched his face. "I don't want to waste too much time sleeping. Never know how long I'll be waking, doctor."

"Nor I—nor any of us know how long we'll be waking," Doctor Sullivan said. "You don't have to sleep. But rest." He dimmed the night lamp. Headlights from an automobile, crossing the bridge over the St. Johns River, reflected in the room. They heard the wind, a curious, restless wind, rustling a palm frond just outside her window. "You see," the doctor said, "the roads are rising with you and the wind is at your back. Good night, Marie."

In the somber isolation ward he met Bette and said softly, "Coffee?" and she nodded. Then he added, "Which one is Brian?" Bette pointed to a bed near a window. With a tiny flashlight that had been built into his pen, the doctor read the chart and at the same time took Glo Brian's pulse.

At one A.M. her temperature had been 105 degrees. The pulse was far too rapid. Her face—and it was a lovely face crowned by a ruffled mass of natural blond hair—was flushed and she was breathing stertorously. The chart told him that she had been given penicillin and one of the barbiturates, and that X-ray examinations had shown patchy areas of consolidation in both lungs. Glo Brian was on the critical list.

As the doctor and Bette left the ward, Bette said quietly, "This sickness has me really scared, Dennis. What is it—a new kind of bug?" Bette, a tall, slender brunette, had Gulf Stream-blue eyes that seemed to jingle like chimes when she laughed or smiled. But now she looked grim and grave.

"I don't think," Doctor Sullivan said slowly, "that it's a new bug. I have a feeling it is very old, but new to us." He sighed and changed the subject. "Miss Brian's fiancé is in Reception, pacing like a sulky panther. He's a flier." Doctor Sullivan glanced significantly at Bette. "When he talks flying, he stops pacing. Mind if I ask him to join us?"

"Of course not," Bette said warmly. "If I'm scared, he must be terrified."

Tierney stopped pacing, stiffened, turned deathly white as Bette and Doctor Sullivan entered the reception room.

"Is—is she ——" he began.

Bette said cheerfully, "She's resting comfortably. We just thought you could use some coffee, Mr. Tierney."

For a moment he looked as though he was going to cry. Then he said hoarsely, "That was nice of you. Fuel tank's pretty low. So's my altitude."

Over coffee, which they drew themselves from a huge twenty-four-hour urn in the diet kitchen, Bette said, "Dennis tells me you're a flier."

He nodded. "Honeymoon Key charter line."

Bette smiled. "I've read about your fabulous island and your—to us—fabulous rates."

The doctor said quickly, "We've been over that, Bette. Everything is relative. Here we've got three hundred beds—a terrific underhead. He's got"—the doctor waved a hand skyward—"a vast overhead."

"Tell me," Bette said eagerly, "more about your Honeymoon Island."

"Well ——" Tierney started, and Doctor Sullivan, rising, said, "I just remembered I promised coffee to the slaves in Pathology. See you after a bit."

But as he passed the switchboard, carrying a flask of steaming coffee, Myrt said, "Hold it. Doctor Curmudgeon is calling all cars. Wants you." Myrt had pet names for several upper-echelon staff members, and "Curmudgeon" was synonymous with "Skinner."

Doctor Sullivan glanced at his wrist watch. It was almost two-thirty A.M. "Now what in blazes ——" he began.

Myrt, with telephone cords dangling from her hands, gestured helplessly. "Don't ask me. He's gobbling like a turkey in a typhoon."

Doctor Sullivan placed the coffee flask on the switchboard, and as he picked up a phone Myrt poured herself a cup.

"Doctor Sullivan?" The voice didn't sound like that of Doctor Skinner, the painfully pompous, overstuffed starched shirt. Doctor Skinner sounded relieved, even humble.

"It's Mrs. Skinner, doctor," Doctor Skinner said hoarsely. "She got out of bed half an hour ago to get some aspirin. She collapsed in the bathroom. There is abdominal distention, epistaxis and a high fever. I—I need you, doctor."

"I'll dispatch an ambulance immediately," Doctor Sullivan said. "It all sounds too familiar."

"But can't—will you ——" Doctor Skinner was pleading.

"I'll be aboard, doctor."

The ambulance had a radiophone. Doctor Sullivan ordered a special room prepared in Isolation. As they raced back to the hospital, the doctor said to the ambulance driver, "This is a siren-happy town, Charley. Make it happier."

Back in the diet kitchen, Bette and Ted Tierney were still drinking coffee and talking—the latter enthusiastically. Bette drew a fresh cup of coffee for the doctor.

"He," Bette said, nodding toward Tierney, "is quite a guy. He's more than a flier. He's an ornithologist and an ichthy—a whatchamacallit—a fish expert."

"I know," Doctor Sullivan said. Soberly he added, "Mrs. Skinner is now on our list."

Bette said, "Got your message. Prepared the room for her."

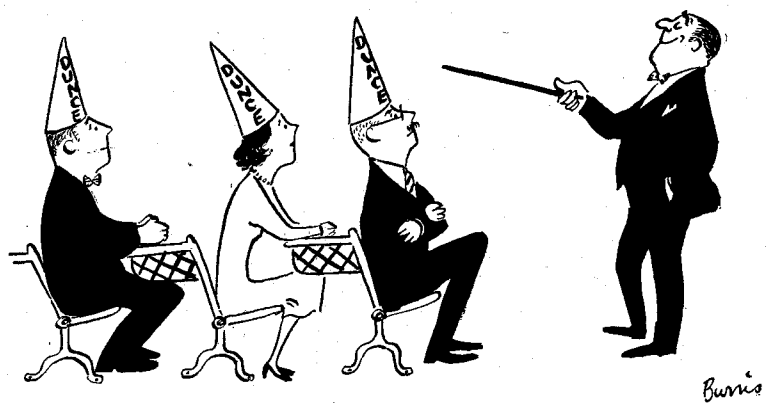
Tierney tensed. "Gosh!" he said. "You mean Doctor Skinner's wife?"

"You know Doctor Skinner?" Doctor Sullivan asked.

"Doctor and Mrs. Skinner flew down to Honeymoon Key with me about two weeks ago. Had a wonderful time. I brought back a couple of birds for her—the natives call them finches. I think they're either wild parakeets or wild canaries."

Doctor Sullivan nearly dropped his coffee cup.

"Did you say wild birds?" he asked slowly. (*Continued on Page 86*)



The Perfect Squelch

Mr. Bigg, president of the Parent-Teacher Association, sought to rally support for a school bond issue. At the P.T.A. meeting he outlined an approach to be used in soliciting votes by telephone. Then, as if his audience were dim-witted, he ordered amiable Bob Smiley to "write it up on the blackboard for all to see." Smiley, whom Bigg took pleasure in embarrassing, obligingly chalked up the following gems as Bigg dictated them:

1. "My name is ——."
2. "I am calling in behalf of the P.T.A. about the school bond issue."
3. "Are you registered to vote?"

At that point, Bigg obviously forgot his lines and paused. Smiley, who had suffered quietly through Bigg's condescending performance, delighted the meeting by suggesting the next line:

"May I please speak to your daddy?"

Minnie Hitov

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The moon hangs low in the stratosphere—kingdom of the DC-8

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(*Continued from Page 84*) Bette's eyes were shining. "It must be a gorgeous sight. Mrs. Tierney says that every night, about sundown, hundreds of them flock to the Australian pines on a nearby island. Then they settle down for the night and take off at dawn."

"Sometimes," Tierney added, "the natives catch them and put them in tiny wicker baskets. Sell them for whatever they can get. I paid a couple of shillings apiece for the pair I gave to Mrs. Skinner. Glo's—ah—Miss Brian's pair cost me a five-pound Nassau grouper."

Doctor Sullivan was staring at him strangely. "Does Glo—I mean Miss Brian—still have them?" he asked.

"As a matter of fact, no," Tierney said. "We kept them in a cage at the airport. Gave them plenty of canary seed, water—everything you're supposed to give pet birds—but they died. Glo was broken-hearted."

"Dennis!" Bette said sharply. "What's wrong?" She had seen the beads of perspiration forming on his forehead.

The doctor, as Bette dabbed at his forehead with a tissue, said soberly, "Mr. Tierney, did you declare these—did these birds pass through Customs?"

Tierney shook his head. "Never even thought of declaring them, doctor. The baskets just fitted into a compartment beside the pilot's seat. Besides, I wasn't bringing them back to sell; just as gifts for Glo and Mrs. Skinner. Naturally the Customs men made their routine inspections of luggage, liquor, perfume and so on. But I—I —— What are you driving at, doctor?"

But the doctor was busily scribbling something on a pad. He tore off the sheet and handed it to Bette. On the pad he had written a single word—"psittacosis."

"Scramble up to Pathology," Doctor Sullivan said urgently. "Tell Doctor Whittaker and Doctor Samuels to pull out all the textbooks on psittacosis. . . . Mr. Tierney, you sit tight. Help yourself to coffee. I'm going to see Doctor Skinner."

Doctor Skinner, looking utterly dejected, was sitting in a hard-backed chair at his wife's bedside.

Doctor Sullivan spoke softly. "Doctor, Mrs. Skinner has a couple of birds that you brought back from the islands. Where do you keep them?"

"They died," Doctor Skinner said shortly. "They died three days after we caged them. Why on earth, at a time like this, do you ——"

"How did you dispose of them?" Doctor Sullivan sounded anxious.

A little impatiently Doctor Skinner said, "Mrs. Skinner is sentimental about those things. We covered them, placed them in a plastic container and buried them beneath a camellia bush." Doctor Skinner took a deep breath. "Doctor Sullivan, Mrs. Skinner is desperately ill; I was sick with the flu all last week, and now you decide to start your own quiz program. I—I'm ——"

"I have a favor to ask, doctor." Doctor Sullivan sounded deeply serious.

"Yes."

"Will you ride out to your home with me immediately, and we will—ah—exhume the corpses."

"Doctor Sullivan, are you completely out of your mind?"

"Ever hear of psittacosis?"

"Parrot fever? Of course. A severe febrile disease spread by a wide variety of birds, such as parrots, parakeets, turkeys, ducks, finches—uh ——" Doctor Skinner stopped talking abruptly. He took a deep breath. It was closer to a gasp.

Doctor Sullivan nodded. "Epidemics in Paris, Buenos Aires, Louisiana—sporadic outbreaks in other countries and states. Transmitted from birds to man by handling sick or dead birds. More often by the inhalation of the virus from contaminated air. Even more important, doctor, once in a rare while transmitted by a human carrier. Doctor, most of our cases have come from your departments, Administration and Personnel."

For a long time the room was deathly silent. Then Doctor Skinner arose. "I'll go out to the house with you. Will you see if you can find a special nurse for Mrs. Skinner?"

"Bette can look after Mrs. Skinner," Doctor Sullivan said. "We'll have to make a quick autopsy on the birds. Then, blood tests, of course, for both you and Mr. Tierney. If what I suspect is right, doctor—if you are the carrier—you will have to undergo the prescribed course of treatment. Naturally, even the treatment is not guaranteed to kill the virus."

"I understand perfectly." Doctor Skinner spoke humbly. "I had a feeling, last week, that my illness was something more virulent than the flu."

"If I am right," Doctor Sullivan added, "it opens up whole new avenues of chemotherapy—namely, chlortetracycline and oxytetracycline. Just to make doubly sure about the treatment, I'll want to talk with pathologists and bacteriologists in the Communicable Disease Center of the Public Health Service at Atlanta. Someone is available there at all times."

"Anything you say, doctor," said Doctor Skinner.

For the next eight hours, the laboratory at Jacksonville Medical Hospital was a veritable madhouse. Meticulous autopsies were made on the dead birds. Doctor Skinner and Tierney were given

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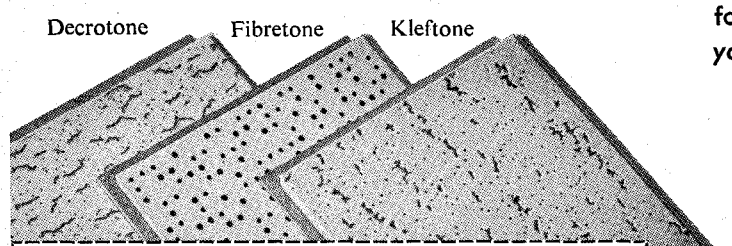

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blood tests. Doctor Sullivan, Doctor Whittaker and Doctor Samuels talked at great length with the Government physicians in Atlanta.

At one point Tierney, now thoroughly subdued, said glumly to Doctor Sullivan, "I'll have to file a report on this with Customs. May lose my license. But, doctor, they relaxed restrictions on bird importation a long time ago. Honest."

"Just let me do the talking," Doctor Sullivan suggested. "Your Customs chief was in this hospital six months ago. We pulled him through a severe coronary. He is very grateful."

Laboratory photos of the virus psittacosis-ornithosis were flown, by Navy jet plane, from Atlanta to Jacksonville and reached their destination about two hours after the request.

Doctor Whittaker, stooping over a microscope, studied some fresh smears. In his right hand he held the photos from Atlanta.

"Dennis!" he said sharply.

Doctor Sullivan looked into the microscope. Then he studied the photographs.

"Identical," Doctor Whittaker said. "Parrot fever."

Doctor Sullivan sighed. It was a long, drawn-out sigh of relief. Doctor Samuels entered the lab. He scrubbed.

"Mr. Tierney," said Doctor Samuels, "is negative. Doctor Skinner is the carrier."

"Let's get to work," Doctor Sullivan said hoarsely. "Now we know what we're fighting."

It took them two weeks, but they fought it to a standstill, and the records will always show: "No casualties."

At seven o'clock on an evening some weeks later, Miss Gloria Brian became the bride of Mr. Theodore Tierney at St. Luke's Church. Mrs. Dennis Sullivan served as matron of honor.

"She's in the bathtub with Mr. Jenkins right now."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

At three o'clock the next morning they took off from a Jacksonville airport, and Ted Tierney filed his flight plan by radio en route to West Palm Beach.

"Routine flight to Honeymoon Key in the Berry Chain with three passengers," Ted concluded. "Mrs. Tierney and Doctor Dennis Sullivan *et ux*."

"Who you calling a 'ux'?" Bette said.

Tierney grinned. "Prettiest ux in the country," he said, and then, glancing at his bride, "next to my wife."

It was Doctor Sullivan's turn to grin. "A flier, ornithologist, husband—and a diplomat," he said. "*Salud!*"

"*Muchas gracias*," Tierney replied, chuckling.

"I don't know whether it's the altitude or reaction from that sparkling burgundy," Doctor Sullivan said, "but I am currently in euphoria."

"That a state or a country?" Glo asked happily.

"A state of well-being. One of the finest states. I'm in favor of making it our fifty-first."

"It's neither the burgundy nor the altitude," said Glo. "After all, it's your honeymoon—three years late—and our honeymoon. And a full week ahead in paradise."

At West Palm they touched down for fuel, ham and eggs, coffee, gasoline and Customs. Before six o'clock they were over the ocean. The sky changed from black to purple to mauve to pink and vivid red. Now the Atlantic was an enormous emerald with streaks of white foam that resembled hard-packed highways. They had a gentle tail wind. Doctor Sullivan thought:

May the roads rise with you,
And the wind be always at your back. . . .

"Ted," Doctor Sullivan asked, "are there coconuts on your island? One of my patients has never seen one."

Tierney chuckled. "Coconuts are thicker than sand flies. We can bring back a basketful—provided you declare 'em."

For a long time they flew in cockpit silence, but the hum was happier than a hummingbird's.

Bette spoke up. "I've been waiting for this for years. I'm going to fish and sleep and swim and beachcomb. Then I'm going to beachcomb and swim and fish and sleep some more."

Mildly Doctor Sullivan asked, "That all?"

Bette wrapped her arms around him. It was a long, warm kiss.

"I hate myself for this," Tierney interrupted, "but you've got to fasten your seat belts. We're approaching Honeymoon Key." THE END

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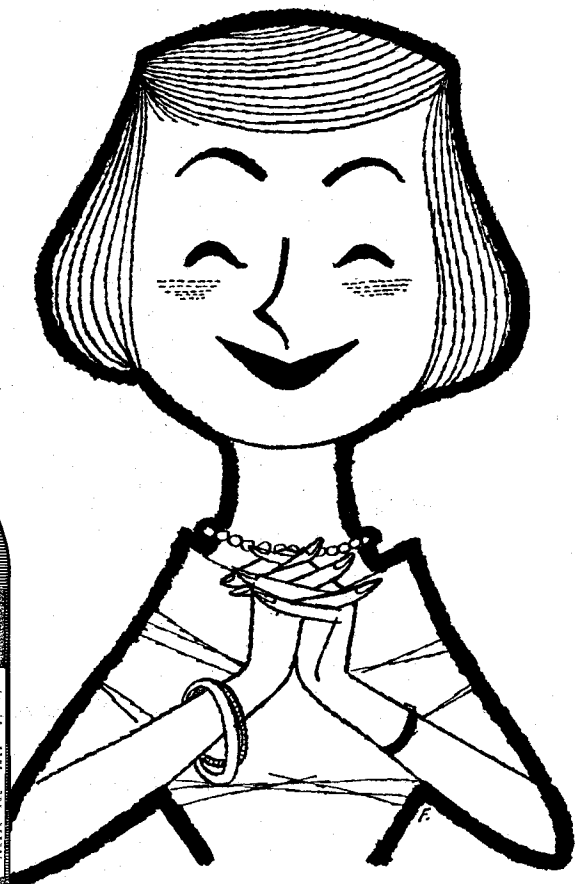

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Solly on the Spot (Continued from Page 36)

was known as the Mighty Mouse. However, his experience was confined to the playing field. Thirty-five-year-old Solly had never managed for as much as a minute anywhere when he was picked last September to take over the Cards.

Cynics arrived at the explanation that the selection of Hemus represented a triumph of apple polishing. This theory stemmed from a letter Solly addressed in 1956 to August A. (Gussie) Busch, Jr., the wealthy brewer who controls the Cardinals. Hemus had just been traded to Philadelphia by Frank Lane, then the St. Louis general manager. Solly sat down and wrote Busch the sort of letter a guest sends to a host, saying how much he had enjoyed his stay in St. Louis and expressing the hope that he would be back some day.

Busch did recall this last year when he came to Solly's name on a list of managerial possibilities that had been prepared for him. In his six years as a ball-club president, the yeasty sportsman had learned that players seldom bother to say thanks. However, while the thank-you note had stuck in Busch's mind, he remembered even more vividly the note's author and the way he would crowd the plate when he came to bat—exposing himself to enemy pitches, fouling off the good ones and doing everything else possible to get himself on base.

Hemus reminded Busch of another all-out battler who had been a personal favorite—Eddie (The Brat) Stanky, Cardinal manager from 1952 until the spring of 1955. The hoarse-voiced, middle-aged brewer had been reluctantly persuaded by associates that Stanky must go—that his strained relations with the public and the players never would smooth out. Since then Harry Walker had been given a shot at the job, and then Fred Hutchinson. Now Busch welcomed the chance to revert at least part way to the Stanky pattern with Hemus.

Busch also brought Stanky himself back into the St. Louis organization last fall as a special scouting assistant to general manager Vaughan P. (Bing) Devine. The return of Stanky was interpreted by some as a threat to the job security of both Hemus and Devine. In Hemus' case, there were a couple of additional appointments that made it clear the Cardinals would have an abundance of experienced replacements to choose from if Solly should fail to please. The two top managers in the St. Louis farm system were named as Cardinal coaches for 1959—Harry Walker, the man who originally succeeded Stanky back in 1955, and Johnny Keane.

However, neither Hemus nor Devine seems disturbed by the presence of so many high-powered associates. "We want freedom of expression, differences of personality and opinion," says Devine, a slender, youthful-looking man of forty-two. "There are too many 'yes men' and 'do-nothing' coaches. As for Stanky, Solly and I both know that loyalty is one of Eddie's strong points."

Devine may have had to sell Hemus on the desirability of having the vociferous Walker as a coaching aide, but Solly was eager to get the soft-spoken Keane, a Houston neighbor under whom he once played in the Texas League. Solly chose another Houston resident, Howard Pollet, as his pitching coach. Pollet was one of the Redbirds' brighter stars in the 1940's—a twenty-game winner when they took their last pennant in 1946.

In those days St. Louis had a real baseball empire. It gradually withered away. Gussie Busch is determined to make the Cardinals supreme again. If Devine, the sophomore general manager, and Hemus, the freshman field manager, are to bring this about, they will need money, judgment and luck—plus more patience than Busch and his retinue have exhibited up to now. The job facing Hemus and Devine appeared even more enormous when the Cardinals lost twelve of their first sixteen games this spring.

It took a long while to build the original Cardinal empire, which evolved from Branch Rickey's invention of the farm system. As general manager under owner Sam Breadon, Rickey decided that because the Cardinals were unable to compete with wealthier clubs for established talent, they would develop their own players through a chain of minor-league teams. That was in 1919. In 1926 St. Louis got its first pennant.

With a farm system that at its peak numbered thirty-three clubs and more than 600 players, Rickey and Breadon acquired such a surplus of talent that they were able to compensate for modest gate receipts by selling off veteran stars and replacing them with fleet, strong-armed young men of equal ability and even greater zeal. Athletes of this new breed became known as "Cardinal-type players." They were referred to as "lean and hungry," although they actually were not so underpaid as was popularly supposed.

Between 1926 and 1946 the Cardinals surged to nine pennants. They were the National League's answer to the Yankees. During this period the National League won only eight of twenty-one World Series. St. Louis accounted for six.

Toward the end of this era Branch Rickey left. The Bible-quoting Rickey, a teetotaling Republican, and barbershop singer Breadon, a glass-tilting Democrat, had been united as young visionaries out to make a buck and a reputation. With the passage of time they began to disagree as often as their different interests and backgrounds would indicate.

It ended in 1942 with the firing of Rickey, who had just finished building his masterpiece—an exceptionally swift young team with standout pitching, top-flight defense, good hitting and a capable manager, Billy Southworth. The Cardinals took three straight wartime pennants, winning 106, 105 and 105 games in successive seasons. In 1946, under Eddie Dyer, they made it four championships in five years.

In this same year a twenty-two-year-old lad named Solomon Joseph Hemus began a war-delayed baseball career under discouraging circumstances. Born in Phoenix, Arizona—the middle youngster among the five children of Ben Hemus, a plasterer, and his Austrian-immigrant wife—Solly had grown up in San Diego, California, where the Hemuses moved when he was three.

There Solly played well enough with St. Augustine High, a Catholic school, to attract the attention of Art Billings, an area scout for the Detroit Tigers. The youthful infielder was all set to sign a minor-league contract. Then, on December 7, 1941—a day when Hemus happened to be playing ball against a service team from Fort Rosecrans—the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor. A week later Solly enlisted in the Navy. He served four years in aviation ordnance.

By the time the war ended, Solly had been married two years to his tall, blond, high-school sweetheart, Marguerite Ann Maguire. Their daughter, Peggy, was a year old. His two older brothers had become career men in the Navy, and Solly was offered a chief's rating if he would re-enlist. He was tempted, but he wanted to try baseball first.

Scout Art Billings, who by that time was working for the Brooklyn Dodgers, signed him. Solly reported to the Dodgers' early camp at Sanford, Florida. He immediately displayed a penchant for asking questions. One of his chief targets was none other than Eddie Stanky, Brooklyn's varsity second baseman. Stanky obligingly showed Hemus things Solly never forgot—"particularly how to kick a ball out of a baseman's glove, and then how to protect myself when the other guy got mad enough to slide high," he recalls with a grin.

However, Hemus found himself being shunted aside at the camp. Although handicapped by a sore right elbow, he still couldn't understand the brush-off he was getting. Maybe he hadn't run, thrown or hit well, but his eyes told him that Stanky hadn't either.

Solly says that what finally queered him with the Dodger organization was an incident during a Florida bus trip he took with a farm club. The team manager, who was driving the bus, refused to make a rest stop. The other kids squirmed in silence, but Solly put up a fuss about it. The next day he was released.

In telling this story today, Hemus won't give the name of the manager who drove that bus. "He's got a living to make too," Solly says, "and besides, I guess I was pretty fresh."

Hemus was a downcast young man when he got back home to San Diego. Then an understanding Cardinal subscout, Herb Benninghoven, who had known Solly for years, took him to a try-out camp at Fullerton, California. He was signed for the St. Louis organization by scout Ken Penner.

Starting off in 1946 as second baseman for Pocatello, Idaho, in the Class C Pioneer League, Hemus just missed winning the batting title with the best average of his career, .363. The Pocatello manager was Bill Brenzel, who appeared in the big leagues briefly as a catcher during the 1930's. Brenzel may have been forgotten by the average fan, but he is well remembered by Hemus.

"Bill made managing seem a noble profession," Solly says now, rolling a cigar with the finger-tip touch of George Burns. "He taught me to play for the team instead of myself, and he showed that a manager can get things done and still have the players like and respect him."

Hemus obviously hopes to do the same as leader of the Cardinals. In any event, he is likely to be the most colorful St. Louis manager since Frank Frisch bossed—and was bossed by—the Gashouse Gang of a quarter of a century ago, featuring Dizzy Dean, Pepper Martin, Leo Durocher, Joe Medwick, Rip Collins and assorted other characters.

Solly Hemus is distinctive in both appearance and manner. He is an impish-looking fellow, with high cheekbones that give a somewhat Oriental cast to his face. One of his clubhouse nicknames is "Chinaman." He seems even smaller than the dimensions at which he was listed on the playing rosters—five-nine and 175 pounds.

Like such previous Cardinal managers as Frisch, Dyer, Stanky and Marty Marion—who pinned the Mighty Mouse label on him—Hemus has an engaging way with words. Like Frisch and Stanky, he has a flair for the dramatic and the faculty of throwing the opposition off balance. Like Marion, he has the gift of selling himself to people and making friends.

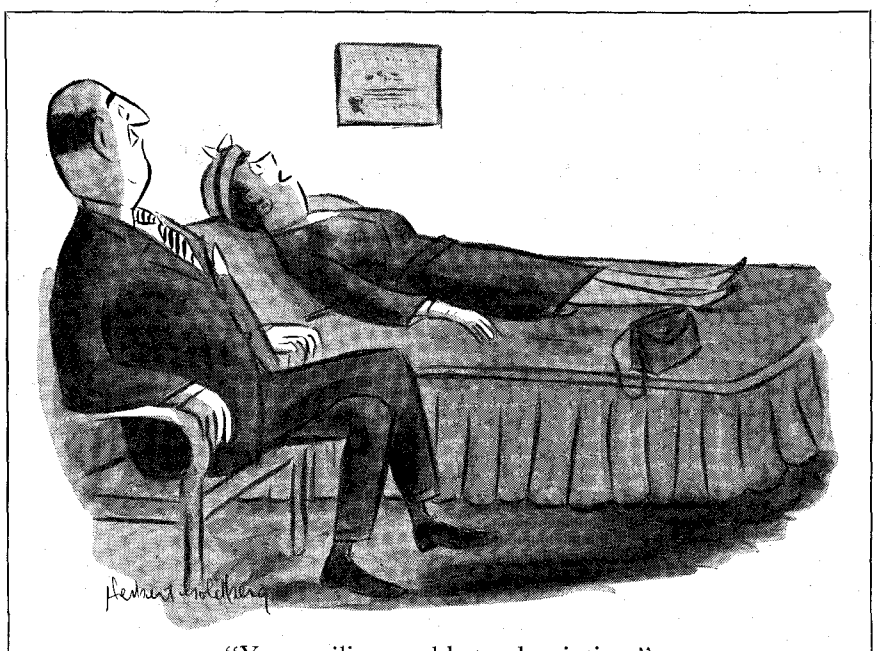
Hemus also has a more roguish sense of humor than any predecessor. His ability to see the funny side of things will be severely tested if the Cardinals don't do better this season than last year—or, for that matter, many other recent years.

Ever since Sam Breadon got rid of Branch Rickey in 1942, the Cardinals have suffered under the direction of successful businessmen who thought they were entirely qualified to run the show in competition with trained baseball specialists. Breadon himself, with no Rickey to advise him, recklessly sold off what seemed to be excess talent—and wasn't. The Cardinals haven't had an A-1 catcher, for instance, since Walker Cooper went to the New York Giants for $175,000 in 1946.

A year later Breadon found himself in a tax situation that impelled him to sell off his 75.7 per cent stock holdings in the ball club and take capital gains. Since then the Cardinal proprietors have all been men with no baseball background whatsoever.

First there was the late Robert E. Hannegan, former United States Postmaster General under Harry Truman, who operated the club until early 1949 in partnership with Fred Saigh. Hannegan's limitations as a judge of baseball talent are indicated by his reaction when Manager Eddie Dyer remarked to him one day that Marty Marion was beginning to slow down, and that young Pee Wee Reese at Brooklyn was now the best shortstop in the league.

Hannegan would have no part of such talk. Reese better than Mr. Shortstop? Why, Hannegan would call Branch Rickey—then running the Brooklyn



"Your ceiling could stand painting."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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club—and the old man would jump at the chance to trade Reese for Marion.

Dyer sat quietly by as Hannegan phoned Rickey. The two exchanged small talk for a while, and then Hannegan suggested that the Cardinals might be willing to let Rickey have the great Marion in exchange for Reese. Suddenly Hannegan's face dropped, and he soberly hung up.

Dyer asked what Rickey had said.

Hannegan mumbled, "He said, 'No, Robert. NO, Robert!'"

Shortly before selling out to partner Saigh, Hannegan peddled Murry Dickson for $125,000 to the Pirates, then controlled by Hannegan's political pal, Frank McKinney. Manager Dyer wasn't even consulted. Dickson proceeded to beat the Cardinals five times during the 1949 pennant race, in which they lost out to Brooklyn by a single game.

Fred Saigh, who next ran the franchise up to the time when a tax-evasion conviction forced him out of baseball in 1953, was a man of great financial ingenuity. He acquired a $4,000,000 baseball property with what has been estimated as only $60,800 cash down—plus extensive mortgages. Once installed, he improved the ticket-sale and accounting procedures. When it came to baseball knowledge, he started out with even less than the current president, Gussie Busch. However, basking in the pleasant limelight that falls upon a big-league club owner, Saigh quickly came to feel that he knew the playing-field answers too.

He did little to demonstrate that this was so. The Cardinals under Fred Saigh timidly held off from signing any Negroes and were cautious about making player deals. During four restless years Saigh had three different managers—Eddie Dyer, Marty Marion and Eddie Stanky.

In his very first season as boss, Saigh went out on a limb for a blond powerhouse at first base, Steve Bilko. "The next big name in baseball," Saigh proclaimed, "will be Bilko."

The good-natured Bilko had the physique—six feet, 230 pounds. However, he lacked the driving determination of a smaller man who also came to spring training with the Cardinals for the first time in 1949—Solly Hemus.

Bilko never did make it with the Cardinals. Hemus didn't stick right away either. He was sent back to the minors in 1949, and again in 1950. Even in 1951 it appeared that the best he could hope for was a bench warmer's role in St. Louis.

Solly's natural position was second base, but he knew he couldn't beat out Red Schoendienst for the job. Meanwhile, the Cardinals had a shortstop problem. Marty Marion, the new manager, couldn't play any more because of recurrent back trouble. Publicized prospects failed to measure up. Finally Hemus went to his manager. "Give me a chance at it, Marty," he said.

Marion recalls, "He had all the determination and desire, but I didn't think that was enough. He didn't have the agility or a shortstop's good arm. But the Mighty Mouse had good hands—and a good heart."

Hemus played in 120 games for St. Louis that year, most of them at shortstop, and hit .281. In 1952 Marion was replaced as manager by Eddie Stanky, who intended to play second base himself and move Schoendienst to short.

Hemus had other ideas. Stanky soon abandoned any idea of playing regularly. "You can't keep that guy out of the lineup," he said of Hemus. "He plays every day like a school kid on the first day of summer vacation."

Solly kept his teammates in high spirits. When a pop fly soared in the vicinity of second base, Hemus would sing out to Schoendienst, "Let ol' Sol take it, Red. He needs to build his fielding average."

After making a routine play on a grounder, Hemus would prance as the ball was whipped around the infield, crowing, "How good can you get, Red? Tell me, how good?"

His stock response to almost any question or comment was, "Why not?" This nonsense phrase was picked up by, among others, Stan Musial, who still uses it to parry questions or shrug off praise.

Solly was a pesky man at the plate—his lifetime batting average is .273. He became an outstanding lead-off man, reaching base a total of 269 times one year, and on occasion he displayed surprising power. He walked frequently and was hit by pitches uncommonly often—although perhaps not as often as the demonstrations he put on would indicate. However, he was by no means stopping them all with his oversized shirt.

In 1953 the Cardinals became the property of Anheuser-Busch, the big St. Louis brewery headed by Gussie Busch. Busch had a reputation as a sportsman, but his interests had run to such things as fox hunting, horse shows, company bowling teams and prize-winning Rose Bowl floats. It is doubtful that he even knew the names of most of the Cardinal ballplayers, including Solly Hemus. Reportedly the brewery's purchase of the ball club had the civic motive of keeping the franchise in St. Louis.

The venture has proved both expensive and frustrating. At one stage, after buying the local ball park from the failing St. Louis Browns and spending $1,500,000 on renovations, the brewery had almost $6,000,000 sunk in baseball. As for results on the field, the Cardinals have yet to win as many games under Busch as they did the year before he took over, when they finished third with eighty-eight victories. Their best season was 1957, when they placed second. Last year they dropped back into a tie for fifth. All this has been most galling to dynamic Gussie Busch, a man who is not accustomed to failure.

At first Busch and his associates thought they could buy their way to a quick pennant, but they were disillusioned early, after laying out approximately $300,000 for three minor-leaguers—first baseman Tom Alston, pitcher Memo Luna and shortstop Alex Grammas. Only Grammas wasn't a complete flop.

Richard A. Meyer, an Anheuser-Busch vice president, acted as general manager of the ball club for a couple of years, but his responsibilities at the brewery kept him from giving baseball full attention. In 1954 the Cardinals skidded to sixth place, and in 1955 they dropped another notch to seventh.

The next two years Busch experimented with putting a big-name general manager in charge—Frank Lane, from the Chicago White Sox. The loquacious Lane hired as manager a man who was his temperamental opposite, Fred Hutchinson. Under Hutchinson's low-pressure handling, the team moved up in the standings, but some thought the Cardinals would have fared even better if Lane had not begun trading players at a furious rate. The morale of scouts and farm-organization men sagged when such prize prospects as outfielders Bill Virdon and Jackie Brandt were dealt away.

Critics in the front office contend that Frank Lane set back the club's progress by two years. Anyway, Lane abruptly moved on to Cleveland after the 1957 season. Bing Devine, whose experience in the Cardinal organization goes back to the days of Branch Rickey, was promoted to the general managership.

When the Cardinals fell back to the second division last season, Busch didn't hold Devine accountable. Instead, he fired Fred Hutchinson, although Devine himself felt that it wasn't really Hutch's fault—that the failure of various key players was responsible.

When Busch hired Solly Hemus as manager, an associate pointed out, "Boss, for the first time you've got your own men—on the field and in the front office." This realization seemed to increase Busch's patience. He told Devine, Hemus and the coaches in spring training, "If we've got to finish fifth again, let's do it with kids." The Cardinals started off this year as though they might not even finish fifth. Boss Busch caught a fast boat for Europe and a two-month vacation from frustration and unsolicited advice. He left behind an organization that for all its immediate problems seemed at last to be moving in the right direction.

The scouting staff has been overhauled and expanded. The farm system has been trimmed, with greater emphasis on quality. More money is going into large bonus payments, and less into mass signings of kid ballplayers. In deals involving established performers, Devine has proceeded more quietly but only slightly more conservatively than Lane.

In an effort to add some much-needed power, he acquired Bill White in a March trade with the Giants. However, the Cardinals had to pay dearly for White, giving the Giants their most talented pitcher of 1958, Strikeout Sam Jones.

NEXT WEEK

CADET PETER DAWKINS

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BERLIN UNDER THE GUN

By James P. O'Donnell

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White was no help to the Cards in the early weeks. Worse still, there were signs that Stan Musial, now thirty-eight, no longer could carry a heavy load on offense. The club as a whole just didn't hit, and the pitching was in and out.

Solly Hemus had more initial success as a pinch hitter than as a field leader. It was clear that he would need all his heralded ability to "pick up" a lagging ball club and to needle individuals into producing more. His own career has been proof that a fellow who really bears down mentally can contribute something extra toward the winning of ball games.

There was the night in St. Louis when the Cardinals and the Dodgers were locked in a scoreless game. The Dodgers advanced Bobby Morgan to third base with two out. Jackie Robinson slashed a ground ball which shortstop Hemus backhanded far to his right. Quickly calculating that he couldn't throw out Robinson at first, Solly looked toward the plate and saw that Morgan, expecting no play, was not running at full speed. So Hemus fired the ball home instead of to first. It arrived just in time to retire Morgan.

"I've never seen that one in a two-out situation," Eddie Stanky remarked later, "and I'll bet no one else has, either."

As a result of Solly's run-saving throw, it was still a scoreless game at the end of nine innings. At the plate in the tenth inning Hemus was hit on the left thumb by a pitch from Chris Van Cuyk, the giant Brooklyn left-hander. Or so the umpire ruled—Solly kept wringing the thumb, but wouldn't let the ump examine it, protesting that it was too painful to be touched.

The angry Van Cuyk complained in vain that Hemus had faked the whole thing. Still enraged, Van Cuyk let the next pitch get away from him. It was a fast ball right in the groove to Red Schoendienst, who belted it for a game-winning triple.

Solly's tongue is as nimble as his mind. He uses it to good advantage both on and off the diamond. He has talked his way under the skin of more than one golfer of superior ability to win an off-day bet on the links. At home in Houston during the winter he is a glib public-relations man for an oil-field pipe-threading company.

During the Eddie Stanky regime, Hemus was one of the few Cardinals who understood the manager's barbed humor, and enjoyed exchanging verbal thrusts with him. Solly also was very much Stanky's kind of ballplayer.

There was the night in Philadelphia in 1953 when Hemus got knocked cold by a pitch in the seventh inning. When revived, he insisted on staying in the game and eventually scored a run. However, the Cardinals were still trailing by one when Hemus came to bat again in the ninth.

Solly hit a drive over Richie Ashburn's head in center. A faster man would have had an inside-the-park homer, but an accurate relay from the outfield reached catcher Stan Lopata two strides ahead of Hemus. Solly didn't give up. He barreled into big Stan and catapulted him into a backward somersault. Stan held the ball, though. The Cards had lost.

Rubbing his bruised chest in the clubhouse after the game, the Mighty Mouse was disconsolate. "I just wish I hadn't broken stride rounding third," he murmured. He meant that Lopata might not have had time to get a firm grip on the ball before Hemus rammed into him.

A former St. Louis teammate, Bill Sarni, whose own career was cut short by a heart attack, says this reaction was typical of Hemus. "Even if a helluva pitcher like Don Newcombe in his prime shut us out on three hits," Sarni declares, "Solly would say that he'd done something wrong at bat."

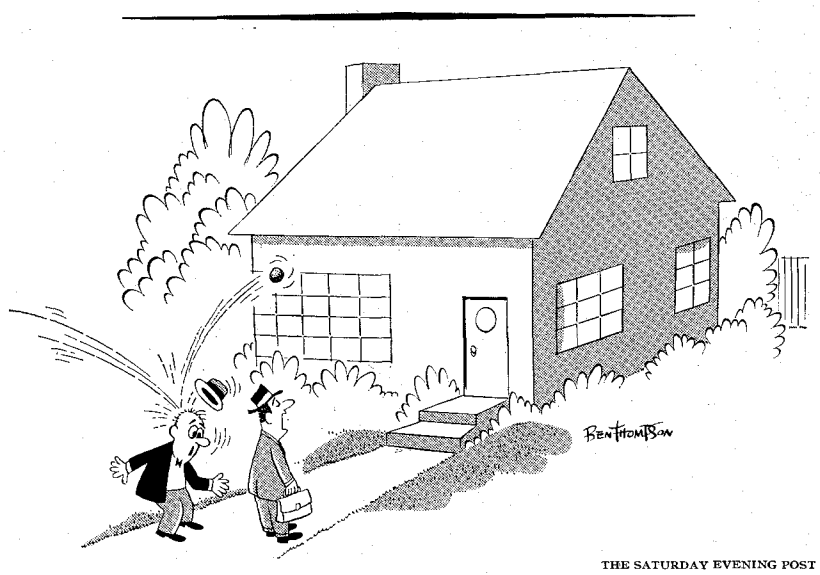
Sarni goes on, "Most fans saw Hemus as a crowd-pleasing, hard-playing showman, but they didn't see him as he really is—a good student of the game. In his room on road trips he'd study his stance in the mirror and chart every pitch they'd thrown to him that day. He kept books on every pitcher. When he was going good, he'd spend about fifteen minutes making entries. If he went for the collar, he'd take around thirty minutes on the research—and get out early the next day for practice."

As long ago as 1955, the Cardinals talked Hemus into accepting the job of playing-manager at Houston, but the plan had to be dropped because other clubs claimed him when St. Louis tried to waive Solly out of the National League.

For some years Hemus has been compiling managerial "dos" and "donts" in a black notebook. From Eddie Dyer, his first Cardinal manager, he says that he learned the value of daring base running from first to third, which pressures the opposition into ball-handling mistakes. From Dyer he also acquired an appreciation for using a pitching staff without regard for personalities.

"Howard Pollet might have been considered Eddie's pet," Hemus says, "but when Pollet hit a cold spell he'd be sent to the bull pen, and someone else would get a chance."

Marty Marion showed Hemus how to improvise with limited manpower. Solly believes he also profited from exposure to Johnny Keane, Harry Walker, Fred Hutchinson and his Philadelphia manager, Mayo Smith. Smith, who is now managing Cincinnati, salutes Solly as "a keen baseball student with the hustle and



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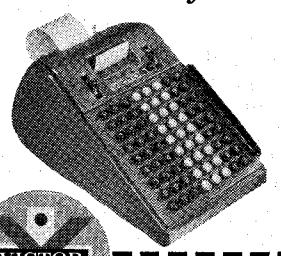

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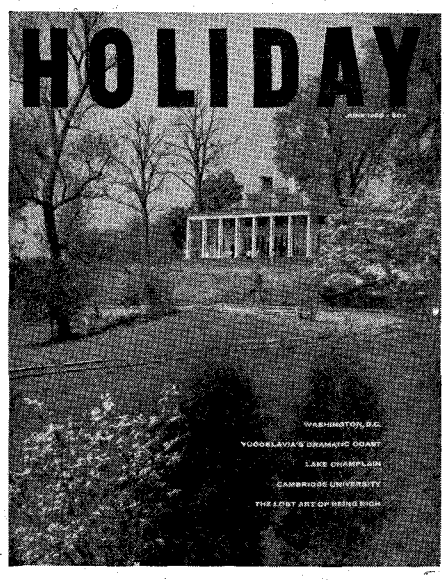

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JUNE

HOLIDAY

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desire that become contagious on a ball club. He's got an inquiring mind. . . ."

If there's one manager Hemus will come closest to emulating, it probably is Eddie Stanky, who had everything except the ability to handle men. "He was sharp, made good moves and paid attention to little things that, put together, can be big," Solly says. During the Cardinals' postseason tour of Japan last fall, Hemus indicated that he will rely heavily on the offensive refinements Stanky favored, such as the bunt, the delayed steal and hitting behind the runner. Without naming Stanky or any other man for whom he played, Hemus says he feels he also learned some things about how not to manage. This includes criticizing a player in front of his teammates, using starting pitchers in relief between assignments and "failing to understand that you've got twenty-five men who must be handled as distinct individuals."

Hemus declares, "A pat on the back goes a lot farther than a kick in the pants. The guy who's going good doesn't need encouragement, but the guy who's going bad does. If you've got your club on its toes, playing hard and not beating itself with mental mistakes, you've got no complaint coming."

It sounds like an excellent prescription for bringing along an ailing ball club. But the patient had better revive within a reasonably short time. Otherwise, Gussie Busch and his palace guard might start looking around again for new doctors to replace the Mighty Mouse and his patient colleague, Bing Devine.

Killer at the Card Table

(Continued from Page 33)

point. The difference between Crawford and his colleagues is that he is more adept at cultivating pigeons and plays for higher stakes.

On his income-tax statements Crawford identifies himself as a bridge teacher, lecturer and player. He earns about $15,000 a year giving private instruction to groups of four people at $100 a lesson. He has a regular clientele in Philadelphia, Pittsburgh and Baltimore for public lectures, which bring him $450 a session eight to ten times a year. His visible means of support also include royalties from seven books, and financial interests in a New York garage and a Washington firm that sells furnaces. And he admits making a steady profit from gambling.

"It could be much more," he confides, "if I followed the advice I give in my books and kept away from Las Vegas and Monte Carlo. I know the odds on every game but, like all gamblers, I'm an egotist. I try to beat the house—and get my brains knocked out. Whenever I've played at Monte Carlo I've always had to borrow money to get home. As pros go, I'm not a big plunger on craps and roulette, but I suppose I play cards for higher stakes than anyone in the business."

A bridge game for less than three cents a point is a waste of time for Crawford; he has played for as much as one dollar a point. People who want the pleasure of his company understand the stakes begin at five cents a point in gin rummy, two cents a point in canasta and eight dollars a hundred in pinochle. Poker is not his strong game, but he locks horns periodically with high rollers who play for table stakes in four figures. Although best known as a bridge player, Crawford prefers two-handed games such as gin and klobiash, an old Hungarian invention that is a combination of whist and pinochle.

"Actually bridge is not a big-money game because the action is so slow," he says. "Besides, I'm not saddled in gin and klobiash with a partner who can throw me."

Like many men who gamble at cards, Crawford often bets on sports, too, particularly on football and baseball. He takes few fliers on the horses. "It aggravates me to death when I blow a bet on a horse," he says, "because I know I've been a sucker. I don't study the form charts or follow racing closely. In my business, a man who bets in ignorance must lose."

Crawford always refers to gambling as his business, and he works at it. His personal habits are abstemious; he does not smoke, and until a few years ago he drank nothing but milk. He may take an *apéritif* now when his guests have a cocktail before dinner, but he rarely finishes it. Although his schedule is as irregular as an obstetrician's, he has been careful to get eight hours of sleep a day ever since he suffered a heart strain five years ago.

"My mother, father and brother all died from heart trouble at fairly early ages, and my attack scared me," he says. "I lead such a cockeyed life I've got to keep in good physical condition to fight off fatigue. Concentrating on cards for several hours takes as much out of you as six sets of tennis."

Once a week Crawford rises in the morning to handle extra curricular affairs. Otherwise he sleeps until noon. By two o'clock he is playing cards or giving a lesson, and for the next twelve to fourteen hours his attention is focused exclusively on gambling. He never relaxes during a game; he sits bolt upright on the edge of his chair, scanning opponents' faces unceasingly, and their hands, too, as though trying to look through the backs of the cards. I asked him why he studied the other hands so intently.

"Anyone less than an expert invariably gives me information from the time he picks up his cards until he makes his first lead," he said. "His expression and attitude reflect the cards he is holding. If he has a good hand and intends to enter into the bidding, his manner is alert and aggressive. If he is bored and takes time before playing his first card, it's a cinch he's not holding much strength."

On a routine day recently Crawford met three women at a private club in New York at 1:30 P.M. for a weekly canasta game. The stakes were six cents a point between Crawford and a blonde in her middle thirties. The other two women played for three cents a point. Crawford lost heavily at the start, but was about $100 ahead at five o'clock. Oswald Jacoby came to arrange a gin session with Crawford later in the evening and, in response to an invitation from Crawford, said he wouldn't mind taking a hand at canasta. The deck was cut for partners. Crawford and Jacoby drew the high cards.

"Oh, no!" the oldest woman in the group murmured.

"The cards have been running for you today, dear," Crawford said glibly. "Maybe your luck will hold." Crawford and Jacoby won a fast game by 2500 points. After the accounts for the afternoon were settled, Crawford met four society women from Philadelphia at the swank Regency Club for dinner. The women, his former pupils, were playing in a bridge tournament at the club that evening. Crawford declined a half-dozen invitations from club members to play bridge or backgammon, explaining he had to work with me. He submitted patiently to a three-hour interview, but at eleven o'clock he began to fidget.

"I've got a date to play gin with Jacoby at the Cavendish Club," he said. "Do you mind if we knock off now? Pigeons have a habit of flying away. Jacoby beats me only about twice a year."

Down on the street Crawford broke into a run to hail a cab. Jacoby was waiting, and the two old sparring partners began to play immediately. Tobias Stone, one of the country's top bridge players, was pressed into service as the scorekeeper. It developed that Stone was the busiest of the trio.

Playing one game of gin at a time was too tame for Crawford and Jacoby. Every deal was the start of a new 150-point game, with the score on each hand counting cumulatively. They once had six games running simultaneously. They played for fifteen cents a point and, toward the end, a side-bet of $100 a hand.

The game was remarkably close, with Jacoby winning $220 after an hour's play. The issue hinged on the last hand, when Crawford refrained from knocking with one point and Jacoby went gin on the next card. The swing seemed to convince Crawford it was not his night. He said he had had enough.

"How about some backgammon?" Jacoby asked.

PSYCHOLOGY IN THE ROUGH

The ability to apply psychological pressure gives Crawford an edge in bridge. Here is an example of his "killer" technique, used in a common situation.

WEST (Crawford)	EAST (Dummy)
♥ A 9 6 5	♥ Q 10 8 7

The contract hinges on losing only one trick in hearts. Crawford plays the ace, and his opponents follow with the 2 and 3. He leads the 5, and North plays the 4. Now what? North-South have jack and king in an unknown distribution. If Crawford puts up the queen from dummy, it may lose to a singleton king; the Jack will then be a winning trick too. If Crawford finesses the 10 in the dummy and it loses to the singleton jack, the king still in play will set the hand. Crawford turns to the player on his left and, feigning great anguish, cries, "What are you doing to me?"

The man's reaction governs Crawford's play from dummy.

"Most people don't want to talk when they're bluffing for fear of giving themselves away," Crawford explains. "If the man I address started with three cards to the jack, he will register honest surprise that I've got a problem or answer with a routine pleasantry such as 'Drop dead' or 'Eat your heart out.' If he started with three to the king, the chances are he will tip his mitt by refusing to talk or putting on a big innocent act. Either way he gives me a clue."

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"No, you're too good for me," Crawford answered.

"You've got the edge on me in gin and I play you all the time," Jacoby protested. "This is the first money I've taken from you in months."

"You're a pigeon," Crawford said amiably. "I'm not."

Jacoby ran a hand through his shock of gray hair. "How about shooting some dice?" he asked hopefully.

So they began a diversion designed to satisfy their craving for constant action. Crawford, who did all the shooting, came out for fifty dollars on every roll. In other words, if he threw a 6, 10, 8, 5 and then a 7, the 7 was a losing craps on the first four points, but counted as a winning natural on the last cast. Crawford had a prolonged roll which put him $1150 ahead. Three minutes later he was behind $700. After a half hour of violent fluctuations they were exactly even, and Crawford quit to sit in on a bridge game.

The behavior of the two men seemed so unusual that I checked my impression with a psychiatrist, who is a bridge buff, before meeting Crawford the next day. "I've seen your boy in action and there is no doubt that he is a compulsive gambler," the doctor said. "That dice game conforms to a classic pattern. Crawford knew the odds were against him, but he played to lose. A compulsive gambler, like an alcoholic or a drug addict, has a subconscious drive for self-destruction. He actually wants to lose to mitigate his feeling of guilt."

When I relayed the doctor's opinion to Crawford, he laughed. "I don't feel guilty about the life I lead. I love everything I do. If money wasn't involved I'd still gamble for the excitement."

"Maybe so," I said, "but by your own confession it's a sucker play for a pro to buck a gambling house's percentage, yet you do it all the time. I hear you've dropped some very large bundles."

He tugged at his ear pensively. "I suppose I'm kidding myself by denying I'm a compulsive gambler. If I was smart, I'd take the job a man on Wall Street has offered me for thirty thousand a year. O.K., I'd rather gamble than eat, but I don't go for the-only-wheel-in-town nonsense. I've been quoted as saying I'll play any game with anybody for any stakes. I'm not that crazy. I gamble for big money only with people I know."

Why pick on friends and acquaintances?

"There's something fishy when a stranger who knows my reputation challenges me. I figure to beat him—unless he has an angle going for him. I've been in three crooked games in my life. The first one was such a barefaced swindle it was like the script of a bad movie."

It happened shortly before he went into the Army in 1943. The late Alexis Thompson, a young millionaire who owned the Philadelphia pro football team, called Crawford to get him off the hook in a knock-rummy game with an oilman whose name cannot be mentioned for obvious reasons.

"They were playing for fifty dollars a point," Crawford explained. "At those prices, two hundred thousand dollars could change hands in a night. Thompson had lost five grand in twenty minutes. He said he'd give me a thousand dollars and ten per cent of everything over fifty thousand I won. I took Thompson's place.

"The quickest way to spot a cheat is when he consistently goes against the odds and wins. In knock rummy it's suicide to lay down with more than thirty points after two or three plays. The oilman was knocking with thirty-five points and getting away with it. I smelled a rat and soon found out who he was. Thompson, who liked to collect odd characters, had picked up a cabdriver with a vocabulary out of Damon Runyon. The cabbie was kibitzing from a seat behind me and tipping off the oilman by coughing whenever I held more than forty points. When I caught on and asked the guy to move, I was about ten thousand dollars in the hole. After I got a few hundred ahead, the oilman suddenly remembered an important engagement and quit."

The two other episodes were on a lower financial level, but an equally high plane of skulduggery. Crawford was losing $5000 in klobiash at Las Vegas a few years ago until he discovered that his opponent had taken a card out of the deck, giving him a tremendous advantage in bidding and playing the hands. Last winter, while in Miami with a stockbroker, he caught a highly recommended sportsman, who was in cahoots with the opposition, throwing his team in a six-handed gin game at fifty cents a point.

"The game was arranged by an old friend, a tennis pro," Crawford said. "To show his good faith, my chum bet five cents a point on us. I later found out he was getting twenty-five cents a point from the other side." He smiled sardonically. "I know some lovely people."

The strange part of the story is that Crawford, the scion of a patrician Philadelphia family, does know many distinguished people, although most of the acquaintanceships have lapsed. His father, Andrew Wright Crawford, a Phi Beta Kappa at the University of Pennsylvania, studied civil engineering at M.I.T., attended Columbia University and, in 1897, was graduated from the law school at Penn. A public-spirited citizen, Andrew Crawford served on park and city-planning commissions in Philadelphia, and was a professor of law at Temple University. Mrs. Crawford, the former Clotilde Florance Cohen, was active in art circles and philanthropic work.

When he was a child, John's playmates were David Rockefeller and Henry Ford II at Northeast Harbor, Maine, where his family had a home in the fashionable summer colony. By the age of nine, however, he was spending much of his time playing poker and casino for pennies and nickels with neighborhood chauffeurs. He poured his winnings and allowances into a slot machine in the rear of a nearby drugstore. The proprietor kept an orange crate handy so that Johnny could reach the lever.

"My mother was always rescuing me from card games in dens of iniquity in the rear of garages and stores," he recalls.

In 1929, when John was fourteen, his father died, leaving the family in reduced circumstances. "My father never made much money teaching and working for the city," Crawford says. "All of it was spent on living up to our social position. We had a town house on Spruce Street, a country place in Bryn Mawr and a cottage in Maine. My mother kept only the town house and took a job with the Print Club, an organization to help young artists. I was going to Episcopal Academy, and some weeks I made more money gambling than she did from her job."

Crawford's bridge career began in 1933 at a Sunday afternoon tea in a debutante's home, a weekly ritual for proper young Philadelphians. The boys were bored by the chitchat at these affairs and usually drifted into the garage or the basement to play cards. That Sunday, Crawford and another guest, Robert McPherran, cleaned out a blackjack game.

"Johnny recognized me as a kindred spirit," McPherran recalls, "and asked whether I played bridge. When I told him I knew nothing about the game, he said he'd teach me so we could enter a local tournament the next week. I know this sounds incredible, but we won first prize. We started to play steadily, and that summer we finished eighth in the national-open pairs championships at Asbury Park."

Crawford and McPherran piled up enough points in official tournaments for life-master ratings before they were twenty-one. The tactics of the *enfants terribles* touched off violent protests. "Johnny made a lot of wild psychic bids, and it was up to me to guess when he was bluffing or on the level," McPherran says. "Opponents thought we had a secret word code, but the referees always upheld us after examining the hands. They ruled our bidding was crazy but legitimate."

After graduating from Episcopal Academy, Crawford went through the motions

PLAY YOUR ACE, STUPID!

Chowderheads consistently misplay some of the common hands in bridge. Here are two such layouts, with Crawford's advice:

NORTH
(Dummy)

♦ 9 x x

WEST **EAST**

? ?

SOUTH
(Declarer)

♦ A Q 10 x x x

You can afford to lose only one trick in diamonds. The majority of players will lead the 9 and finesse with the queen. Wrong, says Crawford. Forget the chance to win the king on a finesse. Play the ace, then go to the board and lead low. It is an even-money bet that the four outstanding cards will be divided 3–1. If the singleton is either honor, you're home free. You're also in if the suit breaks evenly. If East has K J x, you lose only one trick. If West holds K J x, you're dead anyway; but there is only one possibility in four that the play of the ace can fail.

Now for the second example:

NORTH
(Dummy)

♥ Q x x
♣ K Q J x x

WEST **EAST**

? ?

SOUTH
(Declarer)

♥ A J x
♣ 10 9

You are in three no-trump with no entries to the dummy in the two other suits. It's a cinch the opposition will duck two club leads, and you need at least three tricks in the suit to make the hand. West opens a heart, you follow small from the dummy and East plays the 9. You can win the trick with the Jack. You're dog meat if you do. You'll never make those alluring clubs. If you suspect West has the heart king, you must win the opening lead with the ace, the only play that will establish the queen as an entry against smart players. Figure it out for yourself.

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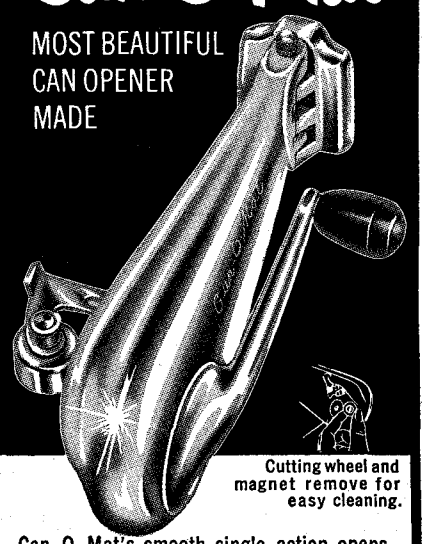

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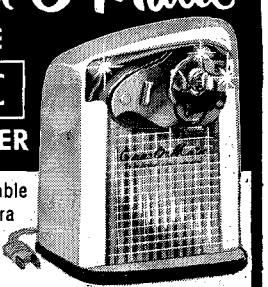

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of working at formal jobs. He was in the scheduling division of The Curtis Publishing Company until it was discovered he was taking four-hour lunches every day to play bridge. Then he was employed briefly by a photographer and a firm that manufactured oil burners; but playing cards and betting on sports held most of his attention.

Gambling also was a complication, from the very outset, in his marriage to Marie Blackburn Washington, a descendant of George Washington. The wedding was set for November 25, 1939. The night before, an aunt, Mrs. Mary Dudley, wife of a vice president of the Pennsylvania Railroad, gave Crawford $2000 for a honeymoon in Florida. On the way home he dropped into a gaming establishment and lost the money in a crap game.

The next afternoon the impeccably attired groom appeared at the church with a portable radio tuned in to the Penn-Cornell football game. He had $500 and a honeymoon riding on Cornell. After the ceremony, at a posh reception in The Barclay hotel, an uninvited but welcome guest was the bookie who paid off the winning bet. Three days later, Crawford left his bride in Miami to play in the national bridge championships in Pittsburgh.

On one occasion Crawford briefly considered quitting gambling. It was on November 23, 1940, which he describes as "the low point of my life." He had bet $4000 on Cornell against Penn and $500 on each of six other football games. Crawford saw Cornell jump into an early 13–0 lead at Franklin Field, and his portable radio informed him he was winning the other bets at half-time. But he wound up losing all seven games. He owed $7000 and had $4000 in his bank account. "I was so sick I felt green, and I must've looked it when I walked into the bridge club."

A bookie sidled up to him. "I hear you got crushed," he said. Crawford admitted he had been maimed and left for dead. "Can you pay off?" the bookie asked.

"I told him I was three thousand short and hated to ask my mother for it," Crawford goes on. "He pulled out a roll. 'Take thirty-eight hundred for your debts and a little walking-around money,' he said. 'Pay me last.'"

Three months later, Crawford repaid the debt. To celebrate his return to solvency, he took his wife to Atlantic City. On seven consecutive nights he won between $800 and $1200 a session at the dice table in a gambling house. Before going home he stopped off for one last shot at the tiger, promising his wife he would not risk more than 10 per cent of his winnings. He blew the entire bankroll.

World War II was a temporary interruption in Crawford's gambling activity. He first was assigned to alert G.I.'s in training camps to the fast shuffles pulled by cardsharps. Although he cannot do any flimflam with the cards himself ("I can't afford to have anyone suspect me."), he knows all the tricks. After that tour of duty he went overseas with a chemical mortar battalion and saw combat with the 3rd Army in France and Germany. After the war ended, Crawford resumed his former business among the occupation troops in Bavaria. He won so heavily in poker and blackjack that he had to prove he had not made the money in the black market before he was permitted to send the loot home.

Upon returning to civilian life, Crawford provoked a series of crises with his wife by announcing he intended to be a full-time card player. "It was impossible for a girl with Marie's background to understand or accept my decision," he says. "She asked, 'What are you going to answer when your daughter grows up and wants to know how you make a living?' I told her I'd be a bridge champion, not a bridge bum, but in Marie's book I don't suppose there was any difference." The Crawfords, who have three daughters ranging from fifteen to six years old, were divorced last September.

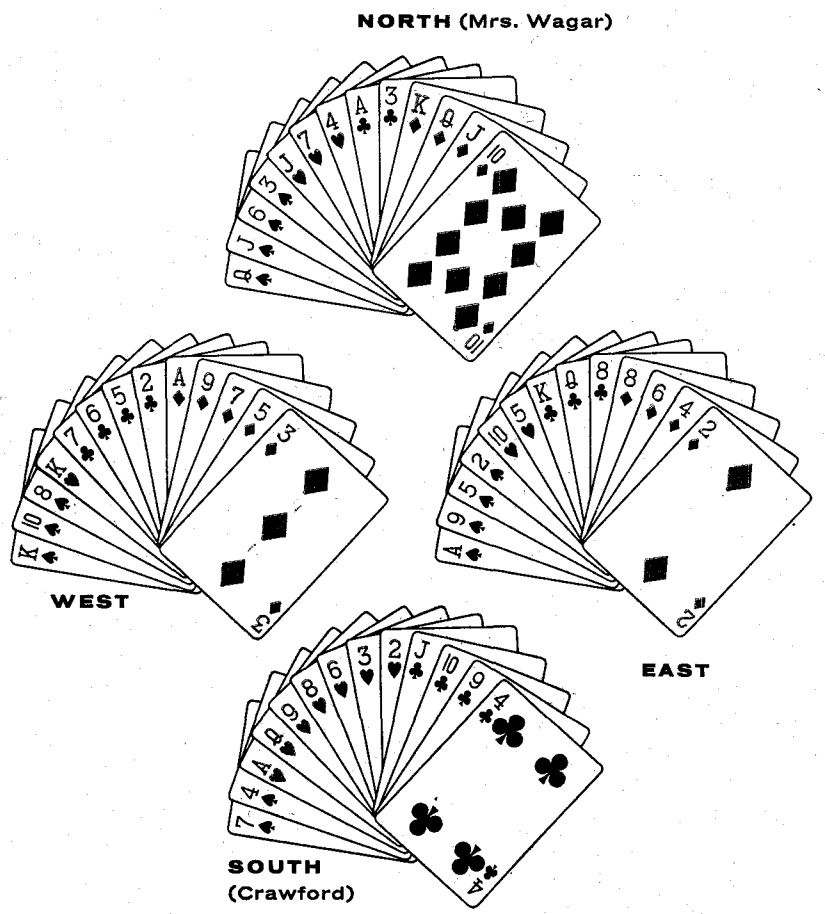
Crawford conducts his bridge business with two sets of manners. He is surprisingly tolerant of amateur partners' mistakes in games for money, but in tournaments he rakes teammates with verbal abuse when a border-line decision goes wrong. Critics say Crawford turns on the charm for amateurs to make certain they will continue to play with him—as opponents, most of the time. But Crawford resents the charge.

"I don't point a gun at people and make them play," he says. "They want to get in games with me just as a golf duffer pays a big-game pro fifty or a hundred dollars to go around the course with him. Everyone who sits down at the table with me knows I've got to win most of the time. I don't play with amateurs who can't afford to lose. All of them are loaded."

When he is playing tournament bridge, Crawford antagonizes opponents and partners so thoroughly that many experts refuse to play on his team. It is generally agreed that Crawford and Howard Schenken were once the most formidable pair in the game, but Schenken quit the combination several years ago. "I couldn't take his second guessing and the brush-off he gave his own mistakes—not that he admitted he ever made any," Schenken says curtly.

Can You "Read"?

"No one can call himself a bridge player until he learns to 'read' opponents' hands," says Crawford. "You do it by drawing inferences from the bidding and the distribution of the cards. I'll give a specific example that helped me win the Masters' Mixed Pairs with Mrs. Wilkinson Wagar some years ago. Most declarers went down one at four hearts by losing a trump finesse to West's singleton king on the following hand":



"Mrs. Wagar opened with one diamond after three passes and we arrived in four hearts without intervening bids from the other team. West opened a small club. I won with the ace and discarded a spade on the king of diamonds which lost to West's ace. A club return was won with the queen by East, who played the spade ace and a small spade, which I trumped. I ruffed the jack of clubs, dropping East's king.

"Up to that point I had not pulled trumps because I didn't want to take a blind finesse for the king. Now I had a picture of East's hand. He had shown the ace of spades and king, queen of clubs. *If he held the king of hearts he would have entered the bidding.* The 'book' play was to finesse for the king, but I laid down the ace, my only chance of catching the king if West held it unguarded. The play was simple logic."

"It's awful the way Crawford bullies poor little schnooks," declares Mrs. Bee Gale, a member of the championship women's team in 1958. "I've seen nice old ladies from Podunk leave his table on the verge of hysterics after he put them through the grinder."

Crawford impatiently dismisses criticism of his tournament tactics. "Bridge is a highly competitive game," he argues. "A player who can't stand the gaff has no business trying to win in the big leagues. Every year two or three thousand people enter the nationals, but the class of the field can be narrowed down to seventy-five players. The same twenty always are up there fighting for the lead. Another fifty or so have an outside chance to sneak in by getting a big swing on a crucial hand. The rest can be disregarded. I've been making book on tournaments a long time, and I've been clipped by a long shot only once—a dozen years ago, when I gave fifty-to-one against Frank Weisbach and Allen Harvey in the Masters' Pairs. Betting against dark horses is like a license to steal. You can't miss.

"There's an unbelievable discrepancy between experts and ordinary players, and it's based on one thing—knowing the percentages on routine hands. Tricky end plays and squeezes come up no more than five times in a tournament. The pay-off is steadiness, avoiding the silly mistakes poor players keep on repeating."

The last remark was the cue for a free lesson from the master. Following is a digest of Crawford's tips for playing good sound bridge:

"Duffers go through life moaning about bad luck when a suit does not break evenly with six cards out against them. Mathematically, three cards of the suit are in each hand only thirty-six per cent of the time. If a bid depends on getting a three-three-split or taking a finesse in another suit, try the finesse. You have an even chance of making it. Otherwise, delay a blind finesse as long as possible. When you have a problem, the opposition may solve it for you by pulling a boner.

"A common mistake by poor players is to double a small slam when they're holding two aces. The slam should be a warning that the opposition is void in a suit or has freakish distribution which may make one ace worthless. Further, the double gives the declarer valuable information which may enable him to make the hand.

"Duffers bid too many games in minor suits," he went on. "An expert will wind up in three no-trump with the same cards. He doesn't play more than one hand in forty in a minor suit. . . . Most players don't bid aggressively enough. When in doubt, stretch a bid one level if the opponents are competing for the contract. Keep putting pressure on the other side. . . . Bid a small slam if you think it depends on one finesse, but never—repeat, never—go to seven under the same circumstances. It's not worth jeopardizing a sure bonus for the difference between a small and a grand slam.

"Bridge is a great game for experts because the mathematical odds for any play can be computed with absolute precision," Crawford said. "Anyone who knows the percentages and observes them must win over the long run. I've gone broke six times bucking the dice and games over which I have no control. I'm getting too old for that foolishness. I've just about decided to bet on nothing but my skill in cards. That's a sure-fire thing."

As a sporting gent, what would he wager on his chances of sticking to his firm resolve?

"Not a dime," he said. "I don't take sucker bets." THE END

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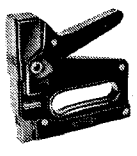

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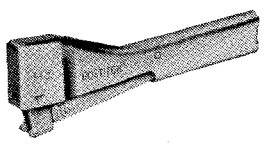

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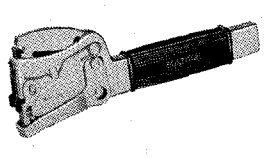

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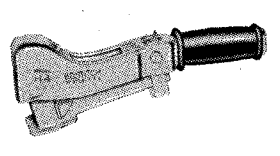

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Moppets on Horseback

(Continued from Page 24)

and fifty cents a year per member. Local chapters charge such dues as they need, the total usually coming to around five dollars.

Incidentally, the master of foxhounds in the territory of the club at Littleton, known as The Platte Valley Pony Club, is a gentleman named Lawrence Phipps. He takes the Pony Club kids hunting with his pack quite regularly, and he's one of the few M.F.H.'s who doesn't really give a hang if he can't find a fox. He simply changes himself into an M.C.H. and hunts coyotes instead.

There's another pony club in the great West at Colorado Springs that was founded last summer by a brave and charming lady named Hildegard Neil. On the day of the first meeting, sixteen shining-faced blue-jeaned kids showed up; all of them keen as a November wind, all of them probably secretly expecting to be quite ready to win horsemanship championships by the end of the summer. Sixteen little kids. Five of them were on foot, eleven of them arrived mounted on only nine horses, and among the lot of them there was only one saddle. It is notable that Miss Neil did not cut her throat right then and there, but instead stuck with her organization. At latest report it was doing just fine.

Miss Neil wasn't in much worse shape than Mrs. Keith Robinson, who founded the coyote-hunting Pony Club of Littleton. In her 1957 report to U.S.P.C., Inc., she mentioned, "There are fewer bareback riders every meeting." In her '58 report, the tone is quite different. The bareback riders of the year before had been going to some quite snappy horse shows and had come home with blue ribbons in horsemanship—Eastern, or Madison Square Garden, type horsemanship.

How did Pony Clubs come about? Well, five years ago the country was faced by an emergency. Of course it's only fair to say that if everybody had been aware of the crisis at the time, hardly anybody would have cared. The problem was that in spite of the great age of mechanization, the horse birth rate was getting along splendidly. On the other hand, the birth rate of horsemen was dropping.

Obviously, if this situation continued, a time would come when, except for race horses and TV cow ponies, there would be a vast quantity of horses with no horsemen to ride them. This, as anyone with a modicum of horse sense knows, eventually would mean no horses.

High income taxes plus the steadily increasing costs of living for people and horses had limited the opportunity for a boy or girl to become a skilled horseman to an increasingly small number of children who happened to have parents who were either quite wealthy or were operating riding stables.

Then, in 1953, Col. Howard C. Fair of Fox Hill Farm, Kennett Square, Pennsylvania, Mrs. Dean Bedford of Fallston, Maryland, and Alexander Mackay-Smith of Middleburg, Virginia, all accomplished horsemen, got together and did some figuring. As a result, Colonel Fair, Mrs. Bedford and Mr. Mackay-Smith were granted in March, 1954, a charter for The United States Pony Clubs, Inc. This was not considered a world-shaking event at the time, but it has meant a lot to quite a few thousand American kids who like horses.

The United States Pony Clubs, Inc., of which Colonel Fair is currently president, is patterned after the British Pony Club, which, in turn, is an affiliate of an organization with the wonderfully simple and expressive name, The British Horse Society. The British Horse Society is devoted to, but not composed of, horses. The Pony Clubs, on the other hand, are devoted primarily to children. The U.S.P.C., Inc., is the national organization that sponsors, guides and regulates local Pony Clubs.

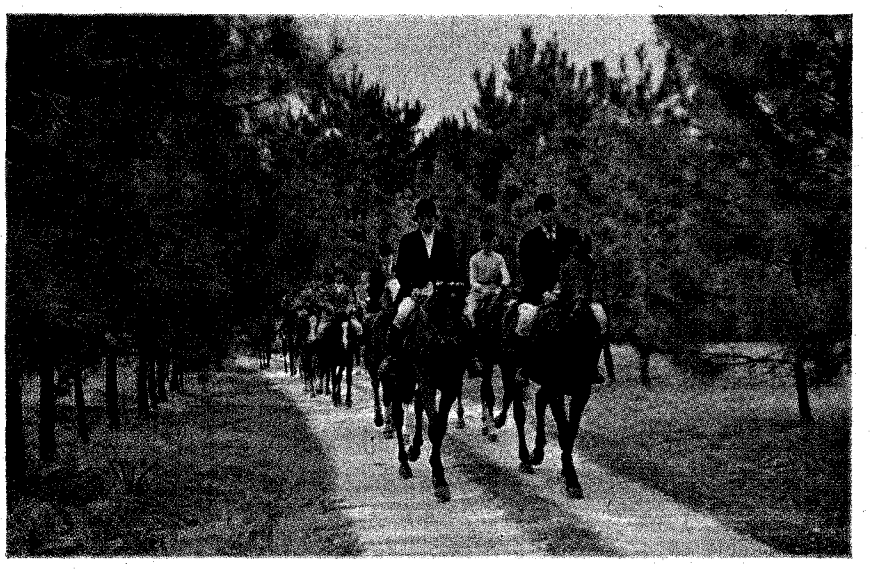
The Pony Club setup is not unlike a sort of coeducational Boy Scout movement with a dash of Four-H thrown in. Where the scout troop has its scoutmaster, each Pony Club has its district commissioner, a local man or woman appointed by U.S.P.C. Where the scouts have regional executives, the Pony Clubs have regional supervisors.

The scout's classes of Tenderfoot, Second and First Class groups are paralleled by the Pony Clubs' classes of D, C, B, and A riders. It figures. Both organizations are out, each in its own way, to help kids get more fun out of life and become better citizens.

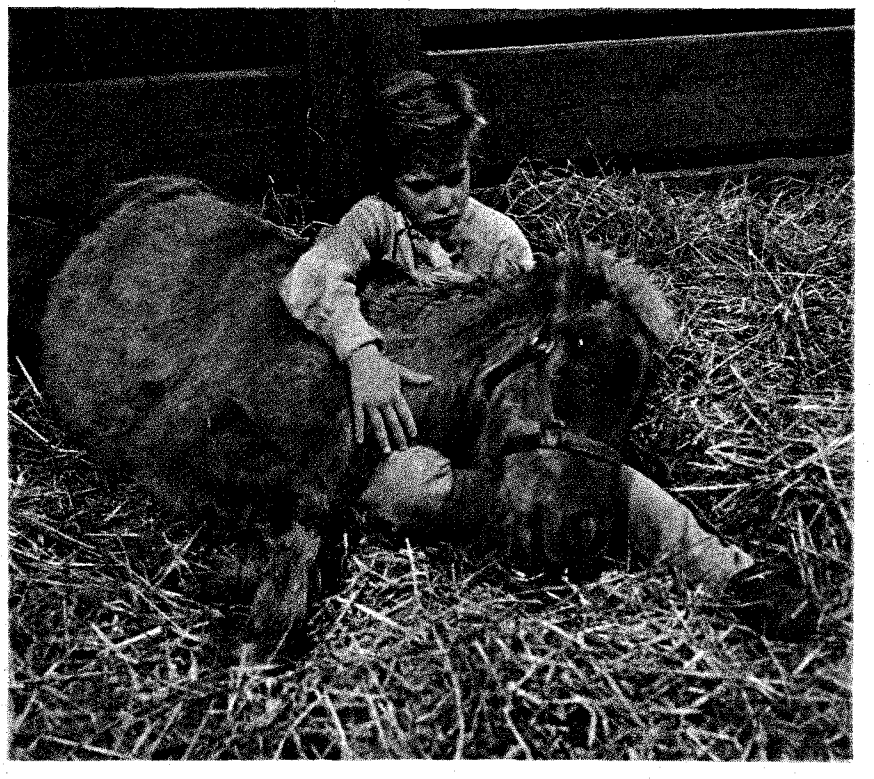
Specifically, the purpose of the Pony Clubs is to encourage all children, whoever and whatever they may be, to ride and to know how to look after a pony. And, as Sir John Lees, an official of the British Pony Club, has written, "Those children who, if it were not for the Pony Club, would never have the chance nor any encouragement to have anything to do with horses and ponies are the ones who should be looked on as the most important members."

There's a neat example of this attitude working out in practice. Sherman Haight, Jr., one of the U.S.P.C. vice presidents, told me about a very swanky hunt club where most of the members' children had had lots of riding lessons and rode expensive horses in expensive horse shows and were generally pretty sophisticated. So much so that when the master of foxhounds decided they should have a Pony Club in his area, these youngsters didn't want any part of it. The little noses all went up in the air, plainly saying, "Me join a pony club? For what, yet! That's kid stuff!"

The local district commissioner didn't even bother trying to explain for what, but just went ahead and organized a Pony Club composed of nonswanky kids outside the horsy set. A year later the Pony Club held an invitation rally. All the horsy kids and the professional who ran the big hunt-club stables and gave riding lessons came out to watch. To their amazement these boys and girls saw the Pony Club kids do things they never dreamed a child could do with a horse.



Lt. Col. James A. Johnston, U.S.P.C.'s Montgomery District Commissioner, and his wife lead a Pony Club ride through the Alabama pine forests.



Sometimes it's hard to tell who benefits more from the Pony Clubs—the youngsters or their ponies. Above, Babette Jenny with Tom Terrific.

The next morning, Sherman Haight had to catch an early airplane. On his way to the airport he drove past the hunt club. There, in the paddock, was the professional on a horse. His expression, when he saw Sherman, was a study in caught-with-a-hand-stuck-in-the-jam-jar sheepishness. Why not? The pro, Pony Club instruction book in hand, so to speak, was only too obviously trying to teach himself a dressage maneuver he'd seen the Pony Clubbers execute the day before. That Pony Club has a whole lot of new members now.

How does one start a Pony Club? One writes to The United States Pony Clubs, Incorporated, at 92 High Street, Brookline, Massachusetts, asking for an application. The application should be made by either a man or woman of considerable stature in the community, who has been selected as the person to head the local club. U.S.P.C. will want to make sure that the applicant will, for instance, be the sort of person who will run the club for the benefit of the kids who join it and not for any personal gain, either monetary or social. The applicant does not have to be crazy over horses in order to qualify. He does have to be strong for kids and in a position to get knowledgeable people to serve on his Pony Club committee. If he happens to have at least a bowing acquaintance with horses, it helps. Professional horsemen, although encouraged to serve on local Pony Club committees, usually are not acceptable as district commissioners, for the simple reason that the Pony Club might then automatically become part of a business operation. On receipt of the letter of inquiry, U.S.P.C. will send enough detailed information to make it easy for you to decide whether you want to proceed or not. Of course, it goes without saying, your kids will want you to.

Costs of being a Pony Clubber are bound to run higher than the five dollars or so in fees and dues, but actually, considerably less than most people imagine. There is, for instance, a requisite almost more important than the riding pants. This is to acquire, by purchase, rental or borrowing, an animal that in shape and general construction at least approximates a horse. The cost of this, as well as the shape and construction, varies a good deal in different parts of the country.

The Litchfield, Connecticut, Pony Club, with which I've been affiliated since its beginnings, is a typical one. Here a club member's cost for renting a horse for a three- or four-hour rally, or meeting, is three dollars. To rent a horse for the same period for a non-Pony Club activity would come close to ten dollars. The club has mounted rallies every other Saturday from May to September. Thus the cost of a mount for the whole season comes to around thirty dollars. A horse to buy, hereabouts, adequate for Pony Clubbing, comes to about the cost of a 1950 jalopy—perhaps $250. On the other hand, lots of Pony Clubbers, who find rental horses unavailable and who can't afford to own a whole horse, get by quite happily by owning a half or even a third of a horse and taking turns.

If you buy a horse, you have to feed and shelter him, of course. Fortunately, the horse is delighted to eat grass—large, large quantities of grass. Lots of Pony Club horses come from the Western ranges. They're used to getting along on a not-too-fancy diet and are hardy enough to live out of doors all year with only an open-end shed in their field where hay is spread for them in the winter.

The horse can get by on just grass, but if he's working he also should have a few pounds of oats a day. The harder horses work the more

(Continued on Page 98)

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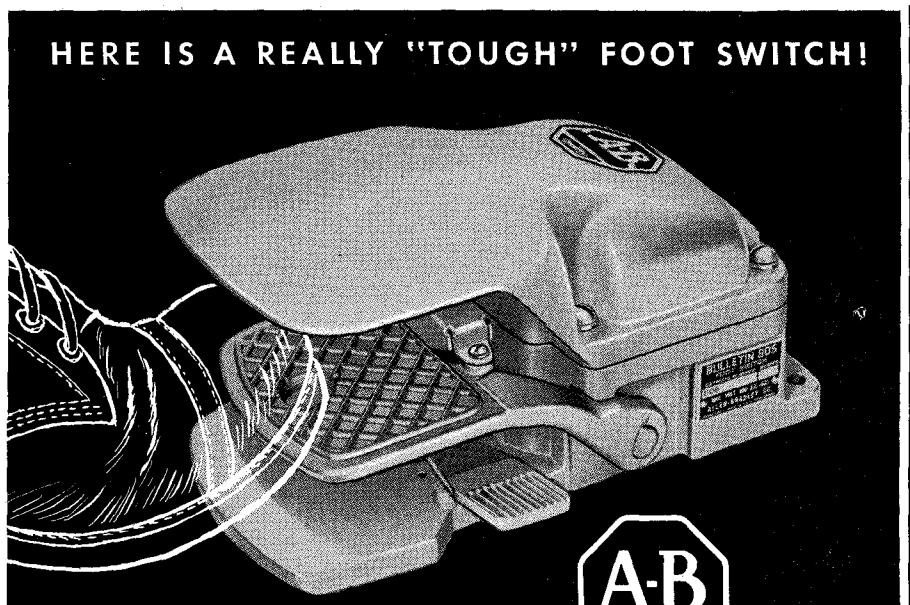

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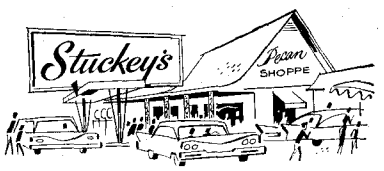

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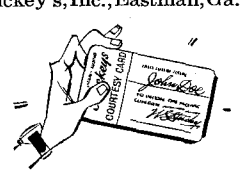

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(*Continued from Page 96*)

oats they need. Summed up, if one has a farm, the cost of keeping a horse is very little. If one does not, and feeds the horse the hay and grain it should have during the months when pasture is not available, it should run between $250 and $300 a year.

A horse, to be really comfortable and properly cared for, should have a weatherproof shed or stable and a squarish stall or enclosure several feet longer than he is, so that he can lie down and get up and move around in it. This stall or enclosure has a carpet of straw in it, and this makes the possession of a pitchfork an absolute must because manure has to be carted out and tossed on the manure pile—preferably daily. This is a splendid, muscle-building exercise for any Pony Clubber. If the Pony Clubber is away at school, it makes a splendid reducing exercise for the Pony Clubber's parent.

The horse also will need a saddle, a bridle, a gadget called a currycomb, several brushes and a hoof pick for cleaning out his hoofs. If he's an indoor type of horse, he'll need a light cloth blanket and a wool blanket. Finally, he needs a headstall, or halter, that he wears as a sort of negligee around the stable so the owner will have something to grab him by when he's not dressed in his bridle.

On the other hand, although boarding the horse with somebody else costs quite a bit more, it can save a lot of wear and tear on the muscles—yours, that is. In Litchfield, boarding a Pony Clubber's pony at Joe Keefe's riding stable runs to between fifty and sixty dollars a month. Because Pony Clubbers—at least beginner Pony Clubbers—have fairly small horses, they cost less to feed than big overstuffed horses. This is one of nature's compensations.

The basic cost of clothing for a Pony Clubber is the cost of a pair of blue jeans. However, if the boy or girl is going to be taught to jump, a hard protective cap must be bought—or borrowed. If the child is going to enter extramural competition, such as invitation, district, regional or national rallies, he or she will have to acquire reasonably smart and standard riding clothes. But here again, because Pony Clubbers, like all other kids, outgrow clothes faster than Pop can afford to buy them and are only too glad to pass them along, the cost can come pretty close to zero. It can also come to, say, $500 if a person really tries hard to spend that much.

The Pony Clubs truly come into their own because of what they make possible for the members to get out of their clubs—what the children are taught and how they are taught it. Normally, riding lessons are expensive. In cities like New York, in any good stable they start at ten dollars an hour. At that rate not many children can afford to learn more than to ride around a ring and perhaps over a few small jumps without falling off on their heads. In the Pony Club the lessons start at no dollars an hour and never go any higher. Like scoutmasters, the instructors contribute their services; often professional instructors do this. Why? Because creating horsemen is obviously good business for anybody in the horse business.

Pony Clubbers are not simply taught to ride and ride well. They're taught horsemanship, and that means everything from the simple care of a horse to shoeing, the elements of veterinarianism, horse training and, of course, all forms of equitation, such as dressage or extreme precision riding, stadium jumping and riding across country over natural fences in such a manner that not only the youngster but the horse enjoys it. By the time a Pony Clubber reaches seventeen, if he has completed the whole course of sprouts and becomes an A rider, of which there are very few, he is Olympic material.

Skilled horsemen aren't developed in a hurry, and Pony Club instruction proceeds in easy, safe stages. The Pony Club instructor works strictly from a Pony Club Instructor's Handbook, which represents the accumulated knowledge of some of the finest horsemen in the world. Each of the five stages of instruction represents about a year's study and practice. The peanut-sized Pony Club beginner starts out with lessons in how to approach and handle a pony, how to mount and dismount, hold the reins, correct seat in the saddle, and so forth. He learns to know what horses are like and how to act around them. It isn't until well in Stage 2, when he knows his horse and his horse knows him, that the youngster comes to the lesson, "Jump very small fences and tree trunks."

There is no minimum age for a beginning Pony Clubber, but upon reaching seventeen he becomes an associate member and at twenty-one his membership automatically terminates. Adults may become "sustaining members." Pony Club rallies are fun. At Litchfield ours have been fun ever since the very first one. That day the district commissioner, a most expert and distinguished horseman, fell off his horse. Everybody thought that was lots of fun—including the district commissioner—after a while. Sometimes the rallies are straight instruction, sometimes they're picnic rides, sometimes they're overnight camping trips. During the latter the kids think they're not getting instruction, but actually they're learning constantly, from the horse or by a form of osmosis. During the bad-weather months, the rallies take the form of movies and sometimes club dances.

Wherever you get kids and horses together there are always bright, memorable moments. Take the regional rally for which the Litchfield Pony Club was host last August. During the three-day meeting the competing Pony Club teams were judged in such things as equitation, dressage, and cross-country riding by men capable of judging at the biggest horse shows in the country. There was also a written test that covered the cause of and cure for innumerable things that happen to horses—all the way from a charming little thing called "seedy toe" to another known as "risen clenches." A question on fox hunting was, "Name three officials of a hunt." The correct answer was "Master, First Whip, Second Whip." On the paper I was correcting, a Pony Clubber with the literal mind of childhood did just what the question called for. She named three officials of a hunt, "Mr. Wadsworth, Mr. Mulligan and Mr. Quirk," the officials of that Pony Club's own hunt. I marked the paper 100. I'd like to have been able to mark it 110-plus.

The older Pony Clubbers, ranging from ten to about sixteen, all riders of considerable ability, checked in from points as much as 300 miles away, complete with horses and gear. They had all kinds of gear. One team even brought along a horse stomach pump—just in case.

From the moment the horses arrived, the designated stable area where they were quartered became Off Limits to everyone except the teams and the judges. No adults other than judges were allowed either to touch a horse or to give advice to any team member. The horses were solely under the care of the children for the entire three days. One judge, Bill Santoro, a well-known veterinarian from Virginia, did nothing from the time the teams arrived but follow the different boys and girls and horses around with a

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notebook and a pencil. Into the notebook went remarks on the condition of every horse at just about every hour of the day. At night he would slip into the stables after the kids had gone to bed. If he found a speck of dirt on a horse, or improper blanketing or stall ventilation, or a saddle or bridle that hadn't been shined up like a hussar's boots, into the book went a black mark that in the end would mean points deducted from the team's total score in all the other phases of competition. The only catch was that Bill is a very nice guy and would make allowances for human frailty. These were kids, after all, not hussars.

The cross-country event was the big thing. Whereas in a horse show, "cross country" or "outside course" usually consists of some eight different, more-or-less natural jumps laid out in a fairly flat field and covering about a half mile in length, the Pony Clubbers' cross-country course was just exactly that. It was three miles long, it went up hill and down dale over all kinds of natural obstacles, such as rocks, brooks, fallen trees; in addition there were seventeen jumps to be negotiated. These included everything from "chicken coops" and post-and-rail fences to stone walls. The course had to be completed in twenty minutes, with a stiff penalty in points for every minute over that. Furthermore, the horses had to finish in good condition. Almost without exception, the teams negotiated this difficult course almost faultlessly.

There was one charming incident: This was the first rally away from home for one of the teams. Up until the cross country they had been doing extremely well and stood a good chance of winning second, if not first place, for the rally. But there was a small horse whom we will call Bobby. Bobby was ridden by an enchanting, pixyish young lady who would have her eleventh birthday the next day. Bobby was a likable fiend. Midway through the cross-country course, as he approached one of the jumps, Bobby saw some people drinking lemonade in the shade of some nearby trees. It was a blistering hot day, and Bobby decided he'd much rather join these comfortable people than go on with this nonsense of jumping fences. He refused the jump, cantered over to the woods. The pixy tugged and hauled and kicked him back onto the course. Bobby shook his head and refused again. A third refusal meant that he and the pixy would be disqualified, with a heavy penalty of points against the team. The pixy got him back onto the course. He started to refuse for the final time.

The pixy, in desperation, flung the reins down on his neck and cried out, "Oh, Bobby! You can't do this to me!"

And, strangely enough, Bobby didn't.

Another high point came at the lakeside picnic that was held on the evening of the second day. Among other things, the kids had watermelon, and one girl, naturally enough, was sitting on a stone wall, ejecting watermelon seeds in the traditional manner, on the neck of one of her teammates. An elderly official walked by, his face expressing momentary revulsion. When he had passed, the seed ejector addressed her teammate.

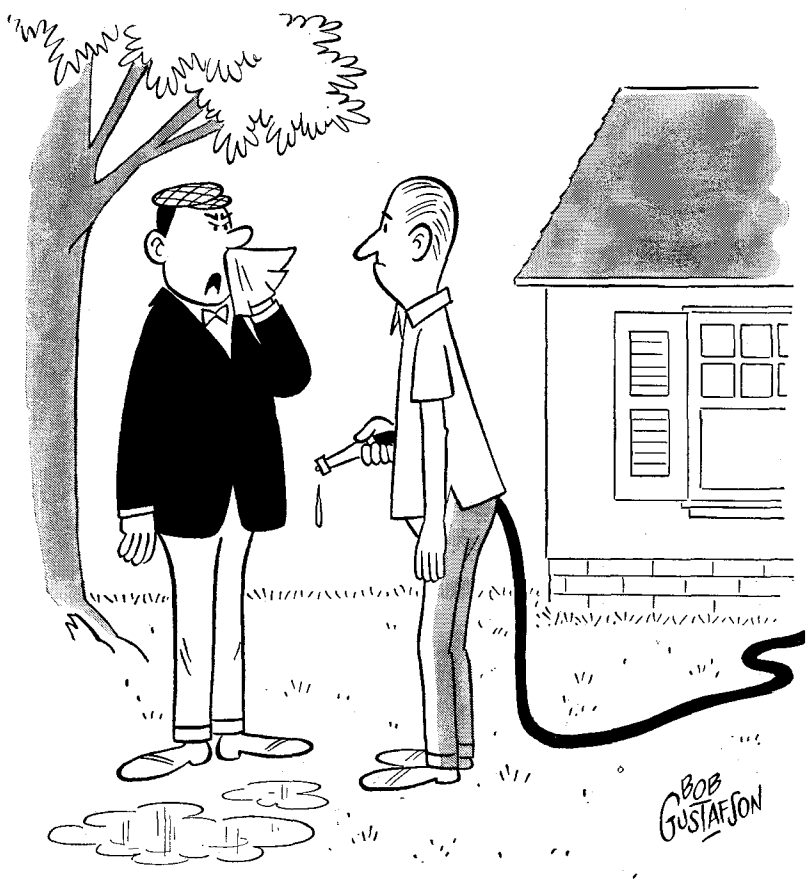
"Golly!" she said. "Are we being judged on eating manners too?"

"I don't exactly know," said the teammate, "but if we are, we've lost!"

They weren't—and they hadn't. That team just happened to win the highest score and the blue ribbons for the entire rally.

Lots of people who have heard about the Pony Club movement have written letters asking how you go about starting one. Alice Reidy, the U.S.P.C. national secretary, has a whole stack of these at her office in Brookline, Massachusetts. They run from the dignified and slightly pompous to letters that start out, "I has a pony. His name is Spot. Please tell me how can I start a Pony Club? I love Spot very much. He is ten years old and. . . ."

The little boy who owns Spot can't start a Pony Club himself, but perhaps if he makes himself sufficiently objectionable on the subject, he can get his parents or one of their friends to do themselves a great big favor and start one for him. THE END



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Frankly, Martin, I expected something a little stronger when you asked me over for a drink."

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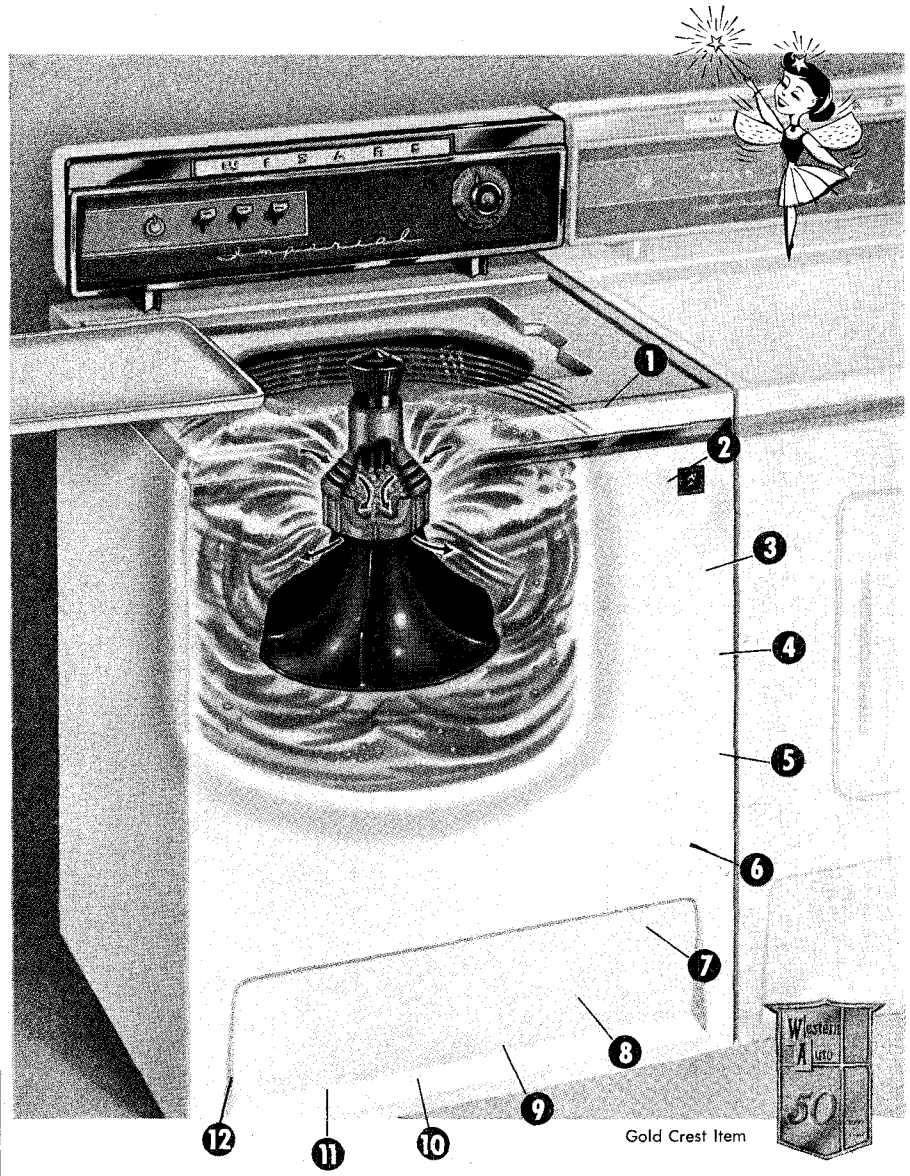

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The Case of the Mythical Monkeys

(Continued from Page 43)

before I get done if this thing keeps going the way it's headed. That's why it's absolutely imperative that we get to him ahead of the police and that we don't have liquor on our breaths. Come on, let's go."

They hurried out of the restaurant, redeemed their car and drove in silence the half mile to the sixteen-hundred block on Delrose Avenue.

Paul Drake said, "That's the place we want, Perry, and here's a providential parking space. It's about as close as you can hope to get."

Mason eased the car into the parking place. They walked up to the apartment house. Mason consulted the directory in the front and pressed the button opposite the name of Edgar Carlisle.

"The chances that he's home are only about one in a hundred," Drake said.

Mason nodded and pressed the button again. When there was no answer, Mason pressed three or four of the other buttons. Finally someone buzzed the door open. The three of them walked into the lobby of the apartment house.

"What now?" Drake asked.

"Now," Mason said, "we go up to the second floor and go down to apartment two-four-two, just to give it a once-over."

"Now look," Drake protested. "I don't want any funny stuff, Perry."

"You're altogether too sensitive," Mason said. "However, this is once I'm inclined to agree that extreme caution is indicated. Let's take a look."

They climbed the stairs, then walked on down the hall. A door opened abruptly. A beautiful blonde, attired in a tight-fitting suit, sized Perry Mason up, smiled and said, "Were you the one who buzzed my apartment?"

Mason bowed deferentially. "It was a mistake. Forgive it, please."

"Oh." Her face showed disappointment. After a thoughtful moment she said, "You did have the wrong apartment?"

"We did have the wrong apartment," Della Street said in a tone of finality.

The young woman slowly closed the door, and they walked on down the corridor.

"Let's hope she didn't recognize you," Paul Drake said.

"Well," Mason said, "she ——" Abruptly he broke off and said, "Paul, there's a light in two-four-two. You can see a faint thread of light coming through at the bottom of the door."

"Well," Drake said, "you don't suppose our man is home, but not answering the bell, do you? Gosh, Perry, let's not discover another corpse!"

The trio moved on cautiously. Behind the somewhat flimsy door of 242 a typewriter exploded into noise. They could hear the rattle and bang of the keys, then the sound of the carriage being slammed back. Once more the typing reached a crescendo of speed, then faltered and slowed to a stop.

Mason raised his hand and tapped gently on the door. Steps came banging toward the door.

The door was jerked open and a man's angry face confronted them. "How did you get in here?" he demanded. "When I don't answer my bell it's because I don't want to be disturbed! Now beat it!"

"Edgar Carlisle?" Mason asked.

"Yes, I'm Edgar Carlisle, and I'm working. Now beat it."

He started to close the door. Drake eased a shoulder and arm in the door. "Wait a minute, buddy," he said. "Take a look at this." Drake flashed credentials showing that he was a licensed private detective.

"Now wait a minute, wait a minute. What's all this about?" Carlisle asked.

"We have a few questions to ask you."

"Get lost," Carlisle told him. "I'm working against a deadline, and I haven't any time for questions. Come back when I'm finished."

"How long is it going to take you to finish?" Mason asked.

"A little after midnight."

"Well, then, it won't get finished," Mason told him. "The police will be here before then."

"The police? What are you talking about?"

"Mauvis Meade and murder," Mason said.

Carlisle blinked his eyes. Abruptly the significance of what Mason had said soaked in. "What are you talking about—Mauvis Meade and murder?"

"Your weekend at Summit Inn," Mason explained. "Your representation that you were with the publicity department of American States Producers Studios and the murder of an unidentified corpse on the mountain."

"Who—who are you?"

"My name's Mason," the lawyer said. "This is my secretary, Miss Street, and Paul Drake. You have already seen Paul Drake's credentials as a private detective."

Carlisle's face showed that anger was giving way to consternation. At length he said with poor grace, "Well, come on in. Just what are you folks trying to put across?"

Mason said, "You represented yourself as being connected with the publicity department of American States Producers Studios."

"I did no such thing. I said I was getting publicity for the studios and, damn it, I am! I didn't impersonate anyone or anything. I simply made a statement and, as it happens, the statement was true."

Mason walked over to the typewriter, looked down at the sheet of paper.

"It will only cost you twenty-five cents to read that in Pacific Coast Personalities," Carlisle said. "For your information, I don't like to have people read my material before it's printed."

Mason paid no attention to him, but stood looking down at the paper in the typewriter. When he had finished reading he sat down and said, "So you're doing an article on Mauvis Niles Meade."

"I'm doing an article on Mauvis Niles Meade," Edgar Carlisle repeated.

"And you rang her up and told her you were representing American States Producers Studios?"

"I told her nothing of the sort. I rang her up and told her I was getting some publicity for the studios, that I understood she spent her weekends at the Summit Inn, that I was going to be up at the Summit Inn and I wanted an interview."

"And what did she say?"

"She said she'd be there."

"But she didn't show up?"

"She didn't show up. She sent her secretary, Gladys Doyle."

"And from Gladys Doyle you got enough information for an article?"

"That's right."

"What makes you think Pacific Coast Personalities is interested in such an article?"

Carlisle said angrily, "Because I'm a professional writer, because the article has been bought and paid for, and I have a deadline delivery date of tomorrow noon, in case that means anything to you. Now I'd like to know by what right you come barging in here asking questions."

Mason said, "As I told you, my name is Mason. I'm an attorney. I'm ——"

"Wait a minute!" Carlisle exclaimed. "You're not *Perry* Mason?"

Mason nodded.

"Good lord," Carlisle said. "Of course you are! I should have recognized you—hang it, I knew there was something familiar about you."

Mason said, "All right, I'll assume for the moment that you're acting in good faith as a free-lance writer. Now suppose you tell us about that trip up to Summit Inn."

"Why?" Carlisle asked.

"Because," Mason said, "after leaving Summit Inn, Miss Doyle lost her way. She got stuck in a deep mudhole, spent the night in a strange cabin, woke up in the morning and found a murdered man in the bedroom. There's every reason to believe that you were instrumental in getting her up on the mountain, and there's a distinct possibility that Mauvis Meade was the person who was to have been trapped, or perhaps the person who was to have been murdered."

"Good lord!" Carlisle exclaimed.

"Now then, you say that you are working for Pacific Coast Personalities?"

Carlisle nodded.

"You have an order for an article?"

"From Dale Robbins himself. He's the editor and publisher."

"You were commissioned personally?"

"That's right."

"You talked with Mr. Robbins personally?"

"Well, it was personally," Carlisle said, "but the conversation took place on the telephone."

"Do you know Robbins when you see him?"

"Sure—that is, I've met him. He probably wouldn't remember me. I met him at a writers' club meeting."

"Tell me exactly what happened."

"Well, it was Thursday afternoon. The telephone rang and it was Dale Robbins on the line. He congratulated me on an article I'd had published in Television Personalities of the Day. He said that as soon as he read it he felt that I could do an article on Mauvis Meade."

"Go ahead," Mason said. "What happened after that?"

"Well, he told me that he'd give me a firm order for such an article and that he'd pay a thousand dollars for thirty-five hundred words.

"He suggested that I meet her up at the Summit Inn. He said she had a room up there that she kept on a monthly basis, that she was up every weekend, that I could call her and make an appointment to meet her there. He suggested that I explain to her I was getting publicity for something in (*Continued on Page 102*)

You be the Judge

By SARAH MORRIS

The Carr dairy farm, with its elaborate processing plant and 300 milk cows, attracted thousands of visitors annually. A newspaper sent a photographer to take pictures of the showplace. The Carr brothers led him out to the barn, which was leased to a man named Andrews, who owned the cows. A milker was preparing to milk one cow when the flash of the photographer's bulb caused another cow to start violently and injure him. The milker sued the Carrs.

"You owed it to the milker to warn him of the photographer's presence and intentions," his counsel argued. "As you did not, your neglect caused his injury."

"The barn was under Andrews' control," the Carrs' lawyer replied. "He gave the Carrs permission to bring in strangers, including the photographer. Therefore he is the man to sue. Besides, only one cow in the herd reacted violently. Nobody could have anticipated that."

If you were the judge, would you make the Carrs pay for the injuries?

• •

The Carrs had to pay. The court held that they, as experienced dairymen, should have recognized the danger of flashing a bulb in a cow's face and should have warned the milker of the photographer's intention.

Based upon a 1956 California decision.

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A giant raft of logs glides down a broad river as gulls, restive before an approaching storm, wheel gracefully overhead. This coastal waterway, fed by year-around streams from Northwest forestlands, is used to transport tree farm harvests to waterside mill sites.

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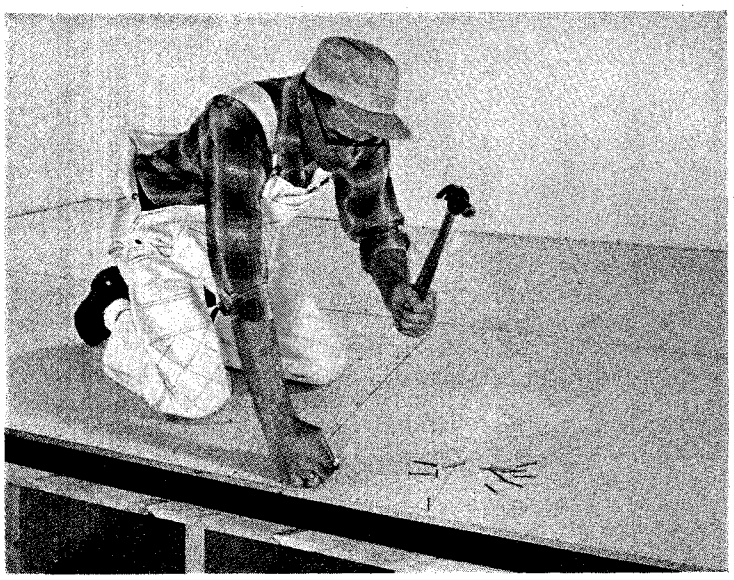

Moisture-laden ocean storms, swept inland by prevailing winds, frequently drench the mountainous timberlands of western Oregon and Washington. Spattering against countless millions of trees, the rains drip gently to the forest floor...soaking into its spongy, porous soil. This abundant supply of water flows year after year into myriad streams, lakes and reservoirs throughout the region.

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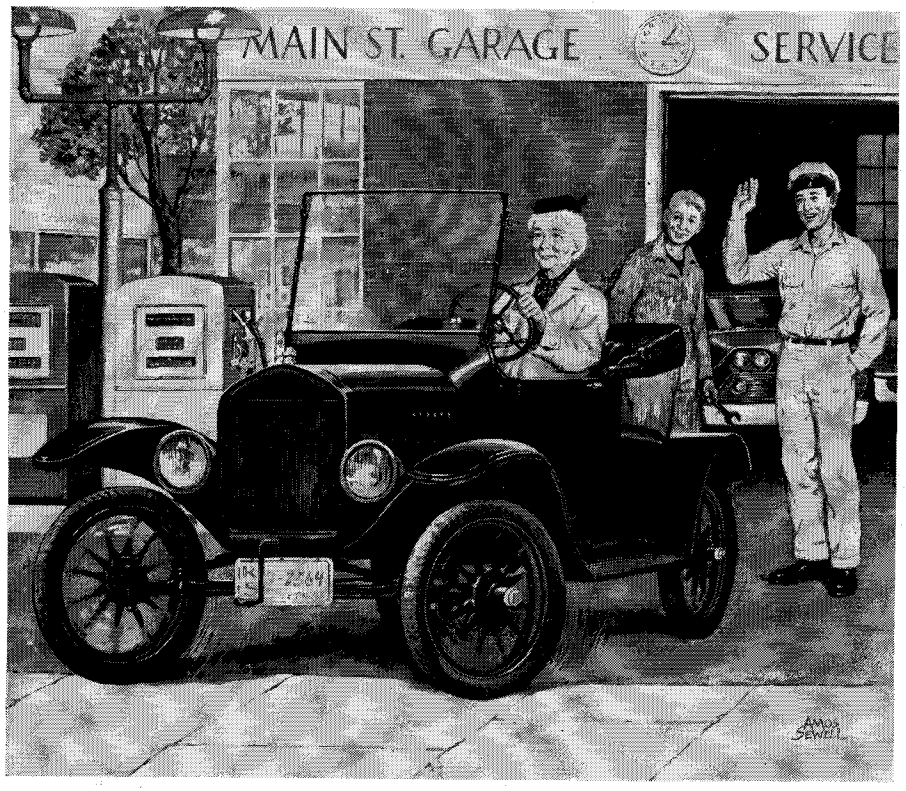

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(*Continued from Page 100*) connection with the sale of her book or her picture, and get her to co-operate with me on that basis and so get the facts I needed.

"He said Mauvis Meade was good copy because her book was filled with sex and that she was a sultry babe herself. He said he wanted a catchy title like A Weekend With Mauvis Meade and that if I could legitimately contrive to give the readers an idea that she was a hot number without going too far it would be a swell approach."

"What did you do after talking with him?" Mason asked.

"Well, in the first place, I told him that I'd have to have some expense money, and he said that would be no obstacle. He asked me how much I needed, and I told him he'd better send me three hundred and fifty dollars to bind the bargain and give me some expense money."

"That was satisfactory?"

"That was satisfactory."

"And he sent over the money?"

"He said he'd have a messenger on the way with the money inside of an hour and he was as good as his word. I didn't make a move until after the messenger arrived."

"With a check?" Mason asked.

"With an envelope containing three one-hundred-dollar bills and one fifty-dollar bill."

Mason's face showed skepticism.

Carlisle said suddenly, "When you stop to think of it, that was a funny way for them to do business. I—I guess they wanted me to get busy right away."

"Undoubtedly," Mason said. "So what did you do?"

"I got in touch with Mauvis Niles Meade and I made a date with her for the weekend at the Summit Inn."

"Then what?"

"After I got up there I got a phone call from her. She said that she couldn't make it, but that she was sending her confidential secretary, Gladys Doyle, up there, and that Miss Doyle would co-operate with me on any information that I needed."

"Well?" Mason asked.

"At first I was sore," Carlisle said. "I saw my chance at the article I wanted going out the window. Then all of a sudden the idea hit me right between the eyes. It was made to order. I'd write an article entitled A Weekend With Mauvis Meade's Secretary. They said the secretary was some dish, and I took along my camera and got some swell art. At least I think I did. The films are being developed.

"I stole a little cheesecake, and this secretary was class. She said she'd been instructed to co-operate in every way, and believe you me, I got some swell stuff."

Mason said, "If your story is true, it's interesting. And if it isn't true, you're up to your neck in murder."

"It's true."

"How can I verify it?"

"Call Dale Robbins."

"You call him," Mason said. "I'll talk with him."

"I don't know where I can get him at this hour, but I'll try."

Mason said, "It happens that I have done some work for Dale Robbins. . . . Do we have his phone number, Della?"

She nodded and, taking a notebook from her purse, crossed over to the telephone. Edgar Carlisle was at her side instantly. He seated Della Street, stood by her shoulder looking down at the telephone.

Della Street waited, her hand held over the telephone.

"Did you get a worth-while story out of Gladys Doyle?" Mason asked Carlisle.

"Did I!" Carlisle said, turning to Mason. "I talked to that girl about Mauvis Meade on a day-to-day basis, and really turned her inside out without her knowing it. She ——"

He broke off and whirled back as he heard the whir of the dial of the telephone, but by that time Della Street had completed half of the number and was holding her left hand so that it obscured his view of the dial of the telephone.

After a moment Della Street said, "Hello, this is Della Street, Mr. Mason's secretary, speaking. I'd like to —— Yes, that's right, Mr. Robbins, Mr. Mason wants to talk with you. He wants to ask a question. Just a moment, please." She handed the telephone to Mason.

Mason said, "Hello, Mr. Robbins. I wanted to ask you a question about the magazine."

"Well, hello, Mason," Robbins said. "This is indeed a pleasure. What can I tell you about the magazine?"

"I want to know about a man named Edgar Carlisle," Mason said.

There was a moment's hesitation, then Robbins said, "Well, I can't tell you very much about him. He's a writer who does some pieces on personalities. It just happens he's never done anything for us. He's considered a fair writer in his particular field, but I don't know a great deal about him. I can find out a good deal by tomorrow night if it's important."

"You haven't commissioned him to write an article for your magazine within the last few days?"

"No. Definitely not."

"How about any of your assistants? Would they have ——"

"Not without my knowing it, Mason. I keep a close watch on such things. We're a healthy magazine and I want to keep it that way. We can let an inventory pile up awfully fast, and personalities change a lot these days. We like to buy on a hand-to-mouth basis as much as possible. We have a few dependable writers we can call on in case there's an emergency shortage of material. We ——"

Edgar Carlisle came pushing forward. "Here, let me talk with him," he said.

"Just a moment," Mason interrupted. "I'm here with Mr. Carlisle at the moment. He tells rather an interesting story which may have some bearing on an investigation I'm conducting. He wants to talk with you personally."

Mason turned the phone over to Carlisle.

"Hello," Carlisle said. "This is Edgar Carlisle, Mr. Robbins. I was telling Mr. Mason about the arrangement I had with you on the Mauvis Meade story."

Mason, watching Carlisle's face, saw the expression change.

"Why, Mr. Robbins," Carlisle exclaimed, "surely you remember commissioning me to do an article. . . . You sent me three hundred and fifty dollars by special messenger. . . . No, it wasn't a check, it was in cash. . . . Well, I thought it was strange at the time, but I talked with you. . . . Well, anyway, the man on the phone said he was you. . . . Well. . . . I see. . . . Well, good heavens, somebody commissioned me to write an article for Pacific Coast Personalities and gave me a firm commitment. . . . That's right—thirty-five hundred words. . . . Yes, sir. The price was a thousand dollars. . . . Well, I thought so at the time, but —— But I've received three hundred and fifty dollars and have an expense account and —— You're certain? . . . Look, Mr. Robbins, would you check in the morning? . . . I see. . . . Well, of course, if that's the answer, that's the answer. . . . You want to talk with Mr. Mason again?"

Carlisle said, "O.K., just a minute," and handed the phone over to Mason.

"Hello, Robbins," Mason said. "This is Mason again."

"Look," Robbins said. "I don't know what this guy is trying to pull. It's phony,

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whatever it is. That is, the deal is a phony. Carlisle may have been victimized."

"You had no understanding with Mr. Carlisle?"

"Definitely not. And I'm satisfied that no one connected with the magazine made any such arrangements. Moreover, if any advance payment had been made, you can readily realize that it would have been made by voucher and not in the form of cash sent over by messenger. Someone is doing something here I don't like. I wish you'd check into it if you can conveniently."

"We'll let you know," Mason said, and hung up.

"Well," he said to Carlisle, "that seems to dispose of that."

Carlisle sat down in his chair in front of the typewriter as though his knees had buckled. "I'll be damned!" he said.

"You didn't see the person who talked with you? You didn't ——"

Carlisle shook his head, said, "This is all news to me. I'm completely flabbergasted. My gosh, fifteen minutes ago I was going like wildfire on a story that was almost writing itself, and now I'm left high and dry. I guess I'll go out and get drunk."

... ...

Fat Chance

With fingers crossed, she
can't resist
This hoping against hope;
with luck
The scales will show the
meals she missed
And overlook the snacks she
snuck.

Philene Hammer

... ...

"I wouldn't do that," Mason said. "You're going to have to answer some questions, probably from the police. You don't know anything about this money?"

"No. It came by messenger. At least, the man who brought it in wore the uniform of a messenger service."

"Would you know the man if you saw him again?"

"Sure I would. I think you'll find it was a regular messenger service, though. The fellow looked—well, rather typical, and it seemed to be a routine job with him. He had a book for me to sign, and I noticed that the book simply called for one envelope, so I signed the receipt and he handed me the envelope."

"How old was he?"

"I would say he was somewhere in the fifties. A short fellow—looked something as though he might have been a former jockey—one of those leathery faces, small but strong, if you know what I mean."

"Well, I guess that's it," Mason said. "That disposes of one phase of the case."

"Can you tell me what this is all about?" Carlisle asked.

Mason shook his head. "Not right now, I can't."

"Is there any objection to my getting hold of Gladys Doyle and asking her?"

"Not in the least," Mason said, "if you can locate her."

"She's still working for Mauvis Meade, isn't she?"

"I believe she is still an employee of Miss Meade," Mason said.

"This is a great disappointment to me," Carlisle said. "I thought I had a whale of a story. Now you come along and ruin it."

Mason smiled. "Your story isn't ruined. You'll find you can sell it to a newspaper and then to a magazine later on."

"Are you crazy?" Carlisle asked.

Mason walked over to the door, held it open for Della Street and Paul Drake and said, "I don't think so. You'd better finish your story. Gladys Doyle has become very newsworthy." He held the door open and they walked out, leaving Carlisle standing in the doorway, watching them as they walked down the hall.

"Well," Drake said, as they got into Mason's car, "we seem to be making headway."

Mason said thoughtfully, "I feel like a horse on a treadmill. We get going faster and faster, and yet we're no nearer our objectives. Right now we need to know why Manly was killed, and then we have to know who killed him. The more information we get, the more complicated the thing becomes."

"But we eat?" Della Street asked anxiously.

"We eat," Mason said. "After all, there's only so much we can do on an empty stomach."

"Well, that's a relief," Drake said.

They returned to the Golden Fleece, had their cocktails and ordered dinner. It was as Mason was cutting into his steak that he became thoughtfully silent.

"Go ahead and finish it," Della Street said.

"Huh?" Drake asked, looking up from his steak. "What's the matter?"

"The boss," Della Street said, "is getting an idea. He's thinking he should be someplace else at the moment."

"Where?" Drake asked.

"Mauvis Meade," Mason said. "I have just thought of something."

"What?" Della Street asked.

"Do you remember the copy of Chop the Man Down that you got for me?"

She nodded.

"And the photograph on the dust jacket, the photograph of Mauvis Meade standing at the rail of a yacht?"

"In a typical pose," Della Street said to Paul Drake by way of explanation. "Lots of wind and very little restraint."

"Yes, yes, I remember," Drake said, wolfing his steak.

"It doesn't affect your appetite any."

"Certainly not. It increases it," Drake mumbled, pushing food into his mouth. "That guy's getting ready to take off, Della. We'd better load up with groceries."

Abruptly Mason shoved his plate away, pushed his chair back from the table. "Will you take care of the check, Della? Take my car and go home. I'll take a taxi. You can drop Paul at his office. Paul, I want men working on Manly. Find out everything you can about him. Check in Tucson and Phoenix. See if you can pick up a trail there at all."

"What about the dust jacket on the book?" Drake asked.

"It was all legs and eyes," Della Street said. "That girl tried so hard to be a vamp—I guess that was supposed to be a private yacht she was on, wasn't it? Her skirts were blowing and ——" Abruptly Della Street broke off. Her eyes widened.

"What?" Paul Drake asked.

"She was wearing a scarf which was blowing in the wind," Della Street said thoughtfully. "Is that what you were thinking of, chief?"

Mason nodded.

"A scarf," Della Street said, "that had some printed figures on it."

"Can you remember those printed figures, Della?" Mason asked.

She shook her head. "I'm doing well to remember the scarf. But that scarf certainly did have some printed figures on it."

"What a break it would be," Mason said dryly, "if it turned out that that was

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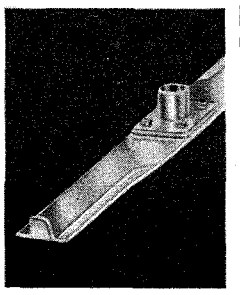

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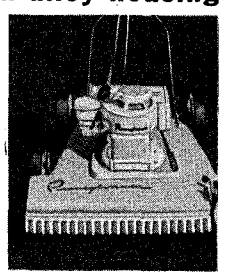

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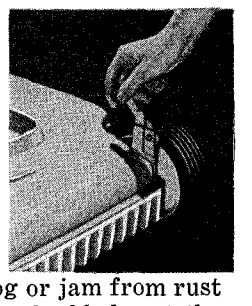

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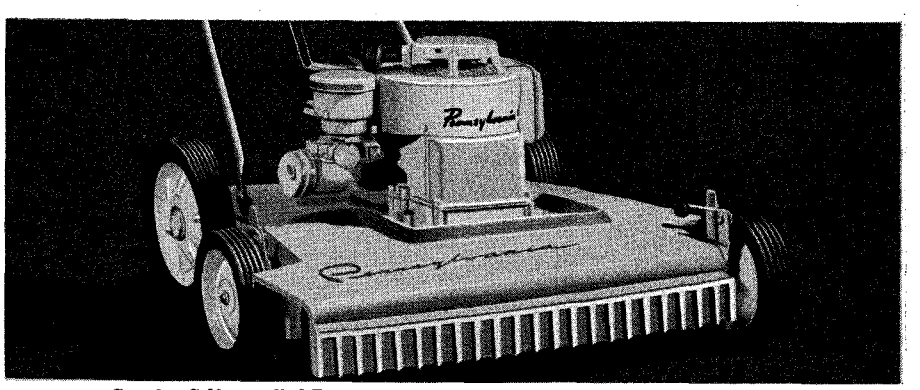

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the scarf we found out there in the murder cabin."

"Under the murder cabin," Drake said.

"Under the murder cabin," Mason agreed thoughtfully.

"You'd better finish your dinner," Della Street said.

Mason shook his head, arose, smiled at them and said, "See you in the morning, folks."

"You can't get in this time of night," Della Street said.

"On the contrary. This is just the break I need in order to get in," Mason said. "That clerk at the desk has been watching police go by all afternoon and evening. You know the policy of the police from our own encounters with our friend, Lieutenant Tragg. They don't like to be announced."

"You mean you're going to impersonate an officer?" Drake asked.

"I won't impersonate an officer," Mason said, "but I'll amble along, not too fast and not too slow, acting as though I were doing a job. And nobody's going to stop me. It's a crime to impersonate an officer. It's not a crime to act like one. I'll get up to the apartment and—well, then we'll see what happens."

"She may be in bed," Della Street said.

Mason put his hand in his pocket. "Paul," he said, "you take charge of this scarf and the box of shells—remember that at some time we may have to introduce these articles in evidence, in which event we must be able to account for possession so we can furnish a chain of identification. Take these articles up to the office, lock them in the safe, and ——"

Drake vehemently shook his head. "I was willing to stand by while you took that, Perry, but I'm not going to touch that evidence with a ten-foot pole. I wouldn't have it in the office. I don't want it in my custody."

"Why?"

"Why!" Drake exploded. "Good heavens, the stuff is evidence, and we've taken it into our possession. We're concealing it from the police."

"Evidence of what?" Mason asked.

"Evidence of the identity of the person who committed the murder, of course."

"We don't *know* that."

"Well, it's a reasonable assumption."

"But don't you think we'd better wait until we know it before we turn it over to the police?"

"That's just an excuse," Drake said.

"Nobody knows we have it," Mason said. "Just the four of us—you, Della, Kelton and myself."

"And four is too blasted many to know a thing like that," Drake said. "We're monkeying with dynamite. Suppose the police get wise to the fact that we're holding this before your plans mature. Then where does that leave us?"

"It leaves us in a most embarrassing situation," Mason admitted.

"Exactly," Drake said, "and it's that situation I don't want to get caught in. You keep your scarf and shells."

Della Street said quietly, "I'll take them, chief."

Mason hesitated a moment; then handed them over to her. "I hate to drag you into it, Della, but I don't want to take those things up to Mauvis Meade's apartment with me. I might get accused of trying to steal the scarf and plant the shells, and there's always a possibility that I may be stopped and searched before I get out of there."

"I understand," she said.

"O.K. I'll take a cab and, Della, you take my car. Drive Paul to the office and then go on home—see you folks in the morning."

Mason left the Golden Fleece, hailed a taxicab and went to Mauvis Niles Meade's apartment house. "Put the meter on waiting time," he told the cab driver. "I may be in there anywhere from two minutes to an hour." He handed the driver a ten-dollar bill and said, "This will be a guaranty that I'm not walking out on you."

"I'll be here," the cab driver said.

Mason entered the apartment house and walked at a steady, even gait toward the elevator. The night clerk at the desk looked up expectantly. Mason didn't even vouchsafe him a glance, but walked over to the elevator.

The clerk hesitated for a moment, then, with an almost imperceptible shrug of his shoulders, turned back to the work he was doing at the desk.

Mason entered the elevator and said to the operator, "Up—all the way."

The operator said, "Yes, sir," and the cage shot upward.

Mason tapped on the door of Mauvis Meade's apartment, waited a moment, then tapped again.

The door was flung open. "Well, it's about time you got here," Mauvis Meade said. "We. . . ." Her voice trailed away into dismayed silence as she saw Perry Mason. "You again!" she said.

"In person," Mason said. "I want to talk with you."

"Why?"

"For one thing," Mason said, "I want to get you straight. You've found that it's good business to adopt the pose of the sophisticated woman-of-the-world, the babe who has all the curves and knows all the angles, and somehow or other I have an idea that it's pretty much of a pose with you, that you decided you could make money by writing a daring book and then giving the impression of having a sultry personality."

"Indeed," she said.

"And I think that's why you've been somewhat difficult on publicity interviews," Mason said. "You're afraid you'll betray your true character. You're not the sort of girl you'd like to have the book reviewers think you are."

"How interesting," she said.

"Isn't it?" Mason said. "Do I come in and talk it over, or do we discuss it here in the hallway?"

"You come in and we talk it over," she said, standing to one side and holding the door open. "You've challenged me, so I have the choice of weapons."

She had taken off the lounging pajamas and was dressed in a low-cut, strapless gown that seemed held in place by a miracle of mechanical ingenuity.

She said nervously, "I am a little jumpy tonight. Newspaper reporters and police officers have been wearing out the carpet."

She seated herself on the davenport and indicated that Mason was to take a seat beside her. As Mason seated himself, she looked up at him and gave that characteristic slow raising and lowering of the eyelids.

"Now look," Mason said, "it's going to help a lot if you get over the idea that you have the only curves in captivity."

She moved closer.

Mason made a gesture of impatience. "Do you," he asked, "happen to have a copy of your book handy?"

Her laugh was throaty. "That's like asking a salesman if, by any chance, he happens to have his samples in that leather bag he's carrying."

"I want to look at it," Mason said.

She sulked for a moment, then got up, crossed over to a bookcase, pulled out a book and all but tossed it in Mason's lap. She stood before him, not seating herself, looking down at the lawyer.

Mason took the book, turned it over to the photograph on the dust jacket.

"Oh," she said, as she saw him studying the photograph, "then you *are* interested. That's better. The legs are nice, don't you think?" She seated herself beside him once more.

"This scarf," Mason said; "it's very interesting—is that a monkey shown on the scarf?"

"That's right. That's a printed silk scarf I got in Japan. It has the three monkeys—see no evil, hear no evil and speak no evil." She laughed again and said, "I thought it was particularly appropriate for a woman author who had seen all, heard all and was telling damned near everything."

"That scarf interests me a lot," Mason said. "I wonder if I could look at it."

"Why?"

"I want to see the scarf."

"I heard you the first time. But why do you want to look at it?"

"There's something about it that interests me. It may be—well, I'd like to see if there's anything on it showing anything about its manufacture, whether there's a stock number or anything, so I could duplicate it ——"

She shook her head. "You're not going to duplicate that. Not in this country. I got this scarf in Japan, and it's the only one I saw. I saw it in just this one store. It fascinated me and I bought it."

"You don't think there are any others?"

She shook her head.

"Then I'm going to have to bother you to look at yours," Mason said.

"All right. I'll get it for you. You wait right here."

She left the davenport and went through the door into the bedroom. Mason sat, waiting. After a while he lit a cigarette. At one time he thought he heard the rumble of a masculine voice.

Then Mauvis Meade was back. "I'm sorry, Mr. Mason," she said, "I can't find it. You'll have to give me a rain check on it. I'll dig it up for you later on. You see, things are in a terrific mess. You understand. Somebody really went through the apartment like a whirlwind—all except Gladys Doyle's room."

Mason nodded.

"Why do you suppose that Gladys Doyle's room was immune from search?" she asked meaningly.

"I'm not certain that it was."

"What do you mean?"

"My idea is that whoever searched the apartment was looking for some one thing and was in a terrific hurry. That person didn't have time to be tactful. He or she had to dump things out of drawers, pull things out of closets, paw through papers and just keep moving. There was no time to make a surreptitious search."

"And then when this person came to Gladys Doyle's room?"

"It might have been," Mason said, "that, as you pointed out to Lieutenant Tragg, the room was not searched because the person knew that whatever he or she was looking for wouldn't be in that room. Or it might be that as soon as the person started searching her room, that person found whatever it was that was wanted and therefore left the apartment without carrying the search any further."

Her index finger started making little patterns on the arm of the davenport.

"Well?" Mason asked.

"Sometimes," she said, "I think you're awfully smart."

"And at other times?" he asked laughingly.

"And at other times I'm sure of it," she said.

"Can you tell me when was the last time you remember seeing that scarf?" Mason asked.

She pursed her lips. "I had it on for that photograph."

"That photograph was taken some weeks ago, wasn't it?"

"Yes, months ago."

"And when have you had the scarf since?"

"Oh, I have had it two or three times—I loaned it to Gladys once. Why is it so important?"

"It could be very important," Mason said. "I—are you alone, Mauvis?"

"Why, Mr. Mason, what gives you that idea?"

"I'm just wondering. The manner in which you're holding your head. You ——"

"Look, big boy," she said, "aren't you getting a little proprietary? Do you have any right to chaperon me or censor my company?"

Abruptly the door from the bedroom opened, and a paunchy man in the late forties, with cold, hard eyes, stepped out. "I'll take it from here, Mauvis," he said.

Mason said, "Well, good evening—Dunkirk,

(*Continued on Page 107*)

"Dear Sirs: Your hair restorer really works fine; however . . ."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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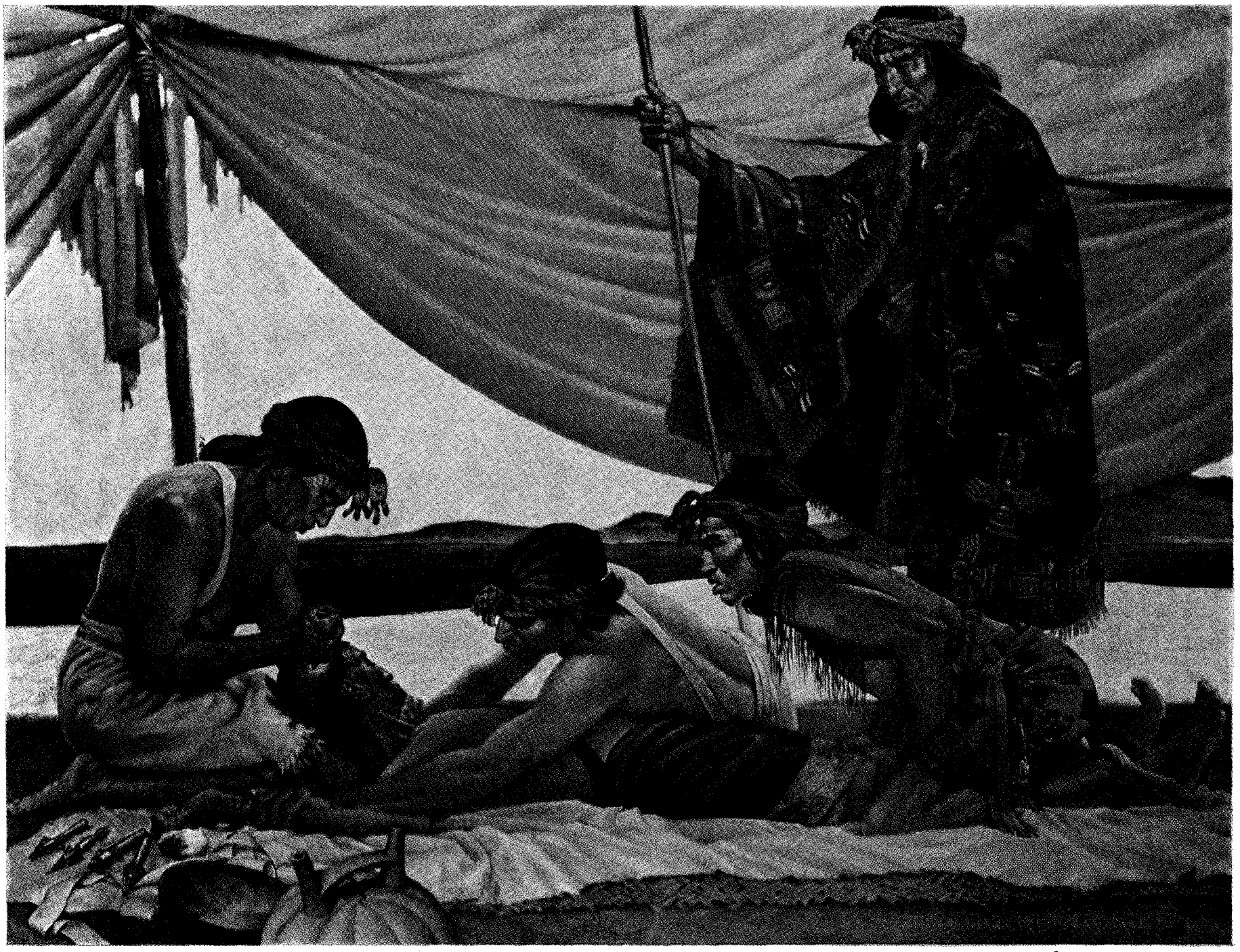

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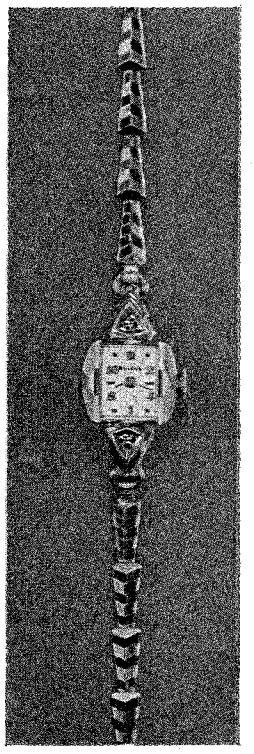

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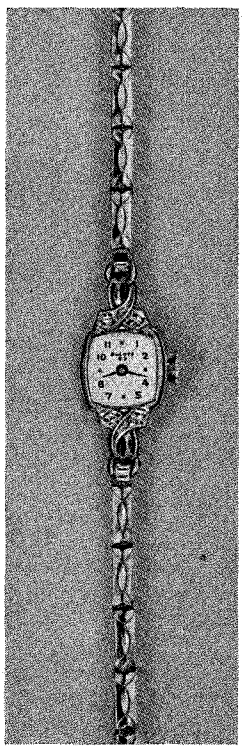

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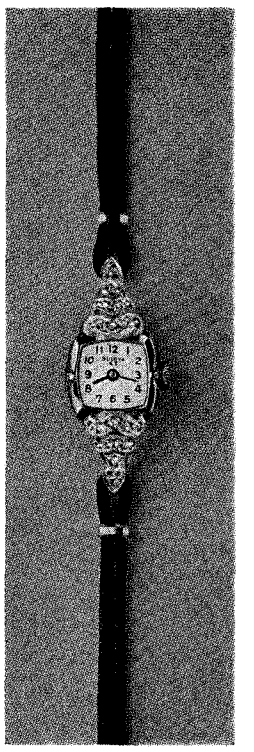

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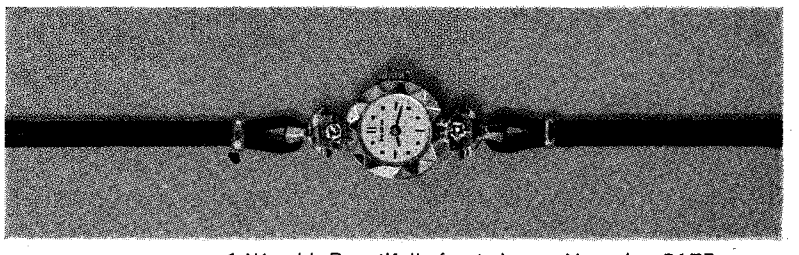

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(*Continued from Page 104*) isn't it?—Gregory Alson Dunkirk, I believe."

"That's right," Dunkirk said.

"And you seem to have been following the conversation," Mason said.

Dunkirk stood with cold, hard eyes. "That's right, Mason. I had the room bugged. I thought it might be a good precaution, under the circumstances."

"And what are the circumstances?" Mason asked.

"As though you didn't know. You know, Mason, I don't think I like the idea of you coming in here and cross-examining this girl."

"I'm sorry," Mason said.

"I think you owe her an apology."

"I'm not apologizing," Mason said. "When I said I was sorry I meant I was sorry you didn't like it."

"You're representing Gladys Doyle in this thing. Now, you're pretty smooth and pretty resourceful. Once you start, there's no telling where you're going to stop."

"I usually try to get at the truth before I stop," Mason said. "I find the truth is rather a powerful weapon."

"It depends who's using it," Dunkirk said. "The trouble with these powerful weapons is that a great deal depends on which way they're pointed. I'm taking over here. I'm going to give Mauvis a little protection."

Before Mason could say anything, there was a quick knock at the door. Mauvis Meade looked at Gregory Dunkirk, a glance of swift interrogation. Then, at some invisible signal she received, she hurried to the door and opened it.

A big, grinning, bull-necked individual with a cauliflower ear, a broken nose and smiling eyes set beneath beetling brows, said, "Hi, Mauvis."

"Well, it took you long enough to get here," Mauvis Meade said.

"I came as quick as I could."

The big man moved easily into the room. "Hi," he said to Dunkirk.

"How are you, Dukes?"

"Pretty good," the man said.

Dunkirk said to Mason, "Meet Dukes, Mason. I think his last name is Lawton, but everybody calls him Dukes."

"How are you," Mason said, getting to his feet and extending his hand.

Dukes reached out a big paw and scooped up Mason's hand, his lips twisted into a grin. "Hi, counselor," he said, and exerted pressure.

Mason fought back against the crushing fingers until he reached a point when he seemed to have used his last ounce of strength. The grinning Dukes abruptly released his hand.

"Mighty glad to know you, counselor."

"And who, may I ask, is Dukes? And how does he fit into this picture?" Mason asked.

Dunkirk said, "Dukes is a bodyguard. He's going to take care of Miss Meade for a while and see that she doesn't have a lot of unpleasant interruptions. You'll pardon me for being personal, Mr. Mason, but you're classified as an unpleasant interruption."

"Indeed," Mason said.

"No hard feelings personally."

Mauvis Meade smiled up at him.

Dukes Lawton's face lit up. "You want him out?" he asked, jerking his thumb toward the door and leaning slightly forward so the weight was on the balls of his feet.

"No, no," Dunkirk said. "He's leaving. No roughstuff, Dukes."

"O.K. Anything you say," Dukes said good-naturedly, and walked over and held the door open.

Mason said to Mauvis Meade, "I'm sure you're going to be well taken care of, Miss Meade."

"Thank you," she said demurely.

"And all that reasoning about that person making the search," Dunkirk said to Mason, "you know you could be awfully wrong about that."

"And I could be awfully right," Mason said.

"I wouldn't bank on it," Dunkirk said. He turned and said, "Dukes." He said it with quiet authority, as one would talk to a well-trained dog.

... ...

After a Night Vigil With a Sick Child

By J. Jean Smith

I hear the busy aproned day
Arriving with the dawn:
A whistling paper boy, a
rhythmic
Sprinkler on the lawn,
And kitchen breakfast
sounds; the shift
Has changed, the day begun
Her tour. Disdaining costly
pills,
She brings old-fashioned sun
And bathes my child,
prescribes a bird's
Bright song for fevered ear,
And scrubs away the
midnight dust
Of weariness and fear.
She comes unbidden to our
house,
A calm efficient friend,
Makes coffee taste like
morning, puts
My patient on the mend.

Dukes Lawton snapped to alert interest. "Yeah," he said.

"Mr. Mason is leaving," Dunkirk said. "He isn't coming back any more unless I'm here, or unless Miss Meade's lawyer is here. Do you understand that?"

"Sure."

"And I hope you understand it," Dunkirk said to Mason, his eyes hard.

Mason bowed. "I take it, then, that Miss Meade is mixed up in this a lot deeper than appears on the surface."

"She will be by the time you get done trying to get your babe out of it," Dunkirk said. "Now get this, Mason. I've always had a lot of respect for you. You don't handle my kind of stuff or you'd have been my mouthpiece. But you and I could have trouble. You stay away from Mauvis Meade, and you and I'll get along all right."

"Did it ever occur to you," Mason said, "that you are taking the exact course which inevitably will direct suspicion to Miss Meade? Did it ever occur to you that if, for any reason, I wanted to pull her into this, you have given me the most beautiful buildup in the world? Did it ever occur to you that I was trying to give her a break and now you've spoiled it?"

Dunkirk said, "Don't pay any attention to him, Mauvis. What he's saying is not for my ears but for yours. He's using me as a sounding board." Once more Dunkirk said, "Dukes," in the same tone of voice he would have called to a dog.

"Uh-huh," Dukes said.

Dunkirk motioned with his thumb.

The grinning Dukes placed a hamlike hand between Mason's shoulder blades and exerted gentle pressure. "Good night, Mr. Mason," he said.

The pressure increased. Mason had to move quickly to keep from being pushed. The door slammed and a bolt shot into place.

TO BE CONTINUED

The Lady Changed Her Style (Continued from Page 34)

"I have a date with a clam, or maybe it was a crab. I won't forget to come in and water your flowering maple, Mike."

"Thanks, Molly; you're a pal."

"Yeah, that's me. Pal Molly. Have a nice time down there. Don't take any wooden blondes." She looked at Mike, hesitated, said, "Well ——"

"I'll drop you a line," Mike said.

She turned away, opened the door and was gone.

Mike frowned. "What's the matter with her?"

"You don't know?"

"How should I know?"

Phil drained his beer glass. "She's a nice kid, Mike." He looked carefully down at his shoes.

"Sure she is."

"Only she isn't a kid any more. She's twenty-three, you know."

"Guess she is, come to think of it."

"Couple of years ago I asked her to marry me. She was nice about it. She said she was sorry but she was in love with a guy." Phil tossed his glass in the air, caught it and put it down on the coffee table.

"Is that right?" Mike said. "I had no idea."

"No," Phil said. "You never did. Well, it'll take two hours to get to the airport."

At eleven-thirty the next day, Mike walked into the outer offices of his agent, David Tremayne. He and Phil had arrived in Los Angeles at a quarter to one in the morning and had checked into their hotel. Mike left a call for nine o'clock, and they had hardly shut their eyes all night.

The traffic whispered hoarsely, airplanes thundered overhead, tires squealed in panic stops. At dawn the traffic thinned out and the birds took over. Mike and Phil, used to hearing only the sounds of the surf and seagulls, had the feeling that they were trying to sleep in a madhouse. Strange birds held long conversations, doves cooed at one another, and a particularly obnoxious character sat right outside the window and gave forth sounds like a badly tuned radio. Phil climbed out of bed, opened the window and started bombarding the birds with pennies. He ran out of pennies, looked at the change in his hand and selected a fifty-cent piece. He frowned and put it aside. He picked up an ashtray and hefted it.

"Go back to bed," Mike said. "Those birds have been here for years."

"Why don't they act like birds, then," Phil muttered, "and go fly somewhere?" He got back into bed and was still sleeping when Mike left for his agent's office.

Mike had never met David Tremayne, although the man had been his motion-picture and television agent for ten years. When Mike walked in, he looked curiously at the man behind the desk. He saw a dark-haired man in his middle forties, with deeply set blue eyes, and a wide mouth. He was wearing a shirt with a pinned collar, a striped tie, gray flannels.

David got to his feet, came around the desk and put out his hand. "Mike, how are you?"

Mike shook hands and sat down in a huge leather chair. David went back behind the desk. "Well, dad, we're going to get you started. I set up an appointment for you this afternoon with Harvey Bronson, out at Video Productions."

"O.K.," Mike said.

"They're doing Detective Lieutenant, The Whip and the Sword, Marine Sergeant, and three anthology shows. They want some off-beat stuff for those."

"I do mostly light fiction, you know."

"You're a pro. You can write anything."

"I suppose so," Mike said.

David picked up a stapled sheaf of papers. "They're starting a new series out there. Here's the format and a pilot script. You can do one of these."

Mike looked at the title page. "Trail Town," he read. He peered at his agent. "A Western? I've never written a Western."

"No problem. This is right down your alley. An adult Western, stressing characterization. You'll be bringing them a fresh approach."

"I thought maybe I could do a script for that show, Newlyweds."

"All staff written."

"Oh." Mike fell back and regrouped. "There's another show I like—Problem Family. That's in my kitchen."

"Series is all written and probably won't be renewed. The sponsor's looking for a Western."

"I see."

"Go out there and talk to Harvey. He's executive vice-president at Video. He wants to meet you. Read a lot of your stuff. He'll give you an assignment. Your appointment is for two o'clock."

Mike had lunch and walked up Sunset Boulevard, peering curiously at the shops and the apartment houses hanging over The Strip. A current male movie star, wearing old flannels and bedroom slippers, passed by, carrying a quart of milk. Mike went into a drugstore and had a cup of coffee. Nobody at the counter looked remotely like Lana Turner. Somewhat disappointed, Mike walked out into the sunlight and flagged a cruising cab.

Six dollars and forty cents later the cab pulled up in front of Video Productions. Mike was directed to Harvey Bronson's office, went through a platoon of secretaries and found himself, finally, in a large private office, deeply carpeted, with an imposing desk and three big leather chairs.

Presently he heard the door open. A tall, slender young man, crew cut, wearing an Ivy League suit, burst into the room, put out his hand and said, "Mike!"

This greeting was more effusive than Mike had bargained for. He brightened somewhat. After all, if the executive vice-president of Video was this cordial, there would obviously be no trouble about an assignment.

Mike shook hands. "Nice seeing you, Mr. Bronson."

"Well, I'm not Harvey Bronson. He was tied up. I'm Jimmy Tedler."

"I see," Mike said. Well, maybe the second vice-president, then.

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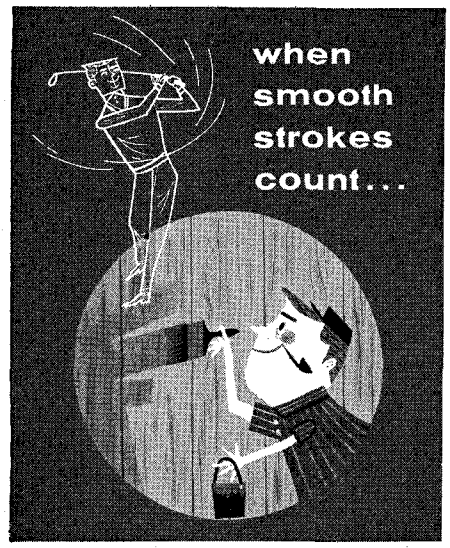
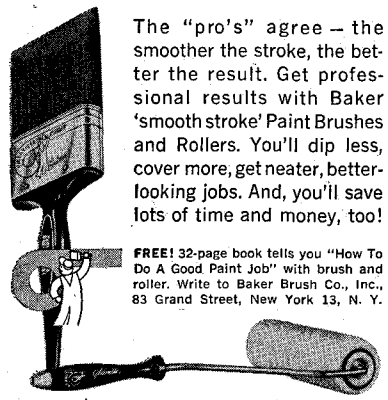


count on
BAKER
SMOOTH STROKE
BRUSHES



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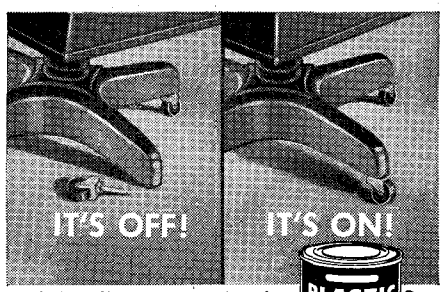

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Jimmy Tedler sat on a corner of the desk. "You should be able to give us what we're looking for—a fresh approach."

Mike nodded. It seemed that he had heard the same thing before.

"Now—what are your credits?"

"Credits?"

"What writing have you done?"

Mike peered at Jimmy Tedler, who was busy lighting a cigarette. "Since I started writing," Mike said, "I have written five novels, and nearly a hundred slick-paper magazine stories."

Jimmy Tedler blew smoke at the ceiling. "Well," he said, "it's a problem, all right—it's a problem. Tell you what—we're particularly in need of scripts for Detective Lieutenant. Do you know the show?"

Mike wanted to ask this character what the problem was, but he contented himself with saying, "I've seen it." He did not think that this was the time to add that if he never saw it again it would be all right with him.

"Good. I'll take you over to meet the story editor, and he can give you a couple of sample scripts and you can give him your ideas."

That would be fine, Mike thought, if he had an idea to give him. Mike and Jimmy Tedler walked over to another building. Beautiful girls were as thick as apples in a Hood River orchard. Jimmy walked into one of the offices, nodded to a pretty girl and pushed open the door to an inner office. A gray-haired man sat at a desk, reading a manuscript.

"Norman," Jimmy said, "this is Mike McCann; Norman Vincent."

Norman Vincent smiled at Mike, stood up and shook hands. "Nice to see you, Mike. Read a lot of your stuff."

"Norman," Jimmy said, "Mike's down here to do some things for us. Will you brief him on Detective Lieutenant?"

"Sure."

"Nice meeting you, Mike," Jimmy said. He turned around and left the office.

Mike watched him go. "What's his job?"

"I believe," Norman Vincent said thoughtfully, "that he's a co-ordinator."

"And what," Mike said, "is a co-ordinator?"

"A nephew of the president of Video Productions."

"Pardon me," Mike said. "I should have known."

Norman Vincent picked up several sheets of paper, stapled together. Then he opened a drawer and took out two scripts. He handed them to Mike. "Here's the format on Detective Lieutenant and a couple of sample scripts."

Mike took them without enthusiasm. "Mind if I look at them here?"

"Go right ahead."

Mike settled back and read. When he finished, he weighed the papers in his hand and dropped them on the desk. "Do there have to be three fist fights in every episode?"

"At least three. The producer likes it if there are more."

"And a pistol being fired in the first scene?"

"Sometimes," Norman said gloomily, "it's a shotgun. Now and then it's nitroglycerin. But no stabbings. Too brutal. The agency people feel that if there isn't enough violence in the first scene, the viewer will get bored, change channels, and no soap will be sold that evening."

"I can see his point."

"Our producer is a Hungarian, so nothing derogatory about Hungarians. Most of our heavies have Russian names. Our producer doesn't like Russians."

"Understandable."

"Our alternate sponsor is a cigarette company. Our hero lights lots of cigarettes. But no pipes."

Mike stood up. "Well, it was nice meeting you, Norman."

"I take that to mean you aren't going to do a Detective Lieutenant for us?"

"How did you guess?"

Norman smiled. "Somehow the message got through to me. Look, Mike, why don't you go down the hall and see Felix Van Gelder? He has a script that's so sick it's almost buried. Besides, I know he'd like to meet you. It's number sixteen, on the right."

Mike said good-by and walked down the hall. The door was open. He walked in. A gray-haired, harassed-appearing man looked up. "Yes, yes," he said impatiently.

"My name is Mike McCann. Norman Vincent, down the hall, said ——"

Van Gelder's face lighted up. He got out of his chair and came around the desk. "Mike McCann!" He shook Mike's hand heartily. "Just last week I finished your last novel. It was delightful. Horace Dietrich—the father—a wonderful character."

"Thanks," Mike said. "Thanks very much. Norman Vincent said you had a script that was sick."

"Sick! It's dying. Mike, I produced Director's Best, live, from New York, for three years. When the show was canceled, I came out here. They gave me this Trail Town." He winced, picked a script off his desk. "I haven't even had lunch. Would you read this monstrosity while I go out and get a cup of coffee?"

Mike nodded. Felix Van Gelder left the office and Mike started reading. When Felix came back, Mike had just finished.

"Well?" Felix said.

"The trouble is in the motivation. It is simply not believable that an entire town would turn against this boy because he's accused of stealing a horse. I know that it was a capital offense in the old West, but an entire town wouldn't be that interested. The villain—this Jed Cranston—is too transparent. All he does is run around town, shouting and making accusations. If the boy had been accused of shooting a prominent, unarmed citizen, then you'd have sufficient motivation."

Felix nodded. "You're right, Mike."

"In addition," Mike said, "if the boy had been with a trail herd—say from Texas—then you'd set the Texans against the town, and right in the middle would be your hero, Jeff Saunders. You save the attempted lynching and the trial, but there is sufficient reason now for both."

Felix sat back in his chair and grinned. He spread his hands, palms up. "That's all there is to it, Mike. Will you rewrite this thing for me?"

Mike frowned. "I don't know."

"As a favor?"

"Well ——"

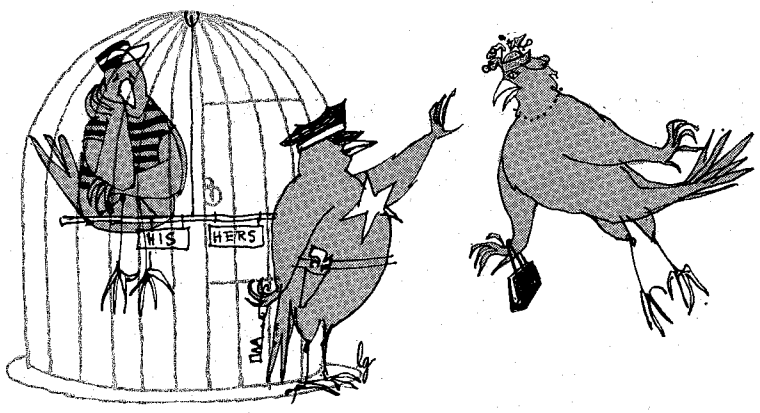
"I know you can do it, Mike, but I need it within three days."

"All right," Mike said. "You'll have it."

Mike went back to the hotel, picking up a rental portable typewriter and some paper on the way. There was a note from Phil in the room. "Down at swimming pool, trying that fresh approach you spoke about. Come on down."

Mike changed into some slacks and a short-sleeved sweater and went down to the pool. He located Phil with no trouble. He was stretched out on a chaise longue, a tall glass at his right hand, a spectacular blonde at his left.

"This is Susan," Phil said, "Susan Watts, from (*Continued on Page 112*)



You be the Judge

By BRUCE M. JONES

When Harry and his wife Lil were jailed for stealing, Lil managed to get out on bail. Returning to visit Harry, she was refused admission by the jailer. He cited a rule against letting anyone released within the previous thirty days visit an inmate. Lil sued for a court order to see her husband.

"This regulation," her lawyer argued, "is especially unreasonable when it is used to prevent a wife from seeing her husband. Apparently it was intended to check plotting among gangsters, not friendly marital chats."

"The rule is intended to halt escape arrangements and the exchange of criminal information," the state's attorney replied. "It is reasonable, and we must apply it to everyone."

If you were the judge, would you make a wifely exception for Lil?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Lil lost. The court made her wait thirty days, saying that while that might work a hardship on husband and wife, it was not an unreasonable restraint on ex-prisoners.

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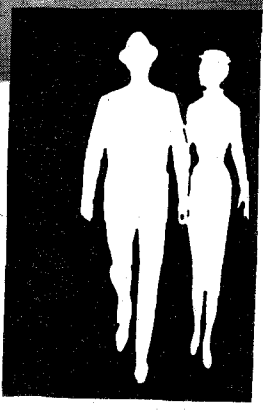

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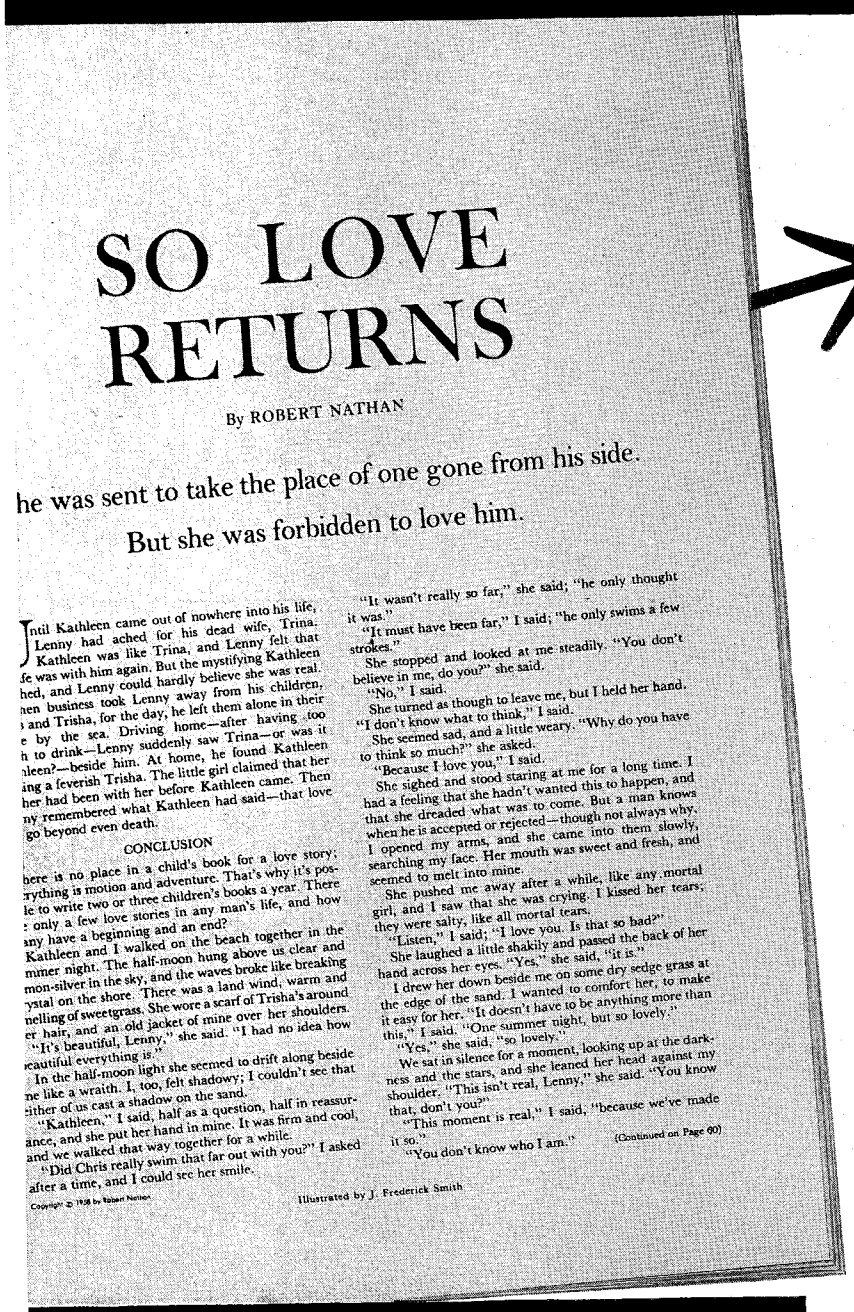

SO LOVE RETURNS

By ROBERT NATHAN

he was sent to take the place of one gone from his side.
But she was forbidden to love him.

Until Kathleen came out of nowhere into his life, Lenny had ached for his dead wife, Trina. Kathleen was like Trina, and Lenny felt that fe was with him again. But the mystifying Kathleen hed, and Lenny could hardly believe she was real. hen business took Lenny away from his children, and Trisha, for the day, he left them alone in their e by the sea. Driving home—after having too h to drink—Lenny suddenly saw Trina—or was it hleen?—beside him. At home, he found Kathleen ing a feverish Trisha. The little girl claimed that her her had been with her before Kathleen came. Then ny remembered what Kathleen had said—that love go beyond even death.

CONCLUSION

here is no place in a child's book for a love story; rything is motion and adventure. That's why it's pos- le to write two or three children's books a year. There only a few love stories in any man's life, and how any have a beginning and an end?

Kathleen and I walked on the beach together in the mmer night. The half-moon hung above us clear and mon-silver in the sky, and the waves broke like breaking ystal on the shore. There was a land wind, warm and nelling of sweetgrass. She wore a scarf of Trisha's around er hair, and an old jacket of mine over her shoulders.

"It's beautiful, Lenny," she said. "I had no idea how eautiful everything is."

In the half-moon light she seemed to drift along beside ne like a wraith. I, too, felt shadowy; I couldn't see that either of us cast a shadow on the sand.

"Kathleen," I said, half as a question, half in reassur- ance, and she put her hand in mine. It was firm and cool, and we walked that way together for a while.

"Did Chris really swim that far out with you?" I asked after a time, and I could see her smile.

"It wasn't really so far," she said; "he only thought it was."

"It must have been far," I said; "he only swims a few strokes."

She stopped and looked at me steadily. "You don't believe in me, do you?" she said.

"No," I said.

She turned as though to leave me, but I held her hand.

"I don't know what to think," I said.

She seemed sad, and a little weary. "Why do you have to think so much?" she asked.

"Because I love you," I said.

She sighed and stood staring at me for a long time. I had a feeling that she hadn't wanted this to happen, and that she dreaded what was to come. But a man knows when he is accepted or rejected—though not always why. I opened my arms, and she came into them slowly, searching my face. Her mouth was sweet and fresh, and seemed to melt into mine.

She pushed me away after a while, like any mortal girl, and I saw that she was crying. I kissed her tears; they were salty, like all mortal tears.

"Listen," I said; "I love you. Is that so bad?"

She laughed a little shakily and passed the back of her hand across her eyes. "Yes," she said, "it is."

I drew her down beside me on some dry sedge grass at the edge of the sand. I wanted to comfort her, to make it easy for her. "It doesn't have to be anything more than this," I said. "One summer night, but so lovely."

"Yes," she said, "so lovely."

We sat in silence for a moment, looking up at the darkness and the stars, and she leaned her head against my shoulder. "This isn't real, Lenny," she said. "You know that, don't you?"

"This moment is real," I said, "because we've made it so."

"You don't know who I am."

(Continued on Page 60)

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(*Continued from Page 108*) Omaha, Nebraska. I told her I was a motion-picture producer, looking for new talent. I told her I'd put her in my next picture, The Seagull Cometh. I can't imagine why she didn't believe me."

"Could have been the title of the picture," Mike said.

"What's wrong with it?"

"Should be I Was a Teen-age Seagull," Susan said. "Anyway, your approach wasn't subtle enough."

"I know," Phil said gloomily. "I'm just no good at picking up dames."

"I'm still here," Susan said. "I felt that anyone with such a corn-fed approach wouldn't be very dangerous."

Mike grinned, then stiffened and stared across the pool. Dangling her feet in the water, and flanked by four men, was a black-haired, gorgeous young creature wearing a couple of pieces of black cloth which could, Mike presumed, be classed as a bathing suit if you weren't fussy. Right now, that black-haired mantrap should be in Surf Pines, Oregon, watering Mike's flowering maple, because it was indubitably Molly Garrity.

"Do I see what I think I see?" Mike said.

Phil looked across the pool. "Uh-huh."

"What the devil's she doing here?"

"Well, she said she didn't see why we should have all the fun, and she was tired of dates with clams, or maybe crabs, and this was a free country."

"Who are all those characters around her?"

Phil shrugged. "They thinned out. There were half a dozen for a while."

"Why," Mike said, outraged, "she should be ashamed of herself, sitting around in front of people in that outfit."

"What's wrong with it?" Phil said. "It fits pretty well, and you must admit that she's drawing a pretty fair house."

"In Omaha, Nebraska," Susan said, "she'd probably end up in the bastille."

"In Surf Pines," Phil said, "she'd end up with pneumonia."

"In Los Angeles, right now," Mike said, "she's going to end up with some clothes on." He marched around to the other side of the pool.

Molly saw him coming, and when he reached her, waggled a hand at him. "If you're worrying about your flowering maple, don't. Marian Greenough said she'd see that it got a drink now and then."

"I am not worrying about my flowering maple," Mike said evenly, "but I am worried about something else." He pointed at her midriff.

"Why, I never sunburn. You should know better than that. Mike, I want you to meet Julian, Edgar, Peter and Harvey. Johnny and Silas were here, but they had to leave."

Mike shook hands with Julian, Edgar, Peter and Harvey, who were all handsome, sun-tanned and, to Mike, sinister-appearing characters. "I'd like to speak to you alone for a minute, Molly," Mike said.

"Why, certainly, Mike." Molly climbed out of the pool, said, "Don't go away," to the four men and walked off to one side.

"What do you mean, appearing here in that outfit?" Mike demanded.

"This?" Molly looked down at her suit. "What's the matter with it? The lady in the shop said that everyone's wearing them these days."

"Everyone is not wearing them," Mike said. "Go put some clothes on. You look like a hussy. Furthermore, who are those characters you picked up?"

Molly raised her eyebrows. "Well, excuse me, dad. And who gave you a license to ride herd on me?"

"Somebody should," Mike said, "when you appear in public in a couple of pieces of black cloth and pick up four men."

"Six, dad," Molly said. "As I told you, Johnny and Silas had to leave, but they'll be back."

"Stop calling me dad," Mike yelped. "I'm not your father."

"You act like him. My, I had no idea you were so stuffy. Up in Surf Pines you wouldn't notice me unless I set your house on fire."

"You don't know anything about these characters. For all you know, they may be gangsters."

"Oh, don't be silly. Two of them play for the Los Angeles Rams, one's a film cutter at one of the studios, and the other is a professional golfer. Johnny and Silas, who had to leave, are airline pilots."

"Nevertheless," Mike said, "I think you'd better write them off and have dinner with Phil and me."

"You must be out of your mind," Molly said. "Do you think I came all the way to Los Angeles to have dinner with a couple of men I see every day up in Surf Pines?" She made brushing motions with her hands. "You'd better leave now. I see the boys eying a couple of blondes."

"All right," Mike said angrily, "but don't come screaming to me for help when you find that some of these smog-land Lotharios got the wrong impression, engendered by your costume."

Molly lifted her eyebrows. "Well! You sound jealous."

"Jealous? Me? Ha!" He turned and walked stiffly away.

"I quote," Phil said, when Mike reached them: "'In Los Angeles, right now, she's going to end up with some clothes on.' Unquote."

"Shut up," Mike said.

"Yes, sir," Phil said, "but before I do, Susan came out from Omaha with a girl friend. Right now she's in a beauty parlor, having a twenty-five-dollar rebuilding job done. Susan says she isn't particular and might even go to dinner with a writer, so we thought ——"

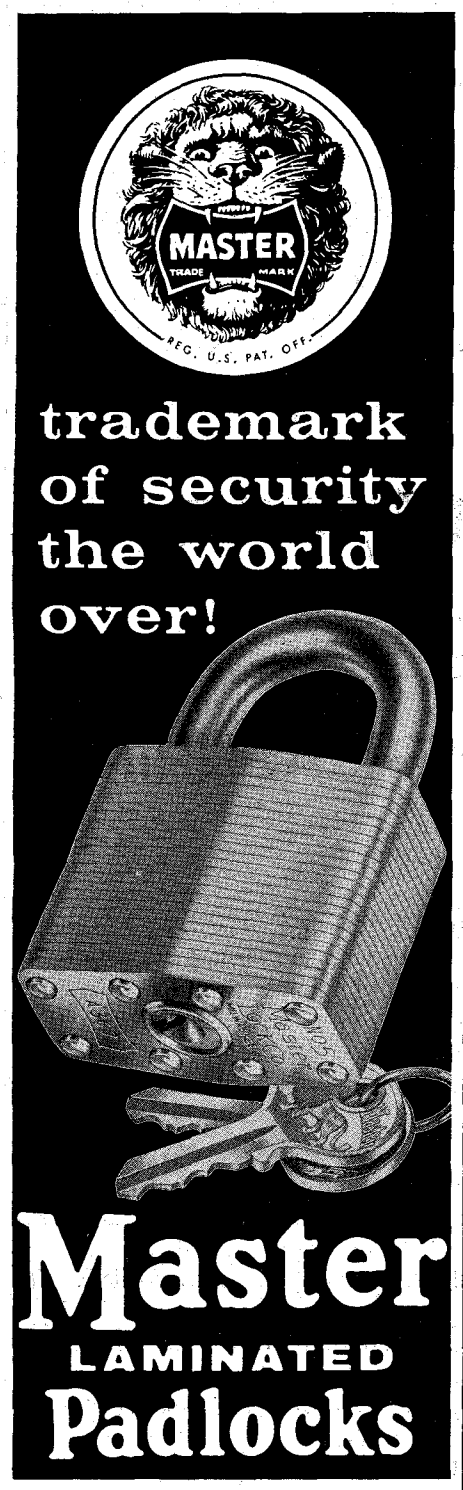
"Sorry," Mike said shortly. "I have to rewrite a script for a guy. Get Julian, Edgar, Peter, Harvey, Johnny or Silas. Molly will have five left over."

Seething, Mike went up to his hotel room, told the switchboard he was not in to any phone calls, resolutely put Molly Garrity out of his mind and went to work.

Presently Phil came in to dress for dinner. "Susan's girl friend is named Jill—Jill Henderson, and she is a flat-out, cotton-pickin' doll."

"Fine," Mike said.

"She took Julian, one of Molly's cast-offs—a football player. Some of the others were (*Continued on Page 116*)



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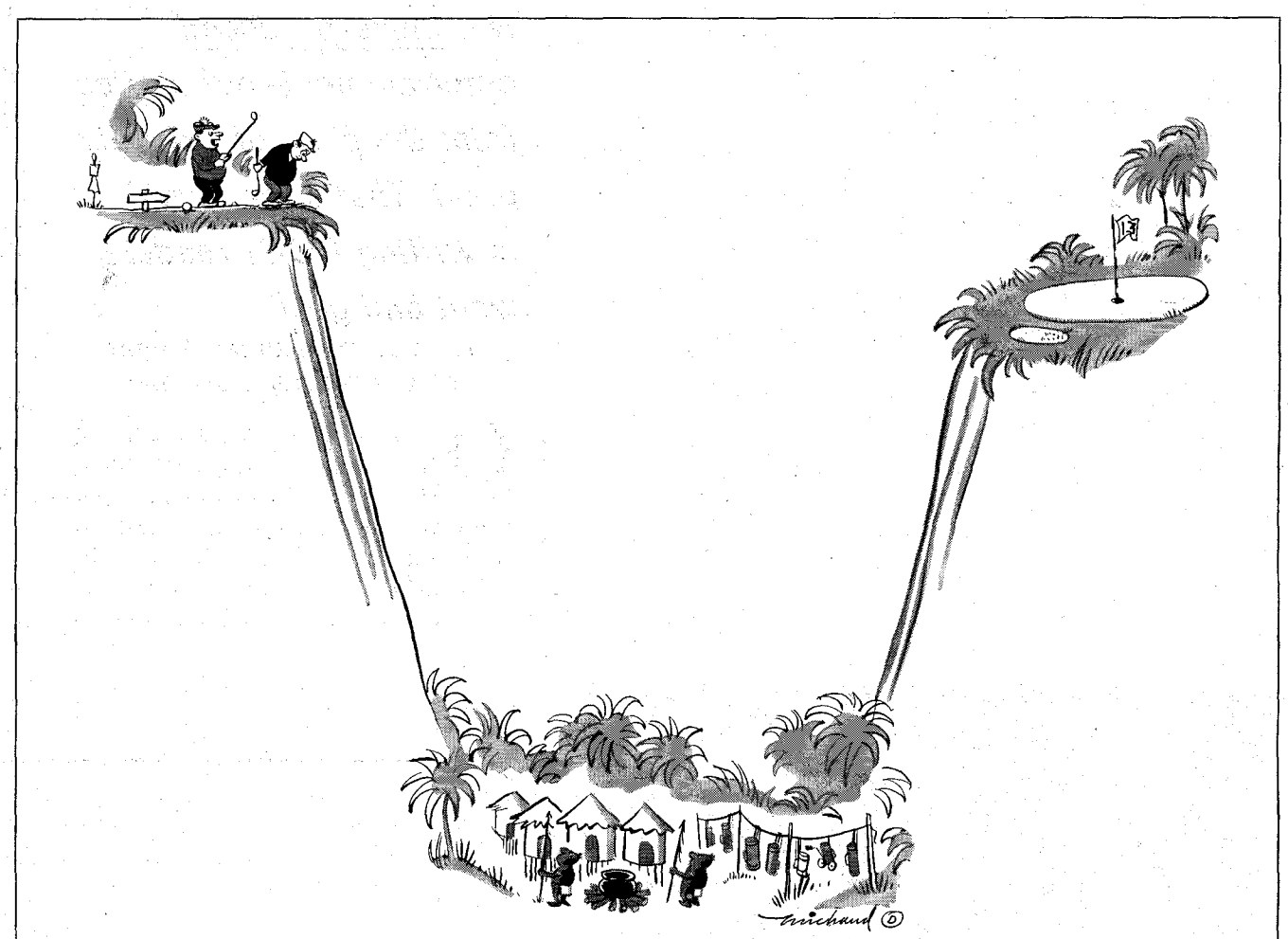

"They say if you get by this hole the rest is a breeze!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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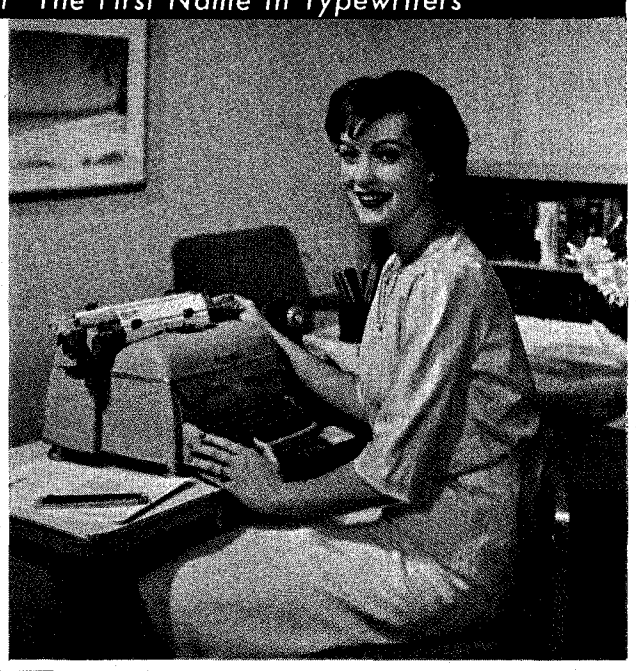

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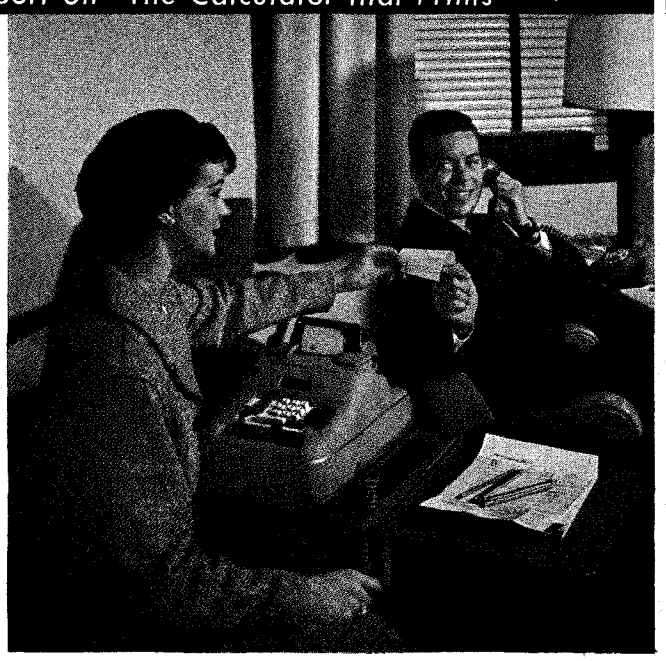

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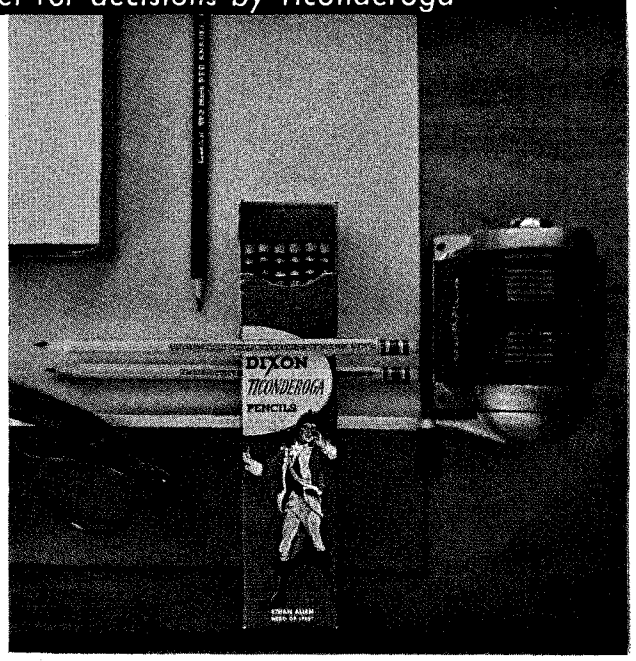

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TO THE 1 MAN IN 4 WHO

He looks under the hood
and knows what to look for.

He knows more about cars
than the man next door.

He gets a real boot out of driving.

He knows his own mind
and he's hard to please.

He's the man the Can Do Cars from
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WANTS A LITTLE BIT MORE

How to get the extra excellence you're after when you buy a car in any price class

No matter what price class you're interested in, model for model and make for make, you'll find most cars cost about the same.

The question is what you get for your money. This ad is about the things you get if you buy a Plymouth, Dodge, De Soto, Chrysler, or Imperial.

Styling that sets the pace

Goodness knows, we're not the ones to say that the looks of a car don't matter. It's pretty commonly accepted that most of the industry is now copying the styles that Chrysler Corporation cars started three years ago.

But a car is to drive—and to ride in, and our cars really show their stuff when you get them out of the showroom and get going.

Take a critical ride

The ride is what makes a car easy to live with. You won't drive one of our cars very far before you'll be thinking someone has repaved the street and straightened out the curves.

That's because of the exclusive Torsion-Aire Ride. It employs the same torsion bar principle now used in many imported sports cars costing $10,000 to $15,000. It gives you squat-free starts, dip-free stops, and stability on turns that you used to have to buy a sports car to get. You won't find it in any American-made cars except the ones from Chrysler Corporation.

Inches that stretch into r-o-o-m

Inside the car, it's remarkable to see how Chrysler Corporation engineers have used an inch here and an inch there to give you what seems like all the room in the world. Particularly in the back seat. You can keep your hat on. You can move your elbows. And you don't have the front seat in your lap.

A full-size car doesn't have to be a gas hog

When you've given one of these cars the gun and put some miles behind it—you'll soon learn that full-size cars don't have to be gas hogs. Power plants in cars of The *Forward* Look are free-spending with power but tight-fisted with gasoline. And they proved it by winning more first and second places in the Mobilgas Economy Run in the past three years than any other family of cars.

Power steering that lets you "feel" the road

There are several kinds of power steering. Chrysler Corporation engineers were the first to put power steering into passenger cars, so naturally they had more time to improve it.

The result is Constant-Control Power Steering. It means you don't have to give the steering wheel 4 to 8 pounds of help before the power steering actually responds, as you do in most other cars with other types of power steering.

With such finger-tip steering response, these cars still give you a reassuring feeling of unity with the road. The wheel holds steady and the cars keep a sure, straight course, even in sand, on rutted roads, or in the unlikely event of a blowout.

Quality with no loose ends

All our cars, from the lowest-priced Plymouth to the highest-priced Imperial, are put together to give all the pleasure engineered into them. Listen for rattles and squeaks. You won't hear them. Look for loose ends, you won't find them. Thank the Quality-Control Program setup by Chrysler Corporation, the most extensive in the industry.

Make the car compete

Don't buy any car—not even one of ours—until you've put it through its paces and matched it against competing cars. Our cars can do what they look like they can do. A drive will bring out the difference great engineering makes. And your dealer is aching to let you prove it.

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The Can Do Cars—Quality-built from Chrysler Corporation

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(*Continued from Page 112*) getting rather tense about who was going to take Molly to dinner. I averted bloodshed by having them draw lots. Silas had come back by that time and he won. He's an airplane driver. Said he used to fly jets, but none of them was as streamlined as Molly."

"Leave me alone," Mike said. "I have work to do."

"Sometimes I wonder whether we appreciated our Molly, up home. I remember sometimes we'd look to see whether there were any clouds over Tillamook Head before we noticed whether Molly had on her clam-digging outfit or a bathing suit. These jokers down here seem to have a fresh approach."

"I don't want to hear about it," Mike said. "I think she's gone off her rocker."

Phil got dressed and left. Mike kept on working, finally went to bed at ten o'clock. He awakened when Phil came in at two in the morning, mumbled and went back to sleep. He was up at seven, took a shower and got to work.

He took time out for breakfast and didn't even look up as Phil awakened wordlessly at eleven, wordlessly showered, shaved, dressed and left the room. At two in the afternoon, he pulled the last page out of his typewriter and an hour later was in Felix Van Gelder's office. He dropped the script on the desk.

Felix stared at him. "I said three days, Mike. I expected it in five."

"Well, I started in the pulps, Felix. You couldn't take forever to get the job done or you'd starve to death."

"Mike, I'll never forget this," Felix said. "Look, I'm tied up the rest of the afternoon. I'll read this tonight and call you in the morning."

Mike waved good-by and left the office. He stopped by the Tremayne Agency.

"Where the devil have you been, Mike?" David Tremayne asked.

"Fixing a script for Felix Van Gelder."

"What!" David yelled. "And you didn't tell us?"

"Why should I? You weren't fixing it."

"What was it—a complete rewrite?"

"Sure. So what?"

David groaned. "You knucklehead! They'll pay you for a polish job."

"That's all right. Felix was in a spot, and he's a nice guy."

"The guy who deals out the dough isn't a nice guy. You need a guardian. Before you did one word on that script, you should have called us. We'd have gotten you a thousand, maybe twelve-fifty. Now you know what you'll get? Anything over three hundred is a gift."

Mike shrugged. "So I did Felix a favor."

"In this business," David said, "you don't do people favors. They'll pick your pockets; they'll steal you blind. You'll end up doing a favor for every guy in town and go broke while you're doing it." David sighed. "Well, I set up a date for you with Pete Sanderson, the producer on Wyoming. He wants to talk to you." David looked at his watch. "You just have time to make it. Grab a cab and get over there. And don't write anything till you talk to me."

The producer on Wyoming was a slender man with restless, gray eyes. He shook hands with Mike, indicated a leather settee and leaned back in his chair.

Before he could say anything, the door opened and a short, dark young man with a mustache came in, waving a script. "Pete, this thing has a hole as big as a baseball." He saw Mike and nodded.

"Ivan Raines," Pete said. "Mike McCann. He's a director, Mike."

The two men shook hands. "Look, Pete," said Ivan, "we got this guy who runs a general store. The heavies control the town, don't they? So why do they go through all this jazz to get rid of this guy?" Ivan ruffled the pages of the script. "He's all the opposition they have. They'd just shoot him."

"Be murder," Pete said.

"They murdered the deputy sheriff, didn't they? They own the sheriff. So they'd just shoot the guy who runs the store."

Pete frowned, scratched his head and swore. Ivan Raines sat on the edge of the settee and gloomily peered at the script.

"He's the postmaster," Mike said.

Ivan Raines closed the script, stared at Mike and then said, "Say that again."

"He's the postmaster," Mike said. "Most of the post offices in the old West were in the general store. Shoot the postmaster, and buckety-buckety, a United States marshal rides in. The way you tell it, these bad guys won't want that."

"Where did this guy come from?" Ivan shrieked.

"Oregon," Mike said.

"I could kiss you."

"Not me," Mike said. "I'd belt you."

"We had a dead script and this joker fixes it in half a minute." Ivan waved the script, muttered, "He's the postmaster," and left the office.

Mike went back to the hotel. There was a message from his agent. He picked up the phone and called the man.

"Pete Sanderson called," David Tremayne said. "You fixed a script for him with three words, eh?"

"So what?"

"You should have kept your mouth shut, offered to take the script with you, called us, we'd have made a deal for the money, you fix the script and then collect the dough."

"You're kidding!" Mike said. "We were just talking."

"In this business, you don't talk."

"Then phooey on this business," Mike said. "I'm not going to clutch an idea to my hot little bosom while you make deals. A couple of nice guys are in a jam. I helped 'em out. You want me to get money for that?"

"All right," David said wearily. "I'll be in touch."

Mike hung up, then called Molly's room. She didn't answer. He had her paged. She didn't answer the page. He hung up the phone and stared out the window.

The door opened and Phil walked in. "Greetings, friend. Sorry I can't take time to hear of your struggles in the salt mines, but Susan and I are going out to Malibu for dinner."

"I tried to get hold of Molly," Mike said. "I thought maybe she'd have dinner with me."

"You're a little late. She took off for Apple Valley a couple of hours ago with Tommy Eberly. You remember him, don't you? From Portland. His yearly income wouldn't quite buy a B-fifty-two but almost. She met him at the pool. She had on a change of costume. This one was green and white. He almost flipped into the pool. I tell you, our Molly is a sensation around here."

"I don't want to hear about it," Mike said. "I thought she had better sense than to go around picking up men."

"Picking up men!" Phil yelped. "Hers is a matter of selecting, not picking up."

Mike had dinner alone in the hotel dining room. He went up to his room with some magazines, looked at himself in the mirror and thought gloomily of the handsome countenance of Tommy Eberly, by now leering across the table at Molly.

He read for a while, finally undressed and got into bed. Outside, girls laughed, car doors slammed, and the night was filled with moonbeams. Mike punched his pillow. He was still awake when Phil came in.

"Man, you should have been with us," Phil said. "We found this Dixieland combo. They had a guy on clarinet who could give lessons to Edmond Hall. Ran into Molly and Tommy Eberly. They had just driven in from Apple Valley."

"Aw, shut up," Mike said. "I'm trying to get some sleep."

"Yes, sir, coach," Phil said. "But do you mind if I say that I don't think you dig this place? You've done nothing but grumble ever since you've been here."

"You're right," Mike said. "I've just about had it."

"You just got here," Phil said. "What happened to that fresh approach?"

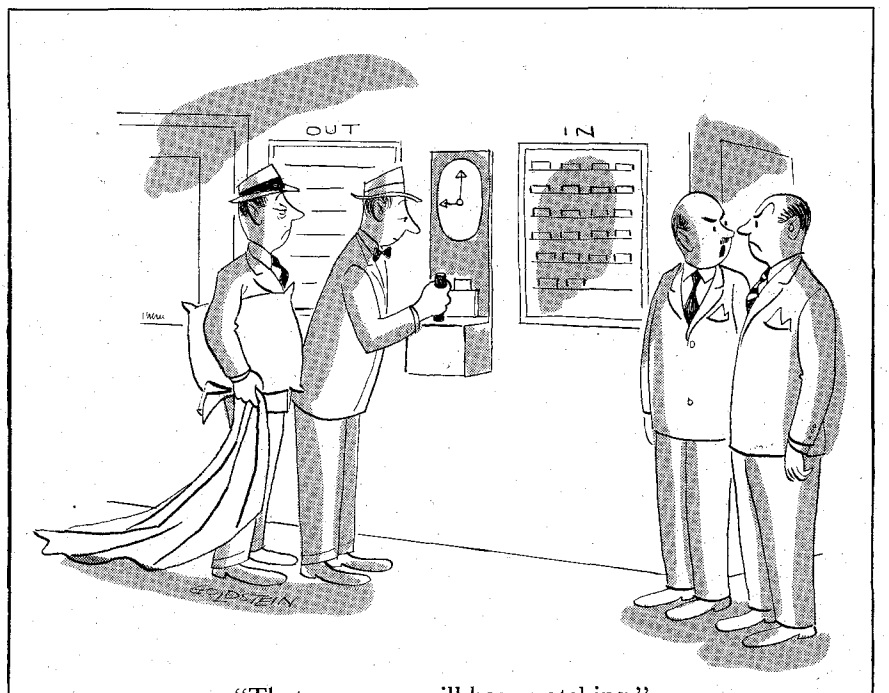
"It went stale."

In the morning, he got a call from Felix Van Gelder. "Mike," Felix said, "I love your script. I wouldn't change one word."

"That's great, Felix," Mike said. His morale lifted slightly.

"But they're bringing in a new producer. He's changing the entire concept of the show. Five minutes ago I blew my stack. But thanks for doing me the favor, Mike. I won't forget it."

Mike hung on for a week. At David Tremayne's insistence, he went here and there, talking to television producers. He didn't have an idea worth mentioning. At the end of the week, he felt that he had had his head scraped clean with a spoon. He finally admitted that he could not think because what was left of his brain was filled with pictures of Molly and Tommy Eberly—a twosome at the swimming pool, head to head in the dining room, cheek to cheek on the dance floor.



"That new man will bear watching."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

On Monday morning Mike called the airline. He was booked out on a flight at twelve noon. Phil woke up as Mike was talking. "Hey!" he said; "me too. I've run out of dough." The airline had a seat for Phil too.

Mike hung up the phone, jiggled it for the operator and asked for Molly's room. The receiver in her room was lifted.

"This is Mike," he said.

"Call again at noon," Molly murmured.

"I can't," Mike said. "I'm leaving."

There was silence. Mike thought that she had hung up. Then she said, "Oh."

"I've had it, Molly. I'm going back to Oregon. Have fun with Julian, Edgar, Peter, Harvey, Johnny, Silas and that Eberly character."

"Oh, I'll have a ball."

Mike hesitated. He might as well say it. "Molly, for what it's worth, I've found out one thing down here. I'm nuts about you." He hung up. Hopefully, he waited for her to call him back. After ten minutes, he started packing. Phil, doing his own packing, looked at him queerly.

At five-thirty that afternoon, Phil dropped Mike off in front of his house. Mike went up the walk, opened the front door—and dropped his bag and his jaw at the same time. Molly was coming out of the kitchen with a pitcher of water in her hand.

"What in the devil are you doing here?"

"Me?" Molly said. "Watering your flowering maple. I called Silas, that airplane driver. He has connections. He got me out on the ten-o'clock flight."

Mike's brow was furrowed. "But I thought ——" He reached for her. She tipped the pitcher, and water drenched the front of his suit. "What's the big idea?"

She put the pitcher down. "That," she said, "is for calling me before I'm awake and telling me that you're nuts about me."

He advanced on her again. "What's wrong with that? What's ——"

She kicked him in the shin. He hopped around on one foot.

"That's for treating me like one of the seagulls," she yelped. "And for running off to Los Angeles with all its beautiful dames. And there are a few other items, you big baboon." She started ticking them off. Mike stood and took it. She was getting into overdrive when the phone rang.

It was David Tremayne. "Mike," he said, "I told you that you were nuts when you did a favor for Felix Van Gelder, and for Ivan Raines. Well, I dunno. Felix went over to Famous Pictures last week as a producer. He wants your last book for his first picture, and Ivan Raines wants to direct it. They both said they owed you a favor. The money's pretty good—twenty-five grand. I tell you, Mike, sometimes I don't understand this business."

Mike grinned. "David, what you need is a fresh approach. Write me a letter. Right now I'm busy with more important matters." He hung up and walked toward Molly. "Go ahead and kick," he said. "This will be another fresh approach."

Molly smiled enigmatically. She looked down at her feet. Mike looked warily at them, and then he grinned. She came, in her stockinged feet, into his arms.

THE END

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The Dangers of Penicillin

(Continued from Page 31)

minutes he went into shock. His breathing was labored, his pulse barely perceptible. Doctors clapped an oxygen mask on him, applied other emergency treatment, including adrenalin injected directly into the heart, but in ten minutes he was dead.

Although many of these patients may not have required penicillin in the first place, it is not always easy for a doctor to determine when a patient needs it and when he doesn't. And no one would have us do without this first and foremost of the antibiotics. It is far too valuable. Largely because of it, pneumonia has lost its dread, an infected appendix can be removed with little fear of peritonitis, mastoid operations are seldom necessary, syphilis has declined, rheumatic fever is being prevented, and scores of other threats to life have been brought under control.

But the distressing fact is that in the thirteen years since the first recognized penicillin death occurred—June 2, 1946—more than 1000 fatal reactions to the drug have been recorded in the United States alone. Similar reports have come from other parts of the world, and authorities believe that many penicillin fatalities have gone unreported or been mistaken for something else—heart attacks, for instance. In terms of the amount of penicillin used—about 500 tons per year on a world-wide basis—the percentage of fatal reactions is low. A World Health Organization review published last year puts it at one to three deaths per 10,000,000 injections. But considering that probably one to two million doses are given each day in the United States, the absolute number of deaths, many of them judged avoidable, is disturbing.

Far commoner, of course, and affecting millions of people, are the nonfatal reactions, including asthmatic attacks, serum sickness, aching joints and itching hives. It is estimated that 2 to 5 per cent of those taking penicillin experience bad side effects of one type or another. Penicillin is said to account for nearly half of all the serious drug-induced eruptions. No form of the medicine has been completely free of blame. Injections cause the most trouble, but pills, capsules, ointments, sprays and lozenges have all been guilty in some degree. Some of the victims have been exposed not through medication but by casual or occupational contact—caught in a local penicillin fallout, so to speak. A few reactions have been attributed to traces of the antibiotics in polio vaccine and in milk from penicillin-treated cows.

How, then, are we to continue to use this potent weapon without getting hurt by the occasional backfire?

The question is bothering many groups—the doctors, the hospitals, the antibiotic manufacturers and the Federal Food and Drug Administration, which is charged with enforcing safety standards. Also concerned is the Armed Forces Epidemiology Board. Dr. Donald M. Pillsbury, a member of the board and professor of dermatology at the University of Pennsylvania, says sensitivity to penicillin poses a dilemma at the military bases, "because penicillin is the only antibiotic which will effectively control streptococcal infections and rheumatic fever."

Moreover, in such life-threatening infections as a severe pneumonia, penicillin may be the best drug to use because it kills the germs so much faster than other antibiotics do.

The doctors do have a few treatments available for penicillin reactions, though none is completely dependable. Among the most promising is a newly refined antipenicillin enzyme called penicillinase. Unfortunately, it sometimes produces its own reactions, although these have been rare among the thousands of injections given to date. Another hope lies in the entirely new penicillin production techniques, including complete synthesis from simpler chemicals, discovered independently by Dr. John C. Sheehan, Massachusetts Institute of Technology chemist, and a team of scientists at the Beecham Research Laboratories in England. From these processes, still in the experimental stage, may come new tailor-made varieties of penicillin more effective against resistant germs and less apt to cause side effects.

The most logical strategy is to avoid penicillin and, unless the situation really demands the No. 1 antibiotic, to employ a less troublesome drug. Medical leaders have been giving this advice for some years. But words of caution are more easily spoken than followed, and the temptation is strong to use a good thing too often, especially if the patient demands it. One consequence has been the emergence of resistant strains of staphylococcus germs [see THE HOSPITALS FIGHT THEIR TOUGHEST WAR, The Saturday Evening Post, May 17, 1958]. Another has been the wave of allergic reactions.

One of the clearest and sharpest warnings on penicillin came fully six years ago from Dr. Richard Kern, professor of medicine at Temple University, in Philadelphia, an eminent allergist and a former president of the American College of Physicians. In a paper written jointly with Dr. Norris A. Wimberley, Jr., and published in the American Journal of the Medical Sciences, he charged that by using penicillin for minor ailments doctors were unnecessarily making many people sensitive to the medicine.

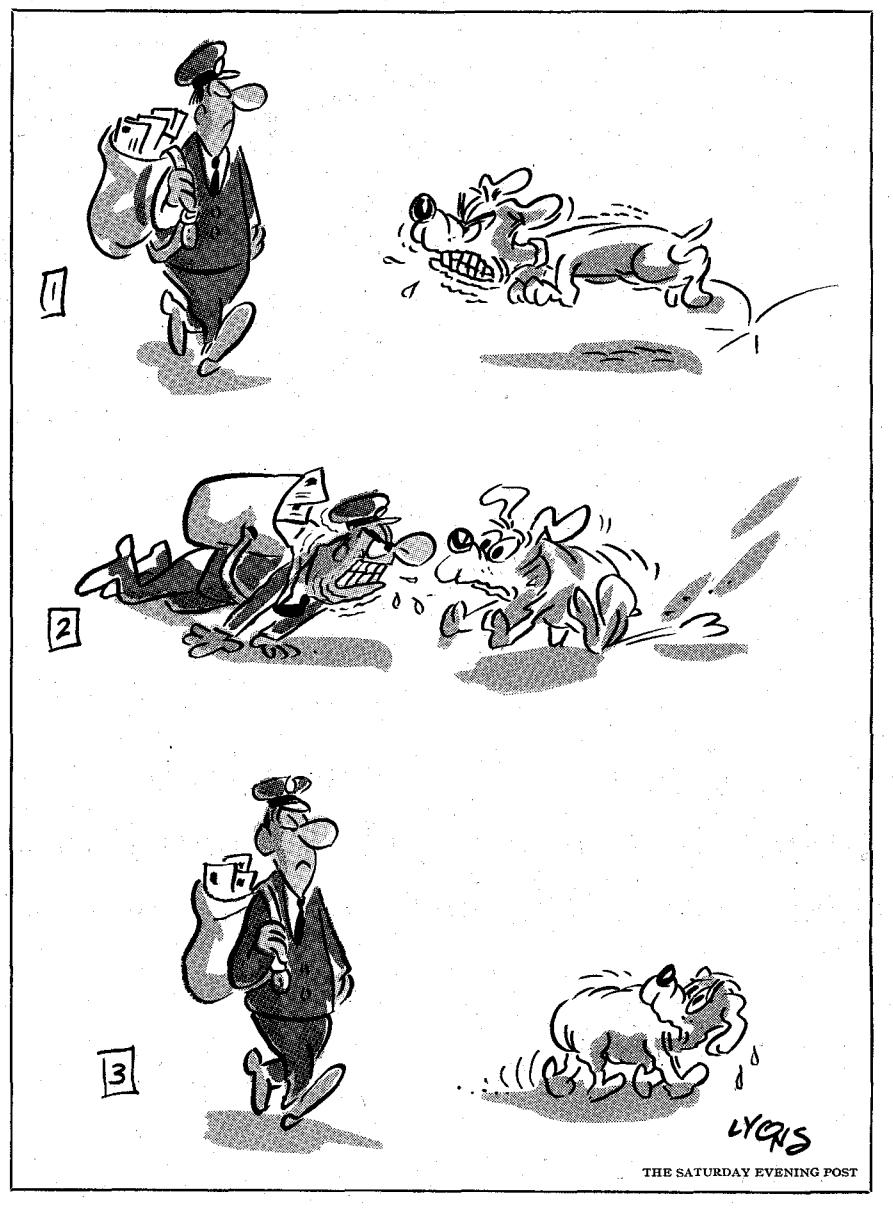
"All too often they (the patients) are given penicillin for a common cold," Doctors Kern and Wimberley said, "and then find themselves sensitive when the drug is really needed in a pneumonia or for a serious wound. This is, above all, the responsibility of the general practitioner; he must learn that it is folly to shoot sparrows with a sixteen-inch gun."

Although many physicians have heeded Doctor Kern's warning, penicillin reactions are still being encountered "with monotonous regularity," he told me recently.

Those most frequently affected are persons with a known allergic constitution, sufferers from hay fever, asthma or food sensitivities. Of seventeen fatal cases of anaphylactic shock due to penicillin reviewed by Doctor Kern, five were individuals with a history of asthma. "It is probable," he added, "that several more may have had eczema in infancy, or allergic rhinitis, as evidence of their allergic nature."

Because one in seven of the population falls into the allergy group, a great many of us may run into trouble with penicillin. And reactions often occur in people who have had no previous allergic symptoms. Each individual must therefore be aware of the hazard, and if he knows he is allergic he must be on guard against the shot that may take his life instead of saving it.

Fortunately most of those who break out in a penicillin rash get over it in a few hours or days. Some, however, are plagued for (*Continued on Page 120*)



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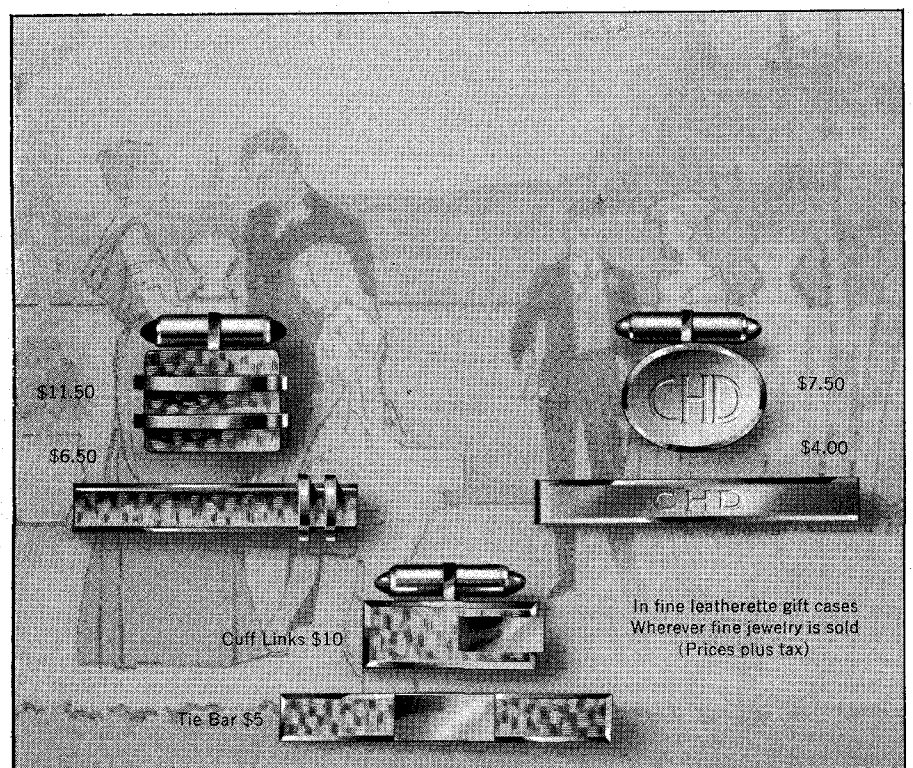

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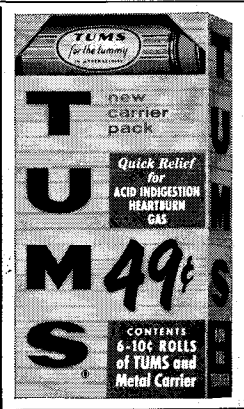

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(*Continued from Page 118*)

weeks or months, and a few are so sensitive to the slightest whiff of the stuff that they go to fantastic extremes to avoid it.

Consider the plight of Mrs. E. L., a young Brooklyn woman who for several years walked blocks out of her way every morning and evening just to avoid a penicillin plant located on the direct route between her home and the subway. If she was in a hurry and had to go right past the place, she immediately broke out in hives.

This was only one phase of Mrs. L.'s tale of woe, which has been recorded by Dr. Frank C. Combes, professor of dermatology at New York University's school of medicine. Her battle with penicillin began while she was working with it in the above-mentioned plant. It is characteristic of many allergies that they don't start all at once. They may creep up on you during a long period of exposure. Mrs. L. had been on the job about nine months when a severe dermatitis appeared on her hands, wrists, forearms and face. It was so bad that she had to be hospitalized for treatment.

Upon her recovery eight months later, she was shifted to an assignment where the only penicillin she touched was in sealed ampoules. But there was enough penicillin on the outside of the glass, or in the air, to trigger Mrs. L.'s allergy. She now suffered not only hives but asthma, swelling of the throat and periods of unconsciousness. As Doctor Combes remarked in the Journal of Industrial Medicine and Surgery, "it was evident that she would have to discontinue all contact with penicillin."

But how can you discontinue contact with a medicine that nearly everybody takes? As Mrs. L. discovered to her sorrow, you can't. She quit her job, took a new one in downtown Manhattan, and methodically avoided the penicillin factory on her way to the subway. Then one day she entered a hospital for a minor operation. A woman in the next bed received an injection of penicillin—and Mrs. L. broke out in hives. The same thing happened when she took one of her own children to the clinic for a penicillin shot.

The ubiquitous chemical still haunts this unfortunate woman. Whenever she enters a doctor's office the penicillin-laden atmosphere throws her into an asthmatic attack.

Not everyone who suffers from an occupational exposure to penicillin can change his job so easily as Mrs. L. did. Take the problem of a physician. Hardly a day passes that he isn't called on to give penicillin to somebody. He can handle the stuff with rubber gloves—and mask, if necessary. But some people are so sensitive that no barriers seem to protect them.

The tribulations of such a physician are related by Doctor Combes and Dr. Herman Goodman, also of the New York University department of dermatology. "I can't pick up a capsule of penicillin without losing the skin off my fingers," this hypersensitive doctor told his colleagues. "That was a lesson I learned more than ten years ago. I had been giving penicillin to patients for several years without trouble, but then began to be bothered by itchy eruptions of the fingers and wrists and swelling around my eyes."

Thus warned, the doctor henceforth took every precaution when giving penicillin to his patients. He wore rubber gloves and a mask, and let his associates prepare the syringes; and before giving it he always asked himself, for his own and the patient's sake, "Is this injection necessary?" One day when he had to pick up a box of penicillin at the drugstore he cautioned the pharmacist, "Wrap it up well, because I can't stand the stuff." The druggist obliged. He put paper around the bottles of penicillin, placed them in a small box, wrapped that with paper, put it in a larger box, sealed the outer box with tape and double-wrapped the whole package. Then the doctor, wearing jacket and overcoat, tucked the box under his arm and headed confidently for his office, a few blocks away.

A few minutes after his arrival, however, he felt an itching sensation, took off his overcoat and jacket and found a fiery red imprint of the penicillin box on the inner surface of his arm.

It is of historic interest that the very first penicillin injection, given at Oxford University in England, on January 27, 1941, produced a reaction—chill and fever. The subject was a healthy woman volunteer on whom the drug was being tested for its effect on the system. Her reaction disturbed the British researchers who were then converting Sir Alexander Fleming's 1928 discovery into a useful medicine. But they found that the symptoms were due to an impurity; and other physicians continued for some years to explain all penicillin reactions on that basis and to say they could be easily recognized and easily controlled.

About 1946 the antihistamines came along to assuage the penicillin itch. But they were of limited value in the treatment of the more severe reactions. And these, by the late 1940's, were beginning to appear with increasing frequency as more and more patients received the new medicine.

The first fatal reaction was reported by Dr. A. O. Wilensky, of New York City, in a letter to the Journal of the American Medical Association, in July, 1946. The patient, a middle-aged man, had recovered from a stomach operation for cancer and was receiving penicillin injections every four hours to stave off infection. All went well until the fifth postoperative day, when his temperature rose to 104, he began to vomit, and a rash broke out on his trunk and thighs. Because the family doctor himself had had a similar experience after taking penicillin, he suspected the medication and it was stopped. The patient improved, but only momentarily. His fever rose again, the rash became worse and he died.

Two years later the same medical journal carried a report, also from New York, of the second penicillin death. Surgeons had removed a ruptured and gangrenous appendix from an elderly woman. There was the definite threat of peritonitis, against which penicillin had already made a brilliant score as a lifesaver, and this was obviously the medicine to give. It worked, too, and after eleven days the patient went home fully recovered. Four days later the itching began, and she was soon covered with a fiery, peeling rash that resembled a third-degree burn. Here again all medication, including blood plasma, failed. Her doctors, Jacob Rabinovitch and Morris C. Snitkoff, found later that the patient had an allergic background, that her two children had reacted violently to penicillin. Unfortunately this information was not made known to them until too late.

No one has an accurate total figure for fatal penicillin reactions. Dr. Abraham Rosenthal, assistant medical examiner of the City of New York, in a review published in June, 1958, said thirty penicillin deaths had been reported in the city in less than five years. In the most recent nationwide survey, covering a four-year period ending in 1957, a total of 1070 "life-threatening" reactions from all antibiotics was recorded in 827 hospitals representing approximately a third of the general-hospital beds in the country. Of

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this number, 901, or 84 per cent, were due to penicillin, and eighty-three of the penicillin reactions were fatal. Dr. Henry Welch, director of the Food and Drug Administration's division of antibiotics, who supervised the survey, emphasized that "a study of the case histories does not reveal indiscriminate use of penicillin by physicians, but rather the expected increased incidence of reactions through wide use of a highly antigenic substance."

Most of the penicillin deaths resulted, and still do, from a mysterious and violent response of the body known as anaphylactic shock. Theoretically, the first exposure to a substance—penicillin, in this case—primes an antibody type of reaction—cocks the guns, so to speak. Then a subsequent exposure fires things off, releasing from millions of body cells a histamine-like material that causes trouble in the skin and in some of the important involuntary muscles, including those of the blood vessels, heart and lungs. An exaggerated defense mechanism, it is as though a city's fire fighters, primed to a key pitch by one small blaze, leaped into wild action against the

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• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

next one and wrecked the town trying to put it out.

The symptoms of anaphylaxis include a tingling of the tongue, a dryness of the mouth, heavy sweating, palpitation, dizziness, feelings of oppression, a tightness in the chest, extreme weakness and finally collapse. Although some people can be exposed to penicillin many times before they are sensitized, once the anaphylactic response begins, things happen fast. A woman of sixty-seven, a sufferer from asthma who was allergic to various substances, had received penicillin repeatedly for recurrent respiratory infections, with no bad effects. Then one day, in an attack of asthma and tonsillitis, she was given another injection of penicillin. Within thirty seconds she went into anaphylactic shock and in a few minutes was dead. Perhaps the record for slow build-up to a reaction is that of a man of sixty-four who had received an average of 100 penicillin injections a year for six years, with no trouble. His next shot gave him an anaphylactic shock, though not a fatal one.

It cannot be too strongly stressed that the decision to use or not to use penicillin is a difficult one to make. A doctor called in to see a child, for example, with a sore throat and a high temperature—a suspected strep infection—he must weigh relative risks. If he doesn't give penicillin, the child may develop rheumatic fever or a kidney disease. If he does give it, there is the risk of a reaction. The doctor may get off the horns of the dilemma by prescribing another drug, but it may be less effective than penicillin. Dr. B. Marr Lanman, a New York industrial physician and consultant to the company now producing the enzyme medicine for penicillin reactions, insists that the general practitioner cannot culture every suspicious infection; he must at times prescribe penicillin just on the belief that the infection will respond. "It is too easy for the physician in the medical ivory tower to say penicillin is used too universally," Doctor Lanman remarked. "Many patients, if not given penicillin, would be in the hospital with lobar pneumonia."

Whether he practices inside the ivory tower or in a small-town office or clinic, every doctor has become aware of the threat of penicillin reactions and has felt the need of a better way to combat them. The new enzyme treatment, although by no means a sure cure, offers one encouraging answer.

It springs from a discovery made nineteen years ago by two of the scientists who were then perfecting penicillin itself. They were Dr. E. P. Abraham and Dr. Ernest B. Chain. Doctor Chain was a co-winner of the Nobel Prize, with Fleming and Sir Howard Florey, for their penicillin discoveries. In 1940 Abraham and Chain noticed that some of the bacteria on which they were testing the penicillin produced a chemical that destroyed the antibiotic. They identified the chemical as an enzyme, named it penicillinase and suggested that it was one factor—though not the only one—accounting for the penicillin-resistance of some types of germs.

For many years penicillinase was limited to laboratory tasks. It was used, for example, to counteract the penicillin contamination that often spoiled cultures grown to identify human infections. Occasionally it made trouble in penicillin plants where, as the product of vagrant bacteria, it slipped into the fermentation vats and weakened the penicillin.

In the United States the demand for the laboratory penicillinase was met by Schenley Laboratories—now SchenLabs Pharmaceuticals, Inc., New York—who harvest it from cultures of soil organism, *Bacillus cereus*.

Several years ago the idea occurred to Dr. Robert M. Becker, of Madison, Wisconsin, that penicillinase might be used to combat penicillin reactions in patients. Doctor Becker, a specialist in internal medicine, was familiar with penicillinase, having worked with it in the bacteriology laboratory while a medical student at the University of Chicago. But he dared not use the crude material on humans, so he wrote to Schenley and asked if they could provide him with a purified penicillinase that he could safely inject into patients.

The Schenley laboratories were at first dubious about the project. In the meantime Doctor Becker, impatient to get on with his research, began animal tests with the laboratory grade of material. He installed cages of guinea pigs in an unused corner of the Madison General Hospital, and after four months of work showed that the enzyme would neutralize penicillin in the guinea pigs' blood in less than an hour.

Doctor Becker also approached Dr. Henry Lardy, research director of the University of Wisconsin's Enzyme Institute, with the purification problem. By the summer of 1955 Doctor Lardy and an assistant, Miss Shu Wang, had purified enough of the enzyme for Doctor Becker to start tests on human volunteers. Twenty persons with no penicillin reactions were given daily shots of penicillin to build up a high and easily measurable concentration in the blood. Then each received an intramuscular shot of penicillinase. As in the guinea pigs, the penicillin in their blood was neutralized within an hour.

SchenLabs had by this time, after correspondence with Doctor Lardy, produced a purified injectable penicillinase. The next step was to see if the enzyme

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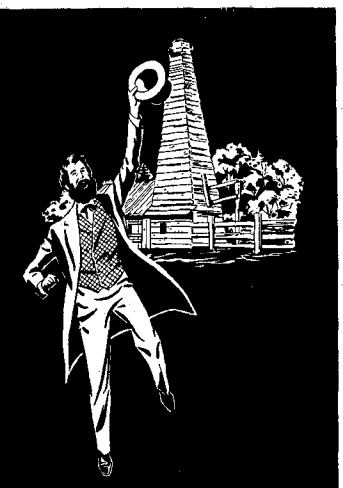

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could check full-blown penicillin reactions. Trials on suffering patients soon gave the answer. There was eleven-year-old Billy, who had ugly, giant hives all over his body. These had appeared, his mother said, five days after the family doctor had given Billy a penicillin injection for a sore throat. The sore throat had cleared up, but in spite of a week's treatment with an antihistamine and a cortisone preparation, the hives had got worse. The boy's eyes were swollen almost shut, and his feet were so blistered that he couldn't walk.

Doctor Becker took a small amount of the gray, powdered penicillinase, dissolved it in water, drew it into a syringe and stuck the needle into Billy's arm.

"There," he said, "we'll see if that will fix you up." And to Billy's mother, "Call me tomorrow and let me know how he is."

Next day the mother phoned. "The hives have begun to fade," she said, "and the itching is almost gone. We can hardly believe it!" On the second day after the treatment, Doctor Becker heard footsteps running down the corridor toward his examining room, and in dashed Bill, his once-swollen feet completely normal again, his blue eyes no longer puffy but wide-open and smiling. All signs of the reaction had vanished in those two days.

The enzyme was equally successful in many other patients, some of them much more severely affected than Billy. In a report of the first forty-six cases—his own and those of eighteen other doctors in various parts of the country—Doctor Becker said it had been effective in all but two instances. Twenty-four of the patients had been treated with penicillinase alone, "with uniformly good results." In twenty-two patients various antihistamines, ACTH or steroids had been given as well as penicillinase, but in twenty of these, Doctor Becker concluded, "the favorable clinical response seemed to be directly attributable to the penicillinase."

In Philadelphia one of the most challenging cases was that of a young housewife whose angry penicillin rash had persisted for nearly a month in spite of all standard treatments. The rash had appeared after a penicillin shot given for a serious streptococcic throat infection. Her body looked as if someone had painted it with a brush dipped in red paint, and her skin itched and peeled. She was so discouraged that she wanted to stop all treatment, but her physician, Dr. Benjamin Chernoff, a specialist in internal medicine, persuaded her to have an injection of penicillinase. The itching began to subside within a day, and in spite of a fever-and-chill reaction from the penicillinase itself, she continued the treatment at intervals until the rash disappeared.

Meanwhile the new enzyme was also tested by fifteen members of the American Academy of Allergy's Committee on Drugs, under the chairmanship of Dr. Sidney Friedlaender, of Detroit. On the basis of their joint experience with fifty patients—each doctor reported on one to five patients—they concluded that it had produced rapid improvement in some of the cases of serum-sickness-type reactions and hives, and that it was "of definite therapeutic benefit."

Penicillinase, as we indicated earlier, is not without its drawbacks. A minor one is pain at the site of the injection, a price most patients are willing to pay for deliverance from the agony of the penicillin reaction itself. But many allergists, aware that penicillinase is a protein, were afraid it might cause reactions on its own. Their fears were justified last February when three physicians reported a total of four incidents of severe anaphylactic shock attributed to penicillinase. Two of the articles, by Dr. Albert L. Hyman of New Orleans and Dr. Milton Reisch of New York City, appeared in the Journal of the American Medical Association, and the third, by Lt. Saverio Caputi, Jr., of the United States Naval Hospital at Newport, Rhode Island, was in the New England Journal of Medicine. Although the reactions had occurred as early as January, July and August of 1958, no word of them reached the medical profession as a whole until the February, 1959, publications.

All of the patients—three adults and a five-year-old girl—recovered from the reactions. But their symptoms were sudden and alarming, including respiratory distress and a steep fall in blood pressure. One man was semicomatose for twelve hours.

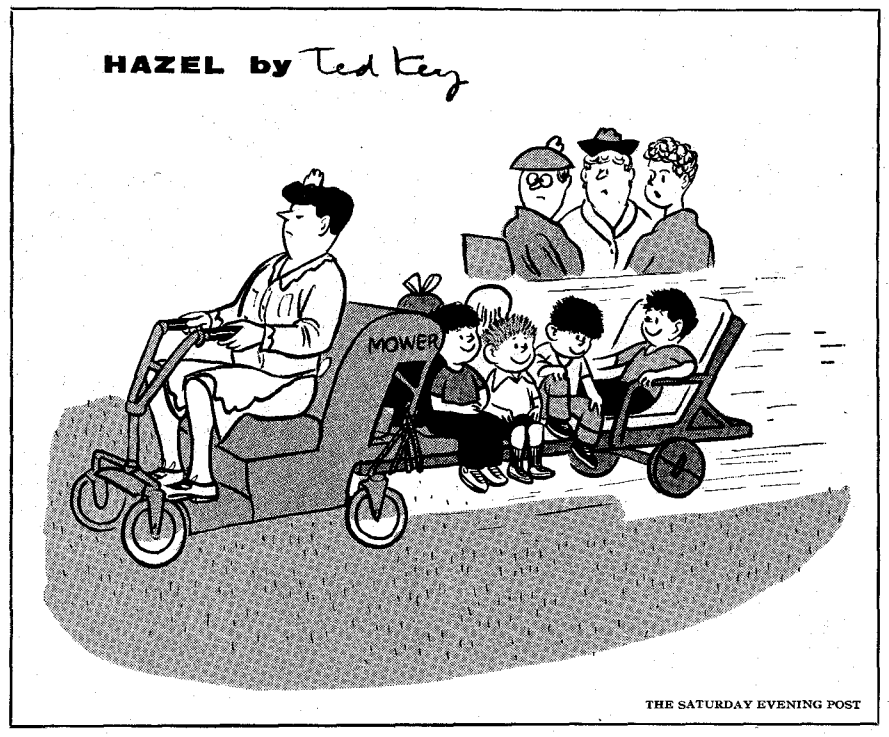
It is not likely that these adverse reports will cause doctors to abandon penicillinase in the more serious and persistent penicillin reactions, but they will doubtless use it with considerable caution. As Doctor Reisch stated, "In extremely young individuals, debilitated patients and in the aged who may not tolerate respiratory or cardiac embarrassment, it is advisable that administration of penicillinase be held in abeyance."

A number of penicillin reactions have been laid to polio vaccine, which usually contains a trace of the antibiotic to keep it sterile. Doctor Becker was called on to treat such a case, an infant of eleven months whose rash appeared ten days after a Salk shot. The baby was so miserable, the mother said, that it didn't sleep for a week. A penicillinase injection stopped the itching in four hours, and the rash disappeared in twenty-four.

Still another element of our highly antibioticized environment that has been blamed for penicillin sensitivity is milk. Penicillin is widely used to treat bovine mastitis, a common infection of the udder. Dairymen are supposed to discard the milk during treatment and for three days thereafter. But not all of them do, as the Food and Drug Administration has found in periodic spot surveys. In 1957 penicillin showed in 11.6 per cent of 1700 grocery-store samples analyzed. By last winter, in a test of milk at the dairies, the figure had dropped to 3.5 per cent. Largely responsible for the improvement were a vigorous educational campaign by the National Milk Producers Federation and the FDA's action in limiting the penicillin content of mastitis preparations to 100,000 units per dose, one tenth the former concentration.

Doctor Welch, an FDA official who has pioneered in setting and maintaining Government antibiotics standards, reports that most of the penicillin residues found in the last survey were in milk from the Boston, Chicago and Kansas City areas. No penicillin was found in Buffalo, Minneapolis and New Orleans milk. The Government can take no legal action against locally sold milk, but any penicillin-containing milk moving in interstate commerce, said Doctor Welch, can be seized by the FDA as an adulterated product.

The penicillin concentration has been high enough in some milk to inhibit the cheese-making bacteria and bring loud complaints from cheese producers. But its importance as a cause of reactions has been somewhat controversial. A year ago the FDA sought the opinions of thirty authorities in various medical specialties, most of whom thought there was not enough penicillin in the milk to provoke sensitization in an insensitive customer.



"However," said Doctor Welch, "the majority did feel that these concentrations might cause a reaction in an exquisitely sensitive individual, while with the other antibiotics we are unlikely to encounter this problem."

It is the exquisitely sensitive persons, of course, who have the most trouble. Dr. Murray C. Zimmerman, dermatologist at the University of Southern California, is certain that many of the more puzzling chronic cases can be explained on the basis of penicillin in dairy products. He has several case histories to prove the point, along with evidence that the patients are not simply allergic to milk. For example, the symptoms one man had shown after ice-cream and milkshake "binges" did not appear when he was first fortified with a shot of penicillinase. The enzyme works only against penicillin, says Doctor Zimmerman, and would have no effect on simple allergy to milk.

Effective as the penicillin neutralizer may be, a world literally adrift in antibiotics will probably have to cope with untoward reactions on a large scale for some time to come. Public-health watchdogs can do much to keep down the level of these drugs in milk and in other food products (the drugs have been tried experimentally in the preservation of meat and fish). But the immediate responsibility for steering clear of hives, serum sickness or shock rests, for the most part, with the individual patient and his doctor. Here, then, from a mass of notes representing the opinions of many top authorities, are a few helpful hints on prevention.

First, everyone should know his own and his children's "antibiotic history," the what and when of past treatments, whether by needle or pill. You may not always know when you took a penicillin pill because some of the trade-mark names do not indicate the contents. But your doctor should have a record of the prescription, and antibiotics should be taken only on doctor's orders.

If you had a rash, chills, fever or other uncomfortable symptoms after taking an antibiotic, especially penicillin, remember that fact and make sure every doctor or nurse is aware of it before you take the same medicine again.

Failure to have a reaction after one course of penicillin is no guarantee you won't have one next time, however. In a series of injections, reactions may not occur if doses are not more than four days apart. But a lapse of ten days or more may be enough for sensitivity to develop.

Don't demand penicillin if your doctor thinks you don't need it. Dr. Eugene A. Hildreth, associate in medicine at the hospital of the University of Pennsylvania, told me that a patient's determination to have penicillin is one of the main difficulties. "I spend more time talking people out of having penicillin than I do giving it," he said, "and so do some of our interns." He told of the patient who came to the emergency ward with a cold and pleaded for penicillin. The intern on duty explained the hazards of a reaction, said he didn't think the antibiotic was called for and finally persuaded the man to get along without it. The man came back a day or so later and was again dissuaded by the same intern. On a third visit the patient argued that he had taken penicillin before without trouble, and the intern, feeling it might help the infection, gave him a shot. The patient immediately keeled over in shock, had to be revived with adrenalin, cortisone and oxygen, and was in the hospital for three weeks.

Dr. Harrison F. Flippin, professor of clinical microbiology at the University of Pennsylvania Graduate School of Medicine, believes that allergy to penicillin is increasing every year and "constitutes a leading cause of illness at the present time." In an editorial in the Philadelphia County Medical Society's publication he suggested that "it may be best to abandon the use of penicillin except where proper studies indicate it to be the only antibiotic capable of affecting the offending organism."

Skin tests may pick out the highly allergic individual, but, on the other hand, a negative response to this tiny amount of pencillin doesn't mean you can't have a bad reaction to a full-size dose. In short, these tests are "notoriously unreliable," to quote several experts, although research is under way to make them more accurate.

Finally, if you know you are allergic to penicillin, you can't depend on word of mouth to ward it off in case of emergency. You may be unconscious in a wrecked car. Many medical authorities therefore recommend an identification card like those carried by diabetics or persons under treatment with anticoagulants or cortisone. Better yet, a "dog tag." Recently a Rochester, Minnesota, restaurant owner, E. M. Klopp, devised a small square locket of stainless steel or silver, stamped on the outside with the words MEDICAL PATIENT, LOOK INSIDE. Within the locket is a slip of paper with appropriate warning and instruction: ALLERGIC TO PENICILLIN. PROCEED WITH CAUTION.

THE END

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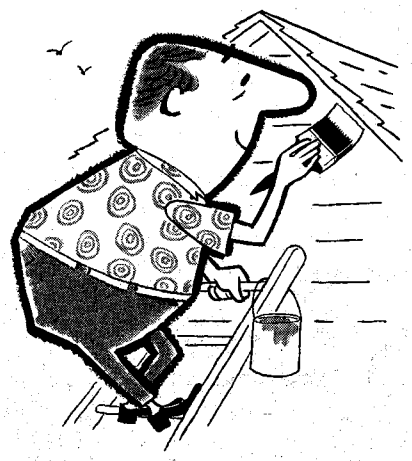

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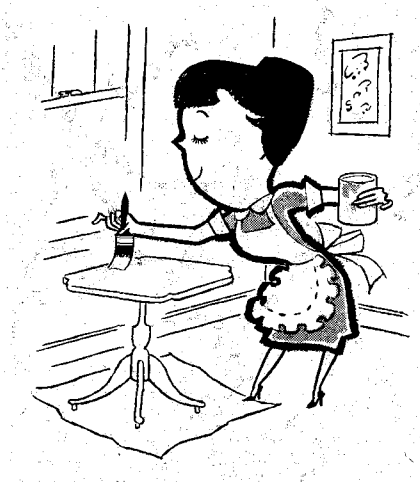

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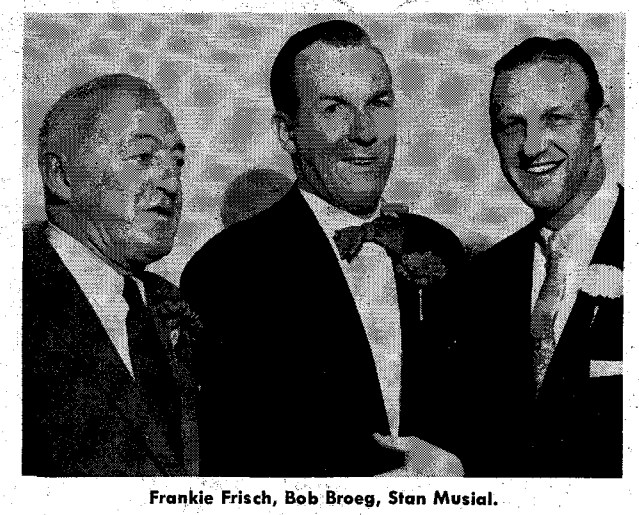
Keeping Posted

Expert Has a Bad Day

That fairly incredible picture of **Eric Hatch,** who describes Pony Clubs on page 24, was taken in Frederiksted, St. Croix, Virgin Islands, in 1950 when, as first president of the St. Croix Jonkey Club, he was organizing the donkey races which have become an annual Washington's Birthday fixture in those parts. Hatch, now owner of the Bristol (Connecticut) Broadcasting Corporation, did a lot of steeplechase riding in his earlier years. "I was so much under the weight for the big-timber races that the metal weights I had to pack in my saddle flaps stood out like wings." He vividly recalls a race at West Hills, Long Island, at a time when he was writing regularly for The New Yorker magazine as an expert both on automobiles and on steeplechasing. That day he had the misfortune to crack up his ancient Pierce-Arrow and, when his horse fell in the race, he cracked his head too. Hatch finally managed to drive home in his bashed-up car, but he didn't look a bit like an auto-steeplechase expert.

Eric Hatch goes for a ride.

Wonderful Year



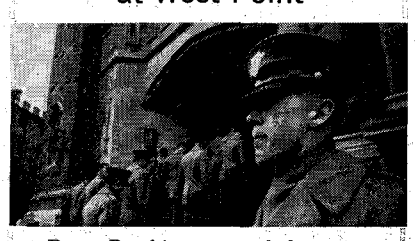
Frankie Frisch, Bob Broeg, Stan Musial.

Sports expert **Bob Broeg,** who discusses Manager Solly Hemus of the St. Louis Cardinals on page 36, thinks that life does indeed begin at forty. Last year (when he reached that advanced age) he became president of the Baseball Writers' Association of America and brought to St. Louis the B.W.A.A.'s fiftieth-anniversary celebration. Then Broeg was selected to succeed the retiring J. Roy Stockton as sports editor of the distinguished St. Louis Post-Dispatch. "I'm only the third P-D sports editor in more than fifty years. Lovable John E. Wray, the first one, is now eighty-five." That photo of Broeg flanked by baseball immortals Frisch and Musial was made at a recent function of the Knights of the Cauliflower Ear, a group of St. Louis sports addicts who have been organized since way back in 1935, when they went on a mass safari to Chicago to see Joe Louis fight.

Now He's an Immortal

In connection with this week's appearance of biologist **Jean Rostand's** book, Can Man Be Modified? (Basic Books), which was excerpted as an Adventure of the Mind in the Post of May second, it is gratifying to note that the author has been recently elected to the French Academy, whose members are called "France's Forty Immortals." He succeeds the late Edouard Herriot as one of the academicians who for centuries have guided the evolution of the French language and literature. Although Rostand is internationally famous as a brilliant scientist, he is also a distinguished man of letters whose fifty-odd books include novels and works on philosophy and morals. Doctor Rostand seldom leaves his little home in Ville d'Avray near Versailles, where he has a big garden "and much shade, silence and simplicity." Above his walrus mustache and his brown eyes he has what he has referred to as "the ungarnished cranium of the thinker."

NEXT WEEK'S POST:
"My Life at West Point"



Peter Dawkins, one of the most outstanding cadets in the Academy's history, explains how discipline made him a champion—on the gridiron and in the classroom.

Turncoat Author

In the March 20, 1948, issue of the Post **John Holmes,** an English teacher at Tufts University, and **Edward Blewett,** dean of the liberal-arts college at the University of New Hampshire, contributed an article titled, ARE PROFESSORS PEOPLE? They endeavored with hilarious anecdotes to support a theory "that educators do belong to the human race and are no dumber than anyone else." In describing a typical professor, the authors remarked that his "adrenalin flows faster at the sight of a college president" and, in another instance, that ". . . the professor adheres to his inherently suspicious view of the race of college presidents. . . ." It is refreshing to report that on April seventeenth author Blewett was inaugurated president of Westbrook Junior College in Portland, Maine. Professor Holmes was the delegate from Tufts and President Nils Y. Wessell of Tufts gave the inaugural address, referring to Blewett as "also a writer for The Saturday Evening Post." The problem now arises: Are college presidents people?

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